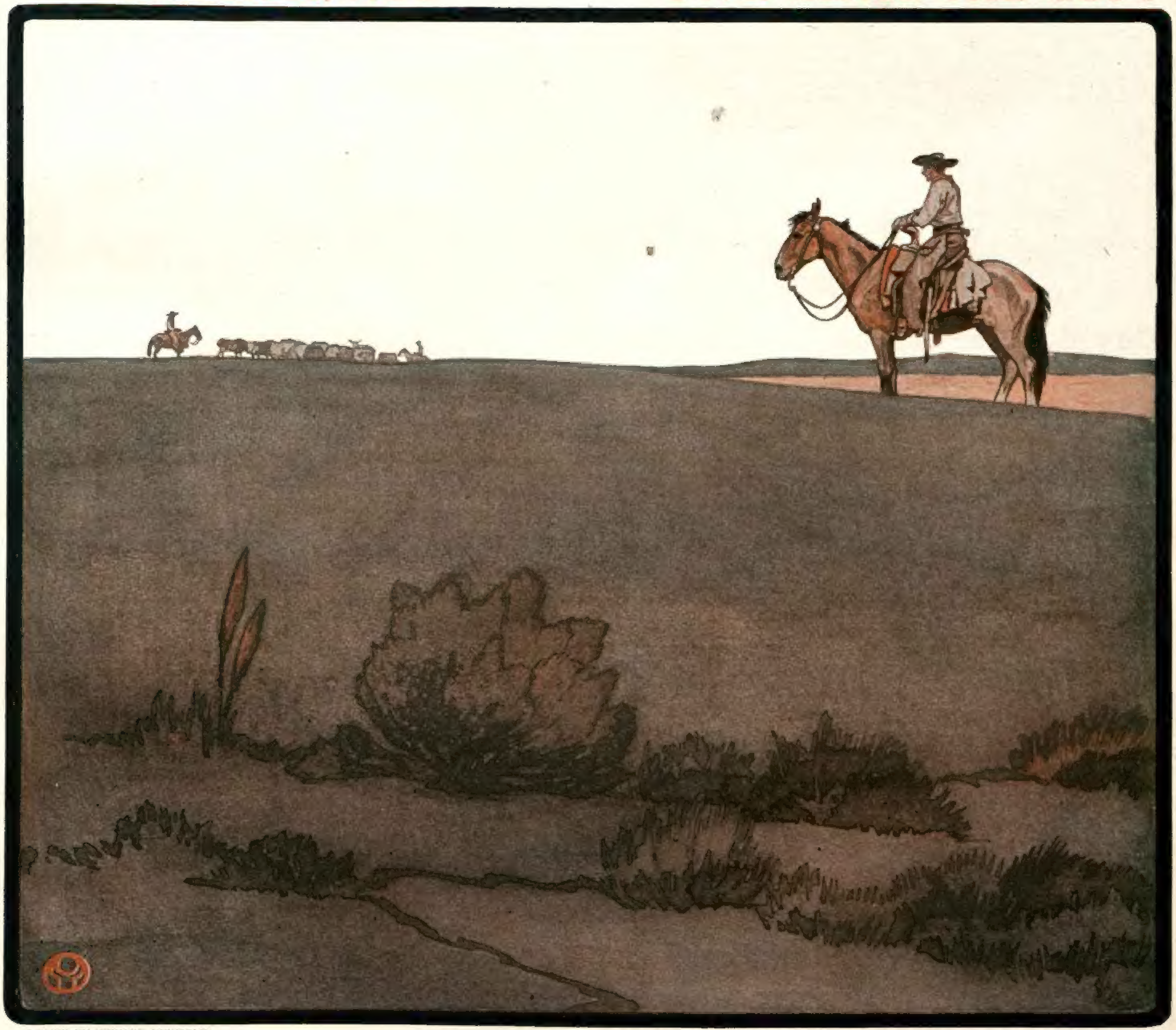
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A? D! 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

SEPTEMBER 22, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

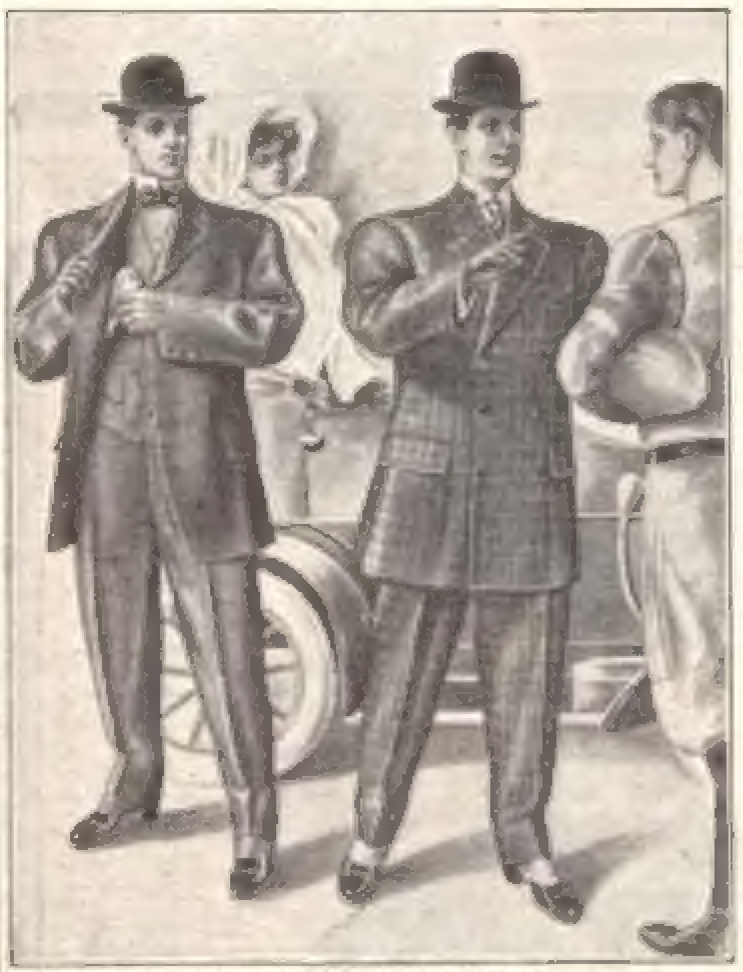


DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

The Great American Steer—By Emerson Hough

Mrs. Buffum's New Boarder—By F. Hopkinson Smith

Adler's Collegian Clothes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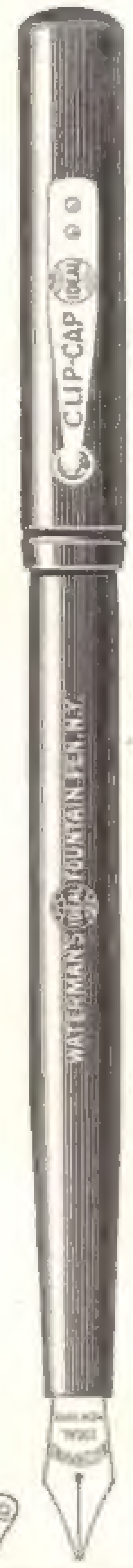
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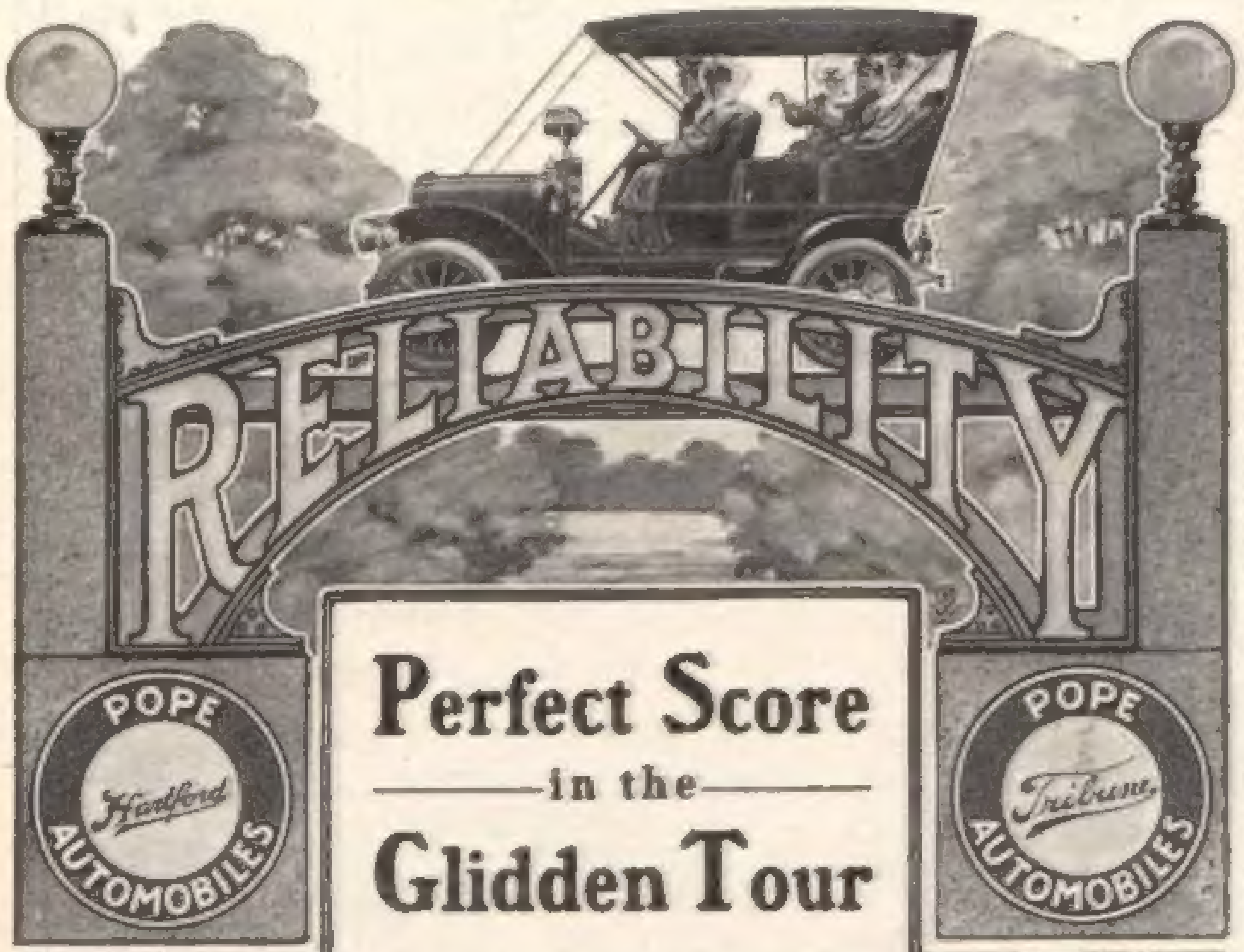

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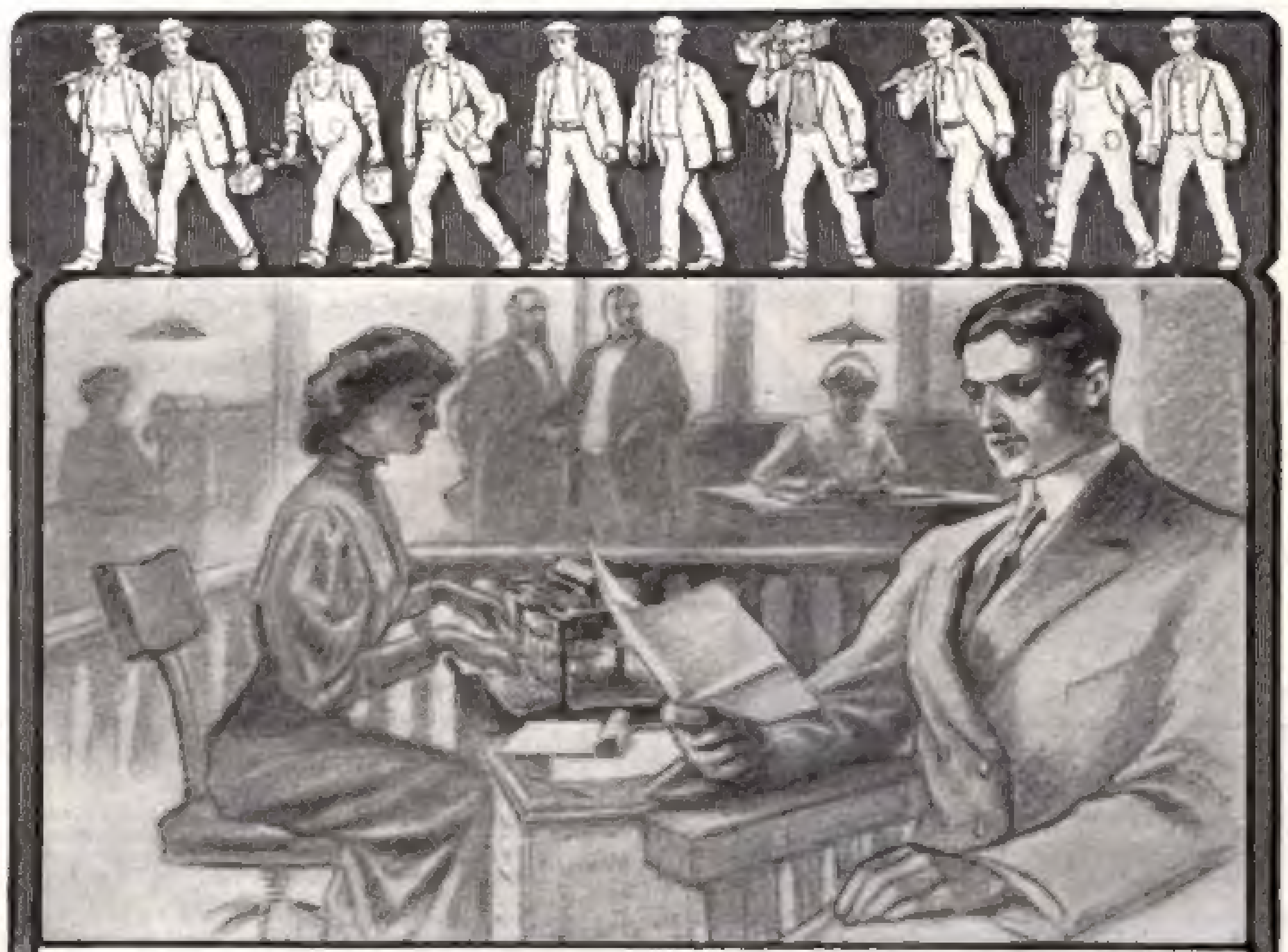

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A Brief History

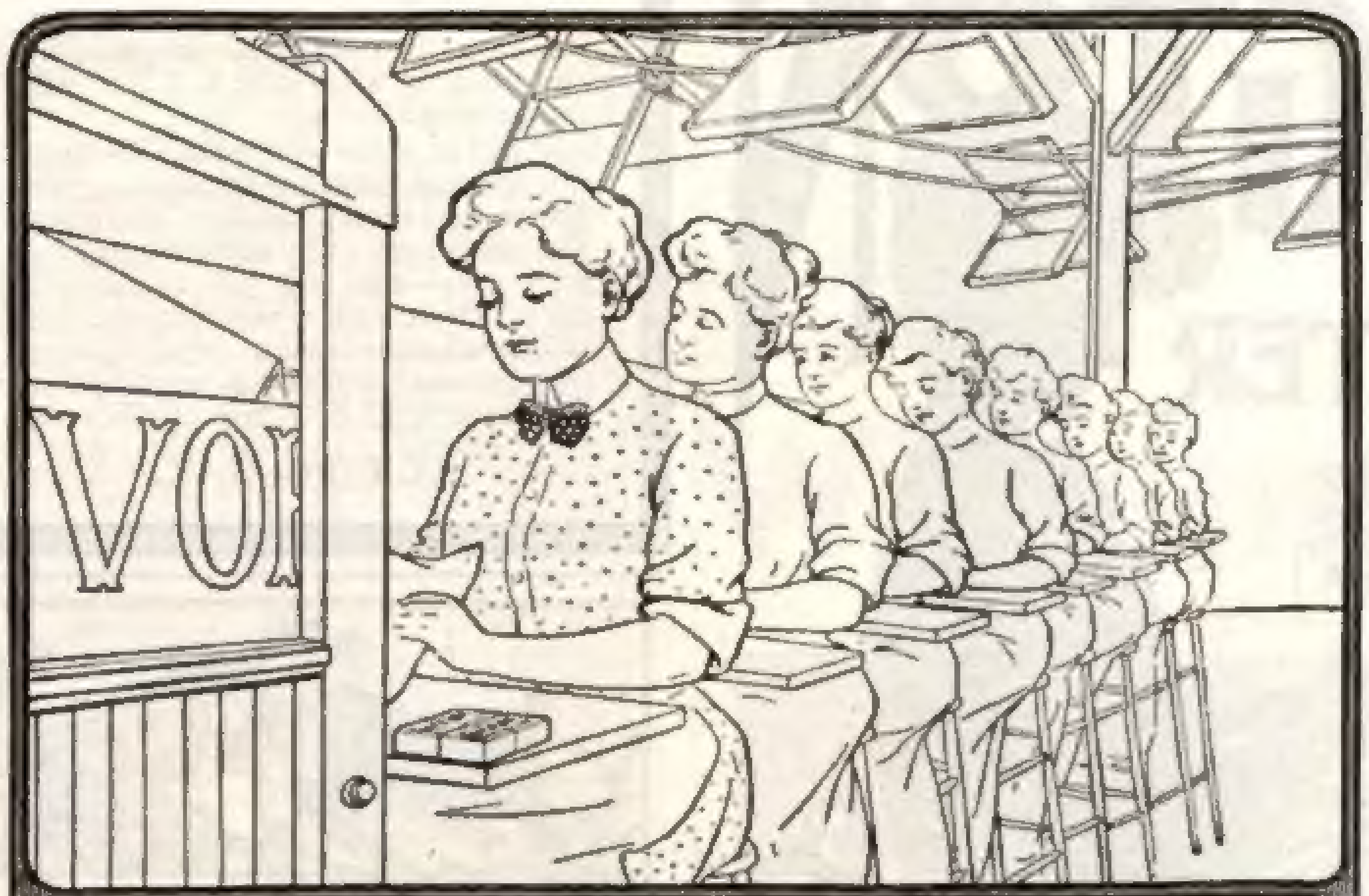
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week — save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile — when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Cattle and Cash

Jim Chiswell was talking to the Secretary of War. "Mr. Secretary," he says, "I own all Texas west of the Nueces River." Says he, "Is that so?" And Jim says: "Yes." "How did you get it?" the Secretary of War asks. Says Jim: "Why, Mr. Secretary, I *discovered* it, the same as Columbus." "Haw! Haw!" says the Secretary. And says Jim: "Haw! Haw!" too.

Chiswell is of the days following the Civil War when the cattle barons of the great West "owned" what land they could graze and hold. Great days they were! You can scratch Europe with a fine rake and find no period of its history so dramatic, so vivid, so throbbing with elemental life. It is of this life and what grew out of it that Mr. Emerson Hough writes in the story of *The Great American Steer,* the first installment of which begins in this week's issue.



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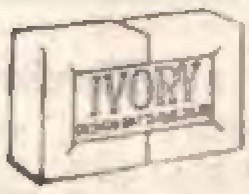

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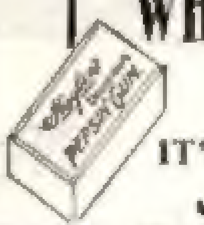

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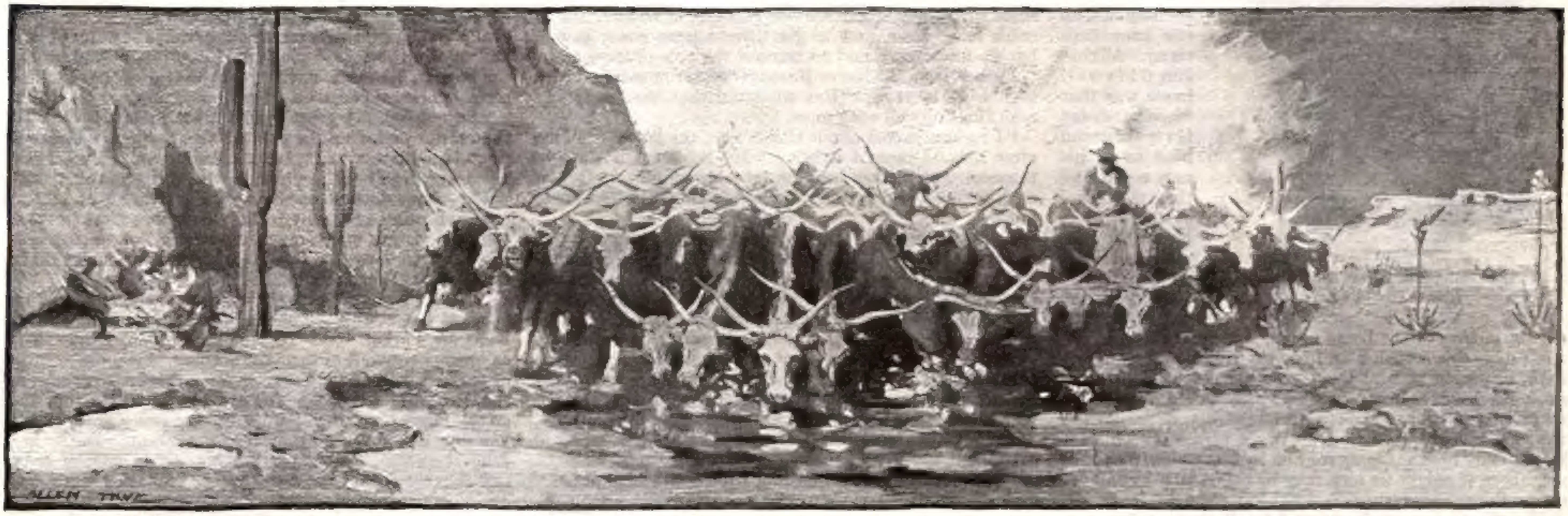
The Great American Steer



The Innocent Cattle-King of the Old Days

BY EMERSON HOUGH

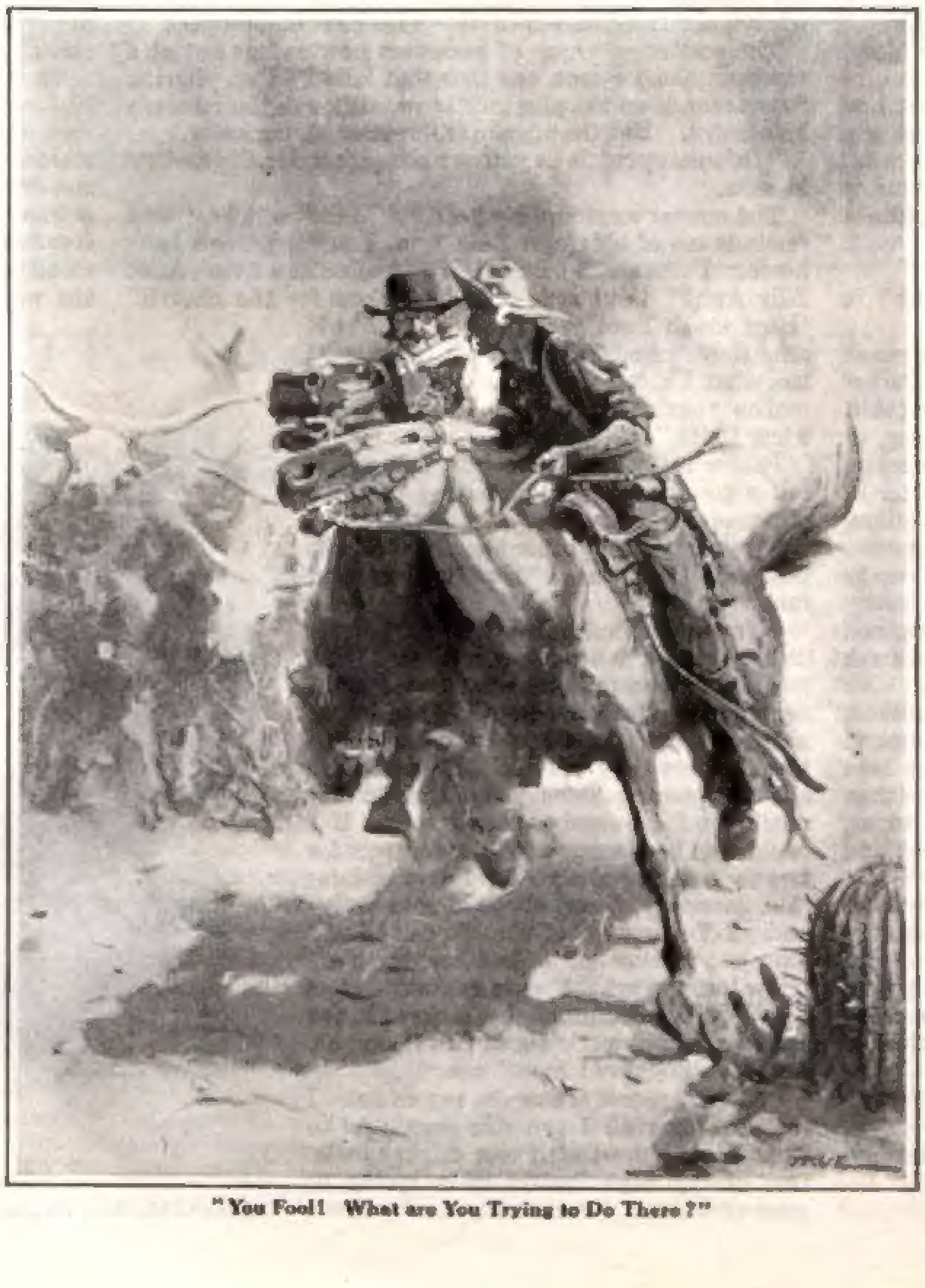
AS THE night waned, a thin, semi-luminous line appeared along the level gray of the plains. Slowly it paled. Within the hour it had turned pink; whereupon, afar and near at hand, arose weird wails, thin-voiced, lamenting, the daily salute of the coyotes to the sun. At this note of his alarm-clock, Jim Chiswell kicked loose his blankets and rolled out. The two greyhounds, Bill and Belle, also arose from their snuggled nest at the edge of the blankets, at first resentful at being disturbed, but more waggingly affable as they looked up at their master, whom they saluted silently, with long stretchings forward of their forelegs and yawning of jaws, their heads depressed and their ears turned back. Jim Chiswell looked around judicially, as he lifted his weight up and down on a crooked leg, straightening his cramped toes.

"Dang you, Bill, if you sleep on my foot that a-way ag'in, I shorely will hang up your hide!" he said, which latter he surely never would do; for this was Bill's ancient habit, and his master loved each hair on his wolf-scarred body, as both Bill and he very well knew.

He was master, Jim Chiswell, and fit to be, here in the unmapped country of the lower cow-range. His hair was grizzled now about the temples; his long mustache, grown in a grim horseshoe below the mouth corners, was gray where not sunburned yellow, although it had started in as nearly black. Straight of spine he was and thin in the flanks, as are most riding men. His shoulders were flat, his lower body tucked in. You might almost have called him a soldier.

He was a soldier not long ago—under Lee; for this is soon after the Civil War, when the world is young. On these plains are thousands of cattle, owned by no man save a master man, one not afraid of the sun nor of wild red men nor wild white men. These are the big baronial days of the cow-range.

Jim Chiswell kicks aside his blankets, extracts his boot-pillows, also his worn leather belt and holster. He walks to the edge of the gallery, where a battered wash-basin rests on a broken-legged bench. On the range his toilette requires two seconds. Here, at the home ranch, it is elaborate, and takes nearly two minutes. Life here is more luxurious. This mattress, this thin wool *colchon*, hard, and scarce more than an inch thick, is mere degeneracy.



"You Fool! What are You Trying to Do There?"

But why the open air and the hard ground? There is the house, a low, boxlike adobe, its roof scarce pitching enough, with its ragged mesquite beams, to carry off the rain of the occasional cloudburst. The gallery is long and wide, and the open door gives in upon a cool, dark interior. Wonder of the land, a careless glance shows this interior to be finished and furnished richly. There are curtains of lace at the wide, deep-embrasured windows; a piano—very dusty, but a piano—stands at one end of the room, near a littered, careless desk which once cost money. The chairs are carven, and there are pictures, askew and dusty and forgotten. Within a little room there is a four-poster, white-covered, or once white-covered, and certainly a mattress with good springs. Why did not the master sleep here? For no reason, except that he would have tossed all night.

"Here, Pete, unquile yourself, son," he says gently to one recumbent after somewhat of *mescal* on the previous night. Pete, long and brown, has gone to bed on the parlor floor with boots and spurs *in situ*, the latter now entangling in the lace curtain.

Pete, now "unquiled," rubs his eyes. The master quietly walks down the gallery, his dogs close at his heels. He smells the thin, pungent piñon smoke, and knows that Sanchez, the cook, is up and that the men in the bunk-house will presently appear for breakfast. He strolls over to the horse corral or "round pen," as it is called hereabout, and notes that the night-herder has already brought in the horses for the day. These latter stand humped up and bitterly discontent with life. The master offers to each a handful of precious oats; but most of them snort at this, never having tasted grain.

Jim Chiswell could not count all his cows. They had little or no value on these far-off

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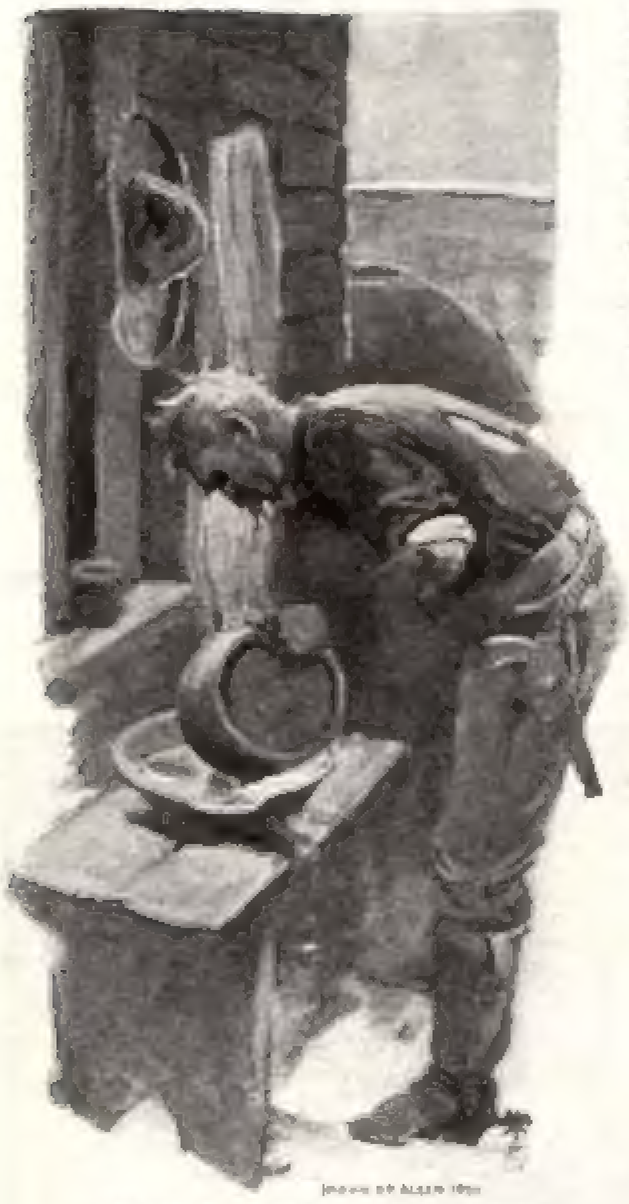
Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Hough on The Great American Steer.



His Toilet is Elaborate and Takes Nearly Two Minutes

Southwestern plains before the war, and during the five bloody years of the war they have multiplied unspeakably, while the men were away with Lee. They belonged to no one, these mavericks. When he had first taken up this range, his men had branded, and branded, a few, more, scores, hundreds, thousands—no one knew how many. All that Jim Chiswell knew was that when he needed five thousand head or so, his men could find them at this end or the other of his range. His men had been working for two weeks now, and the *rodeo*, now edging in toward the home ranch, was nearly ended. In a few days this foolish man from the North—Boston, perhaps, or maybe Kansas City—would have his five thousand head. His drive outfit—which would take these cattle up the trail to the territorial market, or perhaps to the new railroad thrusting westward across the plains—had already been made up for him by Jim Chiswell and his neighbors, if neighbors men may be called who live a hundred miles or so away.

The master now looks around for Parker. "Say, you Pete, quit sluggin' that pianny and go hunt up the pilgrim."

Pete, who, after "unquiling," has been dolefully chanting an ante-breakfast lay regarding the Suwannee River, ceases now his single-finger key-picking and slaps his hat upon his head. He walks to the door of the pilgrim's room, turning the knob and giving the door a shove.

"If he ain't got the door *locked!*" says Pete. "I reckon he thinks we are goin' to steal him."

The master smiles. "Oh, well," he says, "maybe he don't know no better. Some folks has mighty little raisin'."

"Grub pile!" sings out Pete at the pilgrim's door, meaning that breakfast is served in the cook-house, as recently announced by Sanchez in the same terms; and even Parker, from Boston or Kansas City, on his first trip down the range as buyer, has learned by this time what "grub pile" means. Presently he hobbles out, trying to walk easily, but in truth dreading the sun and the saddle of another day.

"How, friend!" remarks the master.

"Good-morning, sir," says Parker; although "sir" in that land sounds unfamiliar as he speaks it.

They wander now toward the cook-house, all the ranch force of the home ranch of the Circle Arrow brand. Parker is belted, though not baronial, as he sits down at the table. Every other man has hung his gun on a nail, or peg, or chair-back; but Parker does not notice the scowl of Sanchez, the cook, who regards his eating armed as a matter of personal criticism. No comment is made on Parker's failure to observe the etiquette of good society. Breakfast passes in silence, brown hands handing tin plate or battered cup to Sanchez as need requires. Fried beef is there, and costly potatoes, yclept "spuds," and canned tomatoes, canned peas, canned milk, canned everything. Butter and fresh milk are lacking, though ten thousand cows surround. No cowboy at this era of the world has ever seen a cow milked, or dreamed that one could be so perverted from all natural uses, intents and purposes. Not half a dozen men here have tasted butter once in five years. Worse coffee than this of Sanchez never was, but it is hot. There is sugar, brown and dank, but few care for it. Peppers, hot and sharp, abound.

So at last all arise, well fed, pushing back the benches and reaching for the heavy belts. The men scatter, leather creaking between their legs.

Parker, pilgrim, as he passes the farther end of the gallery, sees swinging from a cross-beam in front of the cook-house the carcass of a fat heifer, from which but a little beef has been removed. He mentions this to Chiswell.

"Why," says he, "we killed a beef just day before yesterday."

"Yes," says the master, "and we killed this yesterday, and we'll kill another to-day at noon."

"But we didn't eat all of the first one."

"Nor won't eat all of this one, nor the one we'll kill to-day. Do you suppose we can bother totin' a beef around? It's cheaper to kill one when we want it."

There was much philosophy in that remark, which covered the whole industrial system of that place and day. What had the heifer cost its owner? No one cared or could tell. It had never been fed a mouthful of food other than the native grasses. It had never been fenced or guarded. It watered at the unfailing springs which no man cared for. Its title came through the branding-iron, and the branding was almost the only thing which had cost one any money. Each cowpuncher of that range rode with a "straight" iron or "running" iron thrust down in his rifle holster. When he saw a maverick, he branded it for the boss and not for himself. There were rude tracings of the brand of the omnipotent Circle Arrow, some of them as big as the *fierro* of the first Spaniards who came upon these ranges, and who commonly took nearly the whole hide of an animal for the inscription of this title-proof of the brand. It was these early, lazy Spaniards who had taught all men how to mark loose cows, and to get title to loose cows, and to handle loose cows, and to transfer the title of loose cows.

Parker, from Boston or Kansas City, is not satisfied with such loose system. "But what did that beef *cost?*" he asks Jim Chiswell once more.

"I reckon it cost about that," says the latter, smiling, after a little mental figuring. He holds up a chew of tobacco, which later he puts into his mouth. "It cost nothin' to get and nothin' to raise, and it's little trouble to kill."

More philosophy in that, a great deal of philosophy, in the light of to-day. The beef has cost nothing to get, nothing to raise, and nothing to kill. Transportation has not come into the question. These other creatures, now rising from their bed ground and beginning to feed in the cool morning, are to furnish their own transportation on the long territorial march. The day is Aryan, pastoral. The flocks and herds go afoot. The industrial history of to-day has not yet begun. This baron of the range wots little of how swiftly that history is to follow.

"What did that heifer weigh?" asks the Yankee, still grieving.

"Well, now, that's a question I never did hear asked," says the master. "I never did see a cow weighed in my time. Once we weighed a bear the boys killed over in the thicket, and she weighed about four hundred and fifty pounds. I reckon this critter must ha' weighed fully that much. Why, man, I've heard of weighin' oats and hay and spuds, but I never did weigh no critter. The only thing with us is, is it right fat?"

Parker, pilgrim, meditates.

They swing into saddle now, these silent, sunburnt men, some with *cigarritos* already lighted, others complaining at the interrupted act of rolling the *cigarrito*, more difficult when an irritated horse puts down his head and pitches.

The scattering group of horsemen now swings out at a workmanlike jog-trot, the trot that kills Parker, pilgrim. Sweat stands on the pilgrim's brow, although the master's hide is dry. But the pilgrim still retains his curiosity.

"How many cattle do you own altogether, Mr. Chiswell?" he asks.

The master scratches his head. "Well," says he, "that reminds me of old Aunt Zilly Ann, a negro woman back home. Folks asked her: 'How do you make a livin', Aunt Zilly Ann?' And says she: 'I collects for the church.' 'How much does you have, Zilly Ann?' asks they. And Zilly Ann says: 'Why, I has what I gits.' Well, now, my friend, I reckon that's about what I own—I has what I gits."

Parker meditated for a time, being himself of good commercial parentage and born of a more practical land and day.

"How much of this land do you own, Mr. Chiswell?" he asked. "How far does your range run?"

"You *are* a Yankee, ain't you? I never did see such a feller for questions. Well, now, I will just tell you what I said to the Secretary of War last summer, when I went in to see him about a beef-contract to feed the Apaches over yonder. He asked me about the same question you did, about how much land I owned—wanted to see if I could feed beef enough to fill a contract for two thousand head a year. I says to him: 'Mr. Secretary, I own all the Pecos Valley and all Texas west of the Nueces River.' Says he: 'Is that so?' And I says: 'Yes.' 'How did you get it?' says he then. Says I: 'Why, Mr. Secretary, I *discovered* it, the same as Columbus.' 'Haw! haw!' says he. And says I: 'Haw! haw!' too.

"Now there you are again, my friend. I reckon I own all I can ride over. As to what it cost, most of it cost mighty little. One of my boys locates on a spring or piece of water. I reckon maybe my house yonder is on some such layout. We don't study much about such things out here. We don't step on each others' heels. We don't change no brands that's on, and we play fair for one, fair for all. This is God's country—and ours."

"But there must be some sort of cost in this business, after all," insists Parker. "Now, the profit in any business is the difference between the cost and the income. There must be some cost somewhere."

"Come with me," said the master briefly. They pulled out over the level land, and after a steady ride of half an hour scrambled down the banks of a steep, timber-clad valley. Here the twisted branches of the mesquite were overtopped by the taller growth of live oaks, whose roots got down to the water somewhere, and from whose wide branches hung deep the funereal Spanish moss. Among the lesser growth rose groups of giant cactus, among which the ponies picked their way carefully. A flock of turkeys ran and flew away clucking. A deer broke cover, and Bill and Belle disappeared on some swift quest of their own, perhaps seeking an ocelot, the "leopard cat" of the chaparral. When the riders came to the trickle of water at last, and the deep pools into which the long drought had broken the stream, they saw in the mud the tracks of fowl of all sorts, of deer, of peccaries, of cattle and horses. The banks were trampled. A great stench arose upon the air. As the master pulled up, he pointed along a pool, which was now turned into a black, bottomless morass. Parker saw a score of dark bodies, which moved, struggled and sank back. Some looked at them with apathetic or patient or supplicating eyes, only to sink back once more. These were the victims of the range, uncounted and uncosting—the toll which even freedom exacts of those who would be free. Parker shuddered.

"There they are," said the master slowly, and even his eye was less stern. "There's fifty horses in these mud-holes, Mr. Parker, and I don't know how many cows. You can have every one of them for nothing, if you like. Most of these is horses, for the cows range farther over toward the Hondo and the Seco. You can take your little rope and go to draggin' out, if you want to, and every horse critter you drag out is yours for nothin', not a cent. But, if you drug them out, they could not stand up, most of them and they would not know the way to any other water and could not get there if they did."

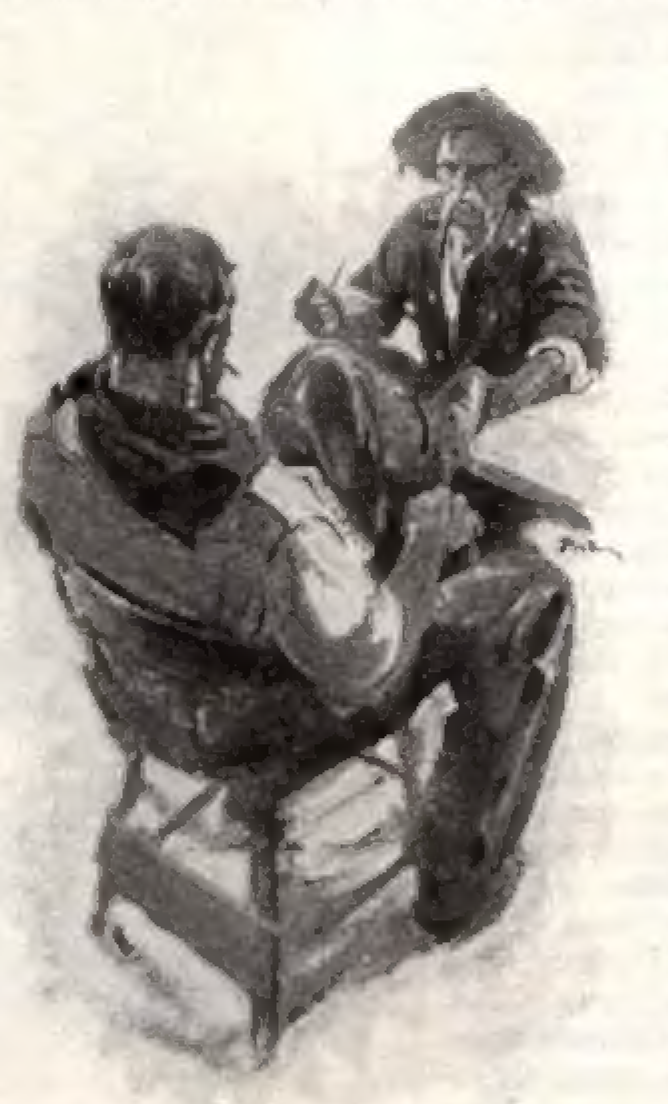
"That is part of the cost, then?" said Parker.

"Yes, but it don't amount to more than mighty little. Same way with cows, of course; lots of them don't winter through. The northers kill them, or they get bogged down. Some calves is killed by wolves, though we do what we can to keep the wolves down—you see my hounds here. Now, what a single beef costs I don't know any more than I know what my chew of tobacco does. I buy it by the plug—that's the way we do down here, we buy it by the plug. Maybe up in your country they buy it by the chew and can figger out what a chew costs. It's all in the way a feller is raised, I reckon."

They turned from these scenes and rode out over the plains, toward the vast dust-cloud, miles away, where the men were holding the "milling" herd. Here and there the master pointed out the brown or yellow bits of parchment, sun-dried tight over the framework of bones, which marked animals that had died upon the range. These would have counted up to a certain score; yet against these was the vast cloud of dust yonder, showing the survival, the increase, the way of Nature; and also showing the way of man, profiting by Nature's offering of raw wealth.

Parker's eyes kindled. He saw business in that dust-cloud. He counted over in his mind the cost per month in wages of his new trail outfit, the first he had ever seen, the one which he himself, Parker, son of Parker, would accompany to the North to see that no waste was permitted. He did not know what toll of the blazing sun and the raging flood, of the marauding savage and the ruthless trail thieves of the Nations, would come in as cost between the Southwest and the railroad far to the northward. He knew only that he was to pay Jim Chiswell ten dollars and a half a head, twos, threes and fours. Guess boldly and recklessly as he might, he could see nothing but money, big money, in this deal with the baron of the lower range.

"Well, we'll push along," said Jim, and Parker's sore legs warmed up as the horses broke into a gallop.



"Listen to Me, Son: I'll Show Him What is Law"

Presently they pulled up at the edge of the wide valley where the work of making the herd was going on. The cattle were pushed in from the bedding-grounds of the main bunch, and also from the "breaks" and mesas far about, all being rounded up here on the flat, where they could most easily be handled. It was a scene such as Parker had never before witnessed. He saw cows, his cows, hundreds, thousands, gathering before him, more cattle than all the farmers of his region had ever seen at once assembled in all their lives. They were his. He would be rich. He knew how the railroads were beginning to net the West; how the men in blue were faring out for homesteads into the West; how all the North was awakening and all the West growing in these railroad days and westward migration days following the Civil War. This new day, as Parker was aware, was to be one of great merchandizing possibilities. Parker thought he had bought cheap. Chiswell thought he had sold well.

There were, perhaps, now in the herd immediately before them, a thousand cattle. The dust was stifling, the heat intense, but no one thought of these things, the range-men being too much accustomed to it and Parker too much excited by this novel spectacle before him.

"I reckon we'll begin the count of this bunch right soon," said Chiswell, and Parker nodded.

The master rode off and gave certain orders. Presently four men rode up toward the neck of the valley. They separated, two on each side, two others passing on a couple of hundred yards farther and taking similar positions, one on each side of a little depression through which the cattle would have to pass. These were the tally-men of the count. Below these pickets, the other punchers began to break the mill, and with long-drawn, comforting, steady calls to crowd out a long "point" of walking cattle toward the tally-men. This thread of beef was gingerly handled through by the men who rode on either side. The first two tally-men kept their eyes fixed on the passing animals and changed pebbles from hand to hand. One of the men at the second station used a long knotted string, a knot to each count of ten. The other man kept the count in hundreds with a bit of pencil-stub and a battered note-book.

"What are they doing?" asked Parker.

"Why, that's the tally—they're counting them, you know. Oh, we'll give you some sort of a deal; we'll count 'em somehow."

"But do I have to take your count?" asked Parker.

A slow, red flush overspread the face of Jim Chiswell. "Do you have to take my count, Mr. Parker?" said he slowly. "Yes, I reckon you do if you take my cows."

Parker wheeled his horse suddenly. Its motion frightened the wild creatures, half-hypnotized by the cow-punchers' art. Some in the rear part of the line broke back, the men closing in and forcing the mill as rapidly as they could, meanwhile calling back curses on the head of the man who made the disturbance.

"You fool! What are you trying to do there?" called Chiswell, spurring after him. "Come back!"

Parker rode back, flushed and nettled. The men with difficulty held the cut and pushed them again toward the tally-men. It was a primitive method even in a primitive land, but the best possible under the circumstances.

"Eight hundred forty-nine!" cried out the man with the book, riding back as the first of the point men swept in ahead of the herd and "held the cut." These cattle would now be kept back until turned over to the drive outfit.

"Eight hundred seventy-three!" called the foreman from the station of the first tally-men.

"That's bad countin', fellers—worst tally I ever did see," grumbled the master. "But what could you expect, Mr. Parker, running in there the way you did? The wonder is the whole bunch didn't run on us. I don't mean no offense, Mr. Parker, but I can see what you know about cows is mighty little."

Parker scented a rising choler on the part of his host; and suddenly it seemed very far to Boston or Kansas City.

"Oh, well ——" he began, but of a sudden his fear smote him once more. Which count was right? The master of the herd saw his perturbation, and it amused him.

"You're new on the range," said he. "Now, of course, we take the lowest count. There is your cows, eight forty-nine, as we make it, ready to turn over to the trail outfit."

Parker was relieved, for he feared he might be charged with eight hundred and seventy-three instead of eight hundred and forty-nine. On the whole, he was going to chance it. His heart swelled as he thought of his own commercial daring. He, Parker, son of Parker, was going to be a dead-game adventurer and take this unheard-of business risk.

(Continued on Page 22)

LETTERS TO WOMEN IN LOVE

DRAWN BY EMLEN MC CONNELL

The Dissatisfied Wife

By Mrs. John Van Vorst

I

To Mrs. Jack Burnside, Newark, New Jersey.

My dear Lily:

I will come over on Monday, whatever the weather. Do you realize that it is five years since your marriage and that I have not yet seen your husband or your children?

There is no knowing when I shall be in New York again, as I am one of those who, as time goes on, grow more and more attached to their homes; so Monday I shall arrive without fail at one, and you must prepare for a long "yarn" after luncheon.

II

To the same:

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Thanks to the blizzard which kept me housed over night under your hospitable roof, I feel quite as though we had not lost track of each other during these last five years. I enjoyed immensely seeing the children. The girl certainly looks exactly like you. The boy, you tell me, is the image of his father. It is rather a curious coincidence that I should not, after all, have met Jack, isn't it? You must let me know whether the storm kept him at his office all night or whether he was able to reach an hotel.

If he had returned home I should have had the pleasure of seeing him for a few hours, but I could not have talked with you as I did, and this I cannot regret.

The very fierceness of the tempest without was conducive to confidence. Moreover there are times, recurring almost rhythmically, when the heart must overflow—that is, the heart of the unhappy. If you were not discontented you would not have turned to me for advice. I shall keep my promise to answer you, so long as you keep me posted as to what is happening between you and Jack.

To tell the truth, your case is one of thousands that differ from it only in the minor details of setting and circumstances. This makes it no simpler for you. Indeed, I rather think it sustains and flatters our pride—our womanly pride, which, by the way, is almost always in the state of being wounded and thus more susceptible to flattery—well, as I was saying, it rather flatters this disqualified sentiment to suppose that our case is unique, and that no one has ever quite known what we are living through. Everything is known, dear, and I confess I am more interested in you as it is than I should be were you not following a general rule from which it depends upon you alone to diverge.

I shall be glad to give you any help I can, but advice, I find, is like opportunities: the capable provide their own.

To make a résumé of the situation as I grasped it in our conversation Monday: You were desperately in love with Jack Burnside when you married him. You were eighteen, he was twenty-five. The dream of your life was to be his wife. You lived one year in a boarding-house in New York, and when your first child was born you moved over to Newark and took a house. Jack had a first "raise" in the firm where he works, and you were able, two years later, when your second child was born, to have a nurse, a waitress and a cook. So much for the facts of the case as they concern your domestic household.

Now, as you look back upon your courtship, wedding and honeymoon they seem as something in another life. The happiness which enveloped, like a halo, those early months of your existence together, has gradually lost its brilliance. You look at Jack to-day and wonder that you could ever have been so "mad" about him. He is perfectly good to you. He gives you more than you had hoped for, as far as material possessions are concerned, but he doesn't seem to care for you or for anything as he once did. The tone of your life has become monotonous, and this monotony is varied by slight misunderstandings, perpetually recurring, and which make your relations strained, and at times very unpleasant.

There is never any real reason for a dispute or a discussion. When, unable to sleep at night, you rehearse from beginning to end a disagreeable scene, you cannot put your finger on any one word or thought that justified the irritation, or anger, you felt. Nevertheless you have felt it.

What, then, is the matter, you ask yourself?

Underlying the outward attitude of every woman toward life, is her inward attitude. The sentimental existence is that which gives color and form to all our deeds. If you are discontented—I don't put it strongly enough to say unhappy—with Jack, your whole existence will be dull and inanimate. This is what you must fight against. And to fight successfully you must search out and attack

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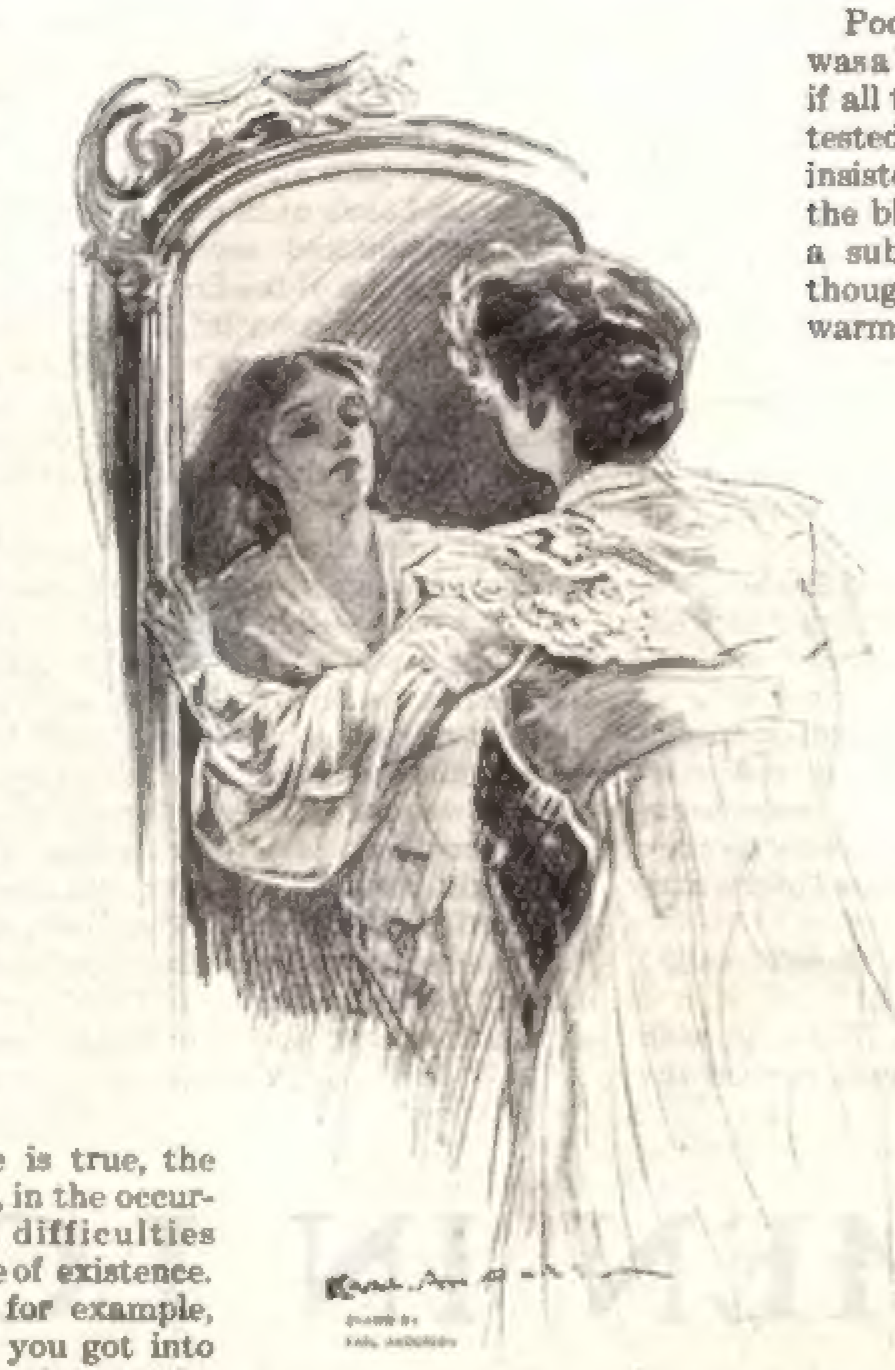
Editor's Note—This is the third of four crucial instances, typical of the experience of many women. The one remaining—The Jealous Woman—will follow in an early number.



You Looked at Yourself Compassionately

the causes of your discontent.

When I think over your case as you related it, and all the others that resemble it, it seems to me that one of the great sources of discord between men and women lies in these two facts. They should be often remembered as a basis of action. I put them in their briefest form, this way:

Little things make a man happy.

Little things make a woman unhappy.

In the case of a great catastrophe, financial or other, we see women display enormous courage, while their husbands are oftentimes prostrated, overwhelmed. Exactly the opposite is true, the positions are reversed, in the occurrence of insignificant difficulties during the daily course of existence.

How many times, for example, have you cried, after you got into bed, over some little neglect on the part of your husband? You know he loves you, you know he is proud of you, you know he works for you as hard as any man can work. Yet a slight thing which has "hurt" you makes you forget everything else which Jack feels and does for you. Doubtless Jack, in turn, has a lot of worries in his tired mind. For the man, all that lies without his house is uncertain. He doesn't know, in the struggle which he undertakes, how he will be met, by Fate, from day to day. Doubtless the uncertainty of the battle spurs on his courage. It is not of that which we need to think. There is a place of all others where he longs for security: in his house, in the affection of his life companion.

Now, Lily, so long as you permit little things to make you unhappy, Jack will never be sure of you. In the early hours of married life perhaps he humored you. He was allured by the hope of understanding whence came the difficulty which seemed suddenly to rise like a dividing wall between you. Unable with his masculine mind to grasp the elusive details at which you so often take umbrage, he will grow gradually disheartened, mistrustful of himself, uncommunicative.

At last he will fall into the dull attitude of the husband who seldom speaks "because he never knows how his wife is going to take things."

Within your house, Lily, be his security, and let the only little things that come between you be those that make Jack happy.

P. S. I have reread my letter. I know exactly what your mental observations will be as you run through my pages. You will say to yourself that I don't know what it is to be pretty and adored—to feel that I have a right to all sorts of things that I am not getting. You will reflect that my calm reasoning comes from indifference, and you will conclude that if I were in your place I should do exactly as you are doing; that I "couldn't help it." The only answer to that is: I am not in your place, and that I see with a vision which is illumined by experience. When it is too late to begin again, all one's mistakes appear irrevocable. I see clearly just where lies the

> " . . . little rift within the lute
> That by and by will make the music mute,
> And ever widening slowly silence all."

I gave you a parting piece of advice: not to greet your husband with a reproach when he returned, no matter how late the storm might have kept him on the way. You will let me know in your next whether my counsel seemed worthy of consideration!

III

To the same:

So you didn't listen to me!

I don't reproach you. I make a simple statement of facts. My last words were: "Don't have a scene with your husband when he comes in." You promised me, you really did, and I believed you, that you would not let your feelings get the better of you.

In about ten minutes after he reached home you were saying disagreeable things to him: he answered you back and now you are angry.

Poor man, it wasn't exactly his fault if there was a blizzard such as no one had seen for years—if all the cars were blocked, was it? Yet he protested in vain; what he was to blame for, you insisted, was not the blocking of the cars but the blocking of himself and of you, stuck off in a suburb and shut in all the year round as though there were a perennial blizzard! You warmed to the subject as you went on, condemning the life of the commuter: it was like being in a prison there in Newark, row upon row of houses stretching along like cells, interminable avenues, nothing but the most dreary, mediocre people for neighbors. . . . There were times, you cried out to your poor hearer, when it seemed as though you would lose your mind—your personality you had long since lost—you felt just like an animal cooped up in the stable of a barn, where there were other animals cooped up in other stalls exactly like yours.

After a while Jack sank bewildered into a chair and you heard him say:

"What have I done to merit this outburst? I thought I was giving you and the children a first-rate home. I don't see now what there is lacking to make you comfortable."

Here you went further than you intended in your most inflamed moments. You didn't care how much he suffered, you were bound to say everything that was pent up in your heart.

"When I married you, Jack Burnside," you cried, "I expected you would, as other husbands do, give me the position in life to which I am entitled. I begin to see now only too clearly what a mistake I made. I shall end my days stuck down here in a suburb, that's plain! And it's not very surprising that I should feel a trifle bitter about it, is it? I should think the least you could expect would be that I have an occasional outburst. Really!"

The fact that your husband works unceasingly, that his business holds a place so primary as to exclude for him all question of pleasures, slipped your mind entirely. You forgot that he comes straight home when the bank is closed, not lingering even to play a game at the club or to take any exercise. And you went on with what you had to say: You had learned to expect nothing more from him than the daily effort which made him anything but a diverting companion when he finally did get home. You naturally couldn't help envying the women whose husbands had risen from modest circumstances like yours into a brilliant social position, where the wife was conspicuous and influential. Everybody had always told you, even when you were a girl, that you were made for that sort of a position, that you had just the sort of social talent to fill it. If you had married another kind of man things would be different. As it was you couldn't help realizing whose fault it was that you were where you were: you had no one but him to blame for the dullness and poverty of your existence.

What answer could Jack make to all this? If it were true, nothing. If it were untrue—nothing. He took up his hat and left the house.

When he came in very late you heard him go into the parlor, and there he stayed. He slept on the divan. In the morning he came upstairs, dressed and shaved in the bathroom, without speaking to you. Once or twice you were tempted to call out:

"Jack, come in before you go. I didn't mean what I said last night. Forget it, and we'll begin over again."

But something within you checked this impulse.

After the scene of the night before you did not send the children down while he was having breakfast. You told the nurse, if he asked for them, to say they were asleep.

When the outside door had closed, you started once to the window, thinking that perhaps he might turn as he went around the street corner and glance up to see if you were behind the curtain, beckoning to him.

But something checked this impulse, too. You felt it would be a weakness on your part to make this concession.

The Waitress had Her Eyes on You

Big people are just like children at times. Once they have begun to be "naughty" there are only two ways out of it for them: to burst into tears and, sobbing, to ask forgiveness and promise they will "never do it again"—or to be more and more obstinate without any fresh cause for anger, but simply because they have got well started.

This is the part you chose. Every time you passed before the mirror all morning you looked at yourself compassionately. You were struck with your haggard appearance. You were a victim. You deepened the frown on your brow in order to emphasize your bad humor. The best thing, the only thing for you to do, was to pack your trunks at once (the children in them) and go—go where? This you had not quite decided. The details of your flight were vague. But certain one thing was that Jack Burnside would find the house empty when he came in that evening, and that his despair would serve him right.

You felt that the waitress had her eyes on you. She knew something was wrong. You would not yield one inch before her.

It was at this juncture, I fancy, that you wrote to me the letter between whose tragic lines I read. Am I not right in all I have added to what you tell me?

Don't fancy I make light of this, or that I use the word "tragic" sarcastically. At the bottom of your heart, behind your anger, there is something truly serious.

You will not leave your home and go back to your mother to-night. You may even, when Jack comes in, hold out your cheek for him to kiss it, and follow him to the nursery when he goes up to see the children.

But the bad seed sown will grow and keep on growing. What has happened between you and Jack is worse than a misunderstanding. You have said things to your husband which he never should have heard.

IV

To the same:

Your letters discourage me. I cannot deny this, for I see in them a certain destructive element, slow, sure, terrible. If either you or Jack had a definite wrong, one against the other, something for which you could frankly ask forgiveness, I should be less uneasy than I am at present for the future of your home. But it seems as if you were both poisoned through and through without suffering in any special way. Every single one of the conditions that existed when you married are now reversed.

I told you to be cheerful. You say that when you seem very gay Jack suspects some outside cause.

I begged you not to criticise, and above all not to ask questions when you were sure in advance that the answer must be something—business or otherwise—which you would be happier not to know. Your silence, you tell me, is taken for ill-humor.

But there is an average between the mute and the chatterbox.

Yes, you respond, but when you endeavor to go over some club discussion, or to tell Jack about some book you have been reading for the library committee, he says he is "too tired" to keep up with women's new fandangos.

In the matter of Jack's work there is the same undercurrent of irritation. You supposed when you married him that the fixed position he had was the best thing for him. Now you believe it keeps him back, dwarfs all ambition in him, and encourages his tendency for "taking things easy."

Has it occurred to you that perhaps Jack—certainly when you treat him as you did the other night—is possibly a trifle tired of you, too; that his disillusions may be as lively as yours?

He was attracted by the daintiness of your tastes, but he is beginning to find them rather extravagant. He used to be proud when the men said:

"Jack's got an awfully clever wife."

Now he feels it might have been better to marry some one not quite so clever and a little more tender.

He knew that you had never been very well off when you married him, and he enjoyed giving you the comforts you deserved. Now he is inclined to believe that you are too exacting—he can never do quite enough to satisfy you.

And so it goes. You are like two clocks wound up at the same time and that never strike the hour together.

V

To the same:

Yes, you write me, it is perfectly true that if Jack could only "get on" a little and have a raise in salary or get a higher place in the bank, you believe that everything would be different.

I have an idea, Lily, and if it succeeds everything will come out well. So as long as there is hope I am not going to give up to the real anxiety that is weighing on my heart on account of you and Jack and the children.

It would be too awful if you were to break up your home, and all for what reason, really? Everybody is more or less unhappy in this world, everybody is more or less impossible to live with. Flaubert wrote in one of his letters that, as long as he had any family, his only idea was to get away from them, to escape to the ends of the earth rather than be with them. Then, he says, when they were all dead, he clung to the very walls of the house that had sheltered them!

Everybody is not so frank, but almost everybody resembles Flaubert somewhat in this respect.

But I can do better than quote literary history to you. My ideas are not wholly in the abstract. Let me tell you where they have carried me: to New York, and much nearer to you than you suppose, though I did not stop long enough to see any one, accomplishing what I had to do between trains. I can't say that I obtained exactly what I went for, but I am glad that I went, and I am going to tell you everything, and you can draw your own conclusions according to the way what you hear affects you.

Well, then, on arriving in town, I went straight from the train to Wall Street, to a bank—to Jack's bank—but not to see Jack. It was to see his employer that I had taken my four hours' journey.

The bank president received me behind his wide mahogany table, laden with papers and pamphlets. I was sure each moment had its value in money for him, and I fancied he was asking himself why I had to come and bother him.

Fortunately we had friends in common who formed a certain starting-point, and when he had "placed" me, as it were, his face relaxed. It was as though he had taken off the mask of the executive officer, and was letting me see his own features. Just this change in his expression made him seem human and accessible. I realized that there were two distinct personalities before me: one who felt only his interests and the other who was interested in his feelings. I addressed myself to this latter.

"I have come," I said, "to speak to you about a friend of mine who is in your employ in the bank."

"A friend of yours?"

"Yes. Jack Burnside."

"He's a fine fellow." And then he added, "He's a first-rate business man. I let him do a lot of private work for me. He's intelligent and he minds his own affairs, which some of them don't."

"I am very much interested in his advancement," I responded.

Silence.

I went on:

"If he is so much more discreet than 'some of them,' I suppose he is really valuable to you?"

"Undoubtedly."

Again silence.

"I think," I began, "he rather hoped this New Year—not that he ever mentioned the matter to me—I heard of it through outsiders—wasn't there some talk of raising him then?"

The president hesitated a moment. He moved forward in his revolving chair and put both arms on the table before him. There was a paper-cutter within reach. He turned it over once or twice, and then let it drop.

"There's been a question more than once of giving Jack Burnside a raise in salary."

My eyes were all eagerness.

The president shoved himself back in his chair again, and joined his fingers together, looking at them while he waited to speak. Then he said:

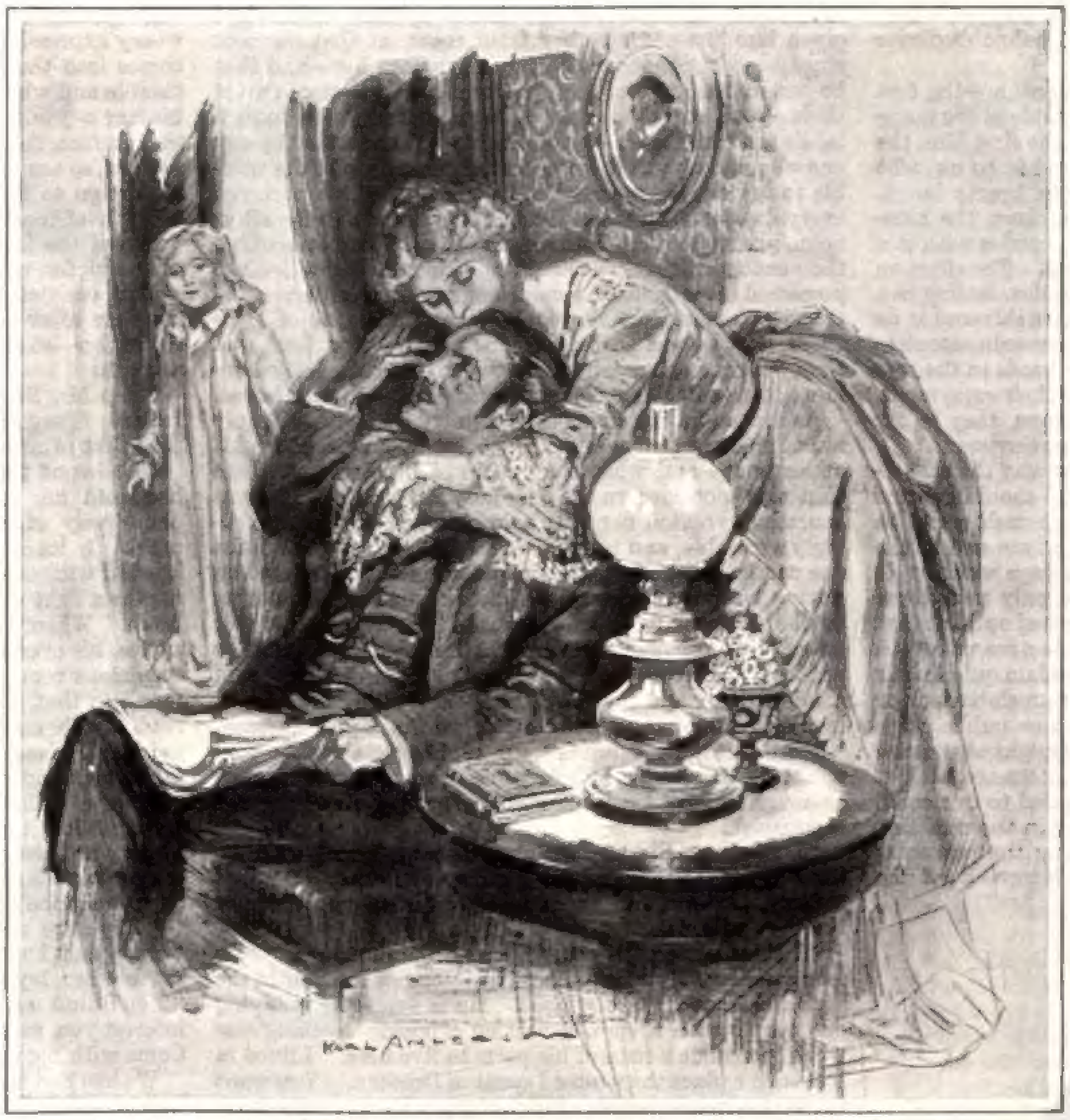
"Well, I'll tell you just how it is. The reason Jack Burnside doesn't get on is because we can't absolutely depend on him."

He looked up to see the effect this would have on me, and, noting my astonishment, he exclaimed:

"We haven't a squarer man under the roof of this building, nor in all Wall Street. His character, as far as that's concerned, is spotless. But it's his every-day character that I mean. You can't say a man has moods exactly: that's more in the woman's province." His eyes twinkled as he glanced at me. "But one day Burnside will do the work of two men, and a week later it'll seem as though he couldn't fix his attention on anything. If you didn't know him you'd say he had no intelligence. If you'd seen him on other days you'd say he had something on his mind, something that was troubling him seriously."

The president rapped the paper-cutter up and down a few times, and then, having taken his decision, he lowered his voice, as though a banker should not have such feelings:

"If you want to know my opinion about the man, I think he is unhappy." And then, almost as though in defense, he went on: "There are as many fluctuations in human relationship as there are in the market. Business isn't the only thing worth taking stock in. I take stock in Burnside. I want him to get on, and I believe in his ability. I've never had any personal conversation with him, but I'm willing to wager big odds that the days he comes in here as absent-minded as a mad-hatter his wife's been nagging him. I've no right to say such a thing, especially to another woman. But that's my belief. You asked me about him, and that's what I think. He's nervous, scared half the time, depressed, sometimes reckless, sometimes as humble as Uriah Heep. What a man wants in our work is steadiness. I believe Burnside would have it if he got the proper sort of encouragement at home."



I was Happy and a Little Bit Proud, as Though I had Seen Something Not Meant for Every One

"And," I asked, returning to my original purpose in coming to the president, "you think this makes a difference in his advancement?"

"Of course it does."

"But you don't think it's impossible for him ever to rise higher in the bank?"

"Why, the chances are all in his favor, if it weren't for what I tell you. Only the other day I had a plan on foot in his interest. The very morning I expected to announce good news to him, he came in here half-awake, his thoughts anywhere but on his work, and before the morning was over, out of sheer absent-mindedness, he'd made a blunder for which I had to reprimand him. I hated to do it, too. He looked as though he hadn't slept all night. But you can't make allowances when it's a question of dollars and cents, and other people's money at that. We'll see. I hope for the best, but this only happened ten days ago."

I thanked the president for all he had told me, his frankness, and I took leave of him.

Lily! Ten days ago! Wasn't it the very time you wrote me of your first real, serious quarrel?

Well, you are not angry at what I have done? Write soon in any case. I am eager to hear from you.

VI

To the same:

No letter has come from you, but I continue, having yet so much that I want to say while I feel there is time.

I wish to present to you, with the shock of crude reality, the case of your children. There is no country in the world where so much is done for children as in America. When one visits the public schools one feels that the interest of Government and teacher alike is bent upon the boys and girls who come still under the head of children.

If you converse with any philanthropist nowadays, almost the first confession he makes to you is: "The children are what I give my attention to. They are the ones for whom we never work in vain."

At the Department of Public Charities what is the spirit? The same. Indeed, so far is the hope of officials centred on the young that there is difficulty at times in arousing a practical compassion for aged men and women who appeal to municipal authorities for succor.

America is young herself. It is natural that she should be more attached to her future than to her past, to her hopes than to her memories. But what does this mean for us who are no longer in the generation of children? Does it not mean sacrifice, constant sacrifice? Does it not mean the perpetual vigilance over others, which implies the abnegation of self? If the State and philanthropists and the city do so much for children, shall we, their parents, do less?

"But nobody," I can hear you protest, "does more for her children than I do."

I grant that they are treated like little princes. Indeed, there are many princes who have not half as much as your children have. But—are their bodies all? Is it enough to give them hygienically prepared food and baths in porcelain tubs?

Let me tell you that the directors of the New York Orphan Asylums, when they had given the best possible material surroundings to their children, found that there was something lacking. What was it? Their charges had everything that they could need; yet, instead of becoming little men and little women, they turned out little "creatures," with no practical or sentimental sense of life.

What was the matter?

The committee asked themselves this question. The answer you have already given yourself:

"Children need home influence."

Stronger, they concluded, than any outside action that could be brought to bear on them, was the effect that home environment alone could give.

The result you know, if you have followed the evolution of the Bureau for Dependent Children. Instead of herding the foundlings together under one irreproachable roof with every hygienic convenience, they scatter them about, one here, one there, in the poor families where, no doubt, there are microbes galore, but where there is also a moral atmosphere, and a mother and a father to love them.

This question of loving one's children is not all. There is more.

Don't you remember, when you were little, how, regularly, your small friends used to ask you, and you in turn, I presume, used to ask them:

"Which do you like the best, your father or your mother?"

Can you recollect, in all your childhood, having ever heard to their query any response given other than the loyal:

"I like them both the same."

Generally it was not true, for, whether you could argue it out or not, there was always in your little heart, and in that of your friends, a tacit preference for one parent or the other. But you wanted your comrades, as they wanted you, to think that your affections were divided equally.

Was it not then a natural sequence, since you loved them both so much, that you should want them both to love each other?

I can recall so well the happy memories of my life! When I was but a tiny girl, at the age when the Sand Man comes too soon, and "you have to go to bed by day," I used to kiss my parents good-night and follow the nurse reluctantly upstairs. Then, when she was busy with something, I would stealthily slip down again and back to the sitting-room "for one more good-night kiss." My dear mother was young still—only a girl she seems as I think of her now with her crown of golden hair. When I had crept over the threshold, guilty, exuberant, how often have I been a trifle awed by what I saw! The young mother had left her

(Continued on Page 27)

MISS BUFFUM'S NEW BOARDER

Mr. Bing: a Mystery of Union Square

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

HE WAS seated near the top end of Miss Buffum's table when I first saw his good-natured face with its twinkling eyes, high cheekbones and broad, white forehead in strong contrast to the wizened, almost sour, visage of our landlady. Up to the time of his coming every one had avoided that end, or had gradually shifted their seats, gravitating slowly toward the bottom, where the bank clerk, the college professor and I hobnobbed over our soup and boiled mutton.

It was his laugh that attracted my attention—the first that had come from the upper end of the table in the memory of the oldest boarder. Men talk of the first kiss, the first baby, the first bluebird in the spring, but to me, who have suffered and know, the first, sincere, hearty laugh, untrammeled and unlimited, that rings down the hidebound table of a dismal boarding-house, carries with it a surprise and charm that outclasses them all. The effect on this occasion was like the opening of a window letting in a gust of pure air. Some of the more sensitive shivered at its freshness, and one woman raised her eyeglasses in astonishment, but almost all the rest craned their heads in the new boarder's direction, their faces expressing their enjoyment. As for Miss Buffum and the schoolmistress, they so far forgot themselves as to join audibly in the merriment.

What the secret of the man's power, or why the schoolteacher—who sat on Miss Buffum's right—should become suddenly hilarious, or how Miss Buffum herself could be prodded or beguiled into smiles, no one at my end of the table could understand; and yet, as the days went by, it became more and more evident that not only were these two cold, brittle exteriors being slowly thawed out, but that every one else within the sound of his seductive voice was yielding to his influence. Stories that had lain quiet in our minds for months for lack of a willing or appreciative ear, or had been told behind our hands, now became public property, some being bowled along the table straight at the new boarder, who sent his own rolling back in exchange, his big, sonorous voice filling the room as he replied to our small pipings of club gossip, or the latest thing in the weeklies, with accounts of his life in Poland among the peasants; of his experiences in the desert; of a shipwreck off the coast of Ceylon in which he was given up for lost; of a trip he made across the Russian steppes in a sleigh—each adventure ending in some strangely humorous situation which put the table in a roar.

None of these narratives, however, solved the mystery of his identity or of his occupation. All our good landlady knew was that he had driven up in a hack one afternoon, bearing a short letter of introduction from a former lodger—a man who had lived abroad for the previous ten years—introducing Mr. Norvic Bing; that after its perusal she had given him the second-story front room, at that moment empty—a fact that had greatly influenced her—and that he had at once moved in. His trunks—there were two of them—had, she remembered, been covered with foreign labels (and still were)—all of which could be verified by any one who had a right to know and who would take the trouble to inspect his room when he was out, which occurred every day between ten in the morning and six in the afternoon, and more often between six in the afternoon and ten the next morning. The slight additional information she possessed came from the former lodger's letter, which stated that the bearer, Mr. Norvic Bing, was a native of Denmark, that he was visiting America for the first time, and that, desiring a place where he could live in complete retirement, the writer had recommended Miss Buffum's house.

As to who he was in his own country—and he certainly must have been some one of importance, judging from his appearance—and what the nature of his business, these things did not concern the dear lady in the least. He was courteous, treated her with marked respect, was exceedingly agreeable, and insisted—and this she stated was the one particular thing that endeared him to her—insisted on paying his board *a month in advance*, instead of waiting until the thirty days had elapsed. His excuse for this unheard-of idiosyncrasy was that he might some day be suddenly called away, too suddenly even to notify her of his departure, and that he did not want either his belongings or his landlady's mind disturbed during his absence.

Miss Buffum's summing up of Bing's courtesy and affability was shared by every one at my end of the table, although some of them differed as regarded his origin and occupation.

"Looks more like an Englishman than a Dane," said the bank clerk; "although I don't know any Danes. But he's a daisy, anyhow, and ought to have his salary raised for being so jolly."

"I don't agree with you," rejoined the professor. "He is unquestionably a Scandinavian—you can see that in the high cheekbones and flat nose. He is evidently studying our people with a view of writing a book. Nothing else would persuade a man of his parts to live here. I lived in just such a place the winter I spent in Dresden. You want to get close to the people when you study their peculiarities. But whoever he is, or wherever he comes from, he is a most delightful gentleman—perfectly simple, and so sincere that it is a pleasure to hear him talk."

As for myself, I am ashamed to say that I could not agree with either the bank clerk or the professor. Although I admitted Mr. Bing's wide experience of men and affairs, and his marvelous powers of conversation, I could not divest myself of the conviction that underneath it all there lay something more than a mere desire to be either kindly or entertaining; in fact, that his geniality, though outwardly spontaneous, was really a cloak to hide another side of his nature—a fog into which he retreated—and that some day the real man would be revealed.

I made no mention of my misgivings to any of my fellow-boarders. My knowledge of men of his class—brilliant conversationalists with a world-wide experience to draw upon—was slight, and my grounds for doubting his sincerity were so devoid of proof that few persons would have considered them anything but the product of a disordered mind.

And yet I still held to my opinion.

I had caught something, I fancied, that the others had missed. It occurred one night after he had told a story and was waiting for the laugh to subside. Soon a strange, weary expression crept over his face—the same look that comes into the face of a clown who has been hurt in a tumble and who, while wrestling with the pain, still keeps his face a-grin. Suddenly, from out of his merry, smooth-shaven face, there came a flash from his eyes so searching, so keen, so suspicious, so entirely unlike the man we knew, so foreign to his mood at the moment, that I instantly thought of the burglar peering through the painted spectacles of the family portrait while he watched his unconscious victim counting the gold.

This conviction so possessed me that I found myself for days after peering into Bing's face, watching for its repetition—so much so that the professor asked me with a laugh:

"Has Mr. Bing hypnotized you as badly as he has the ladies? They hang on his every word. Curious study of the effect of mind on matter, isn't it?"

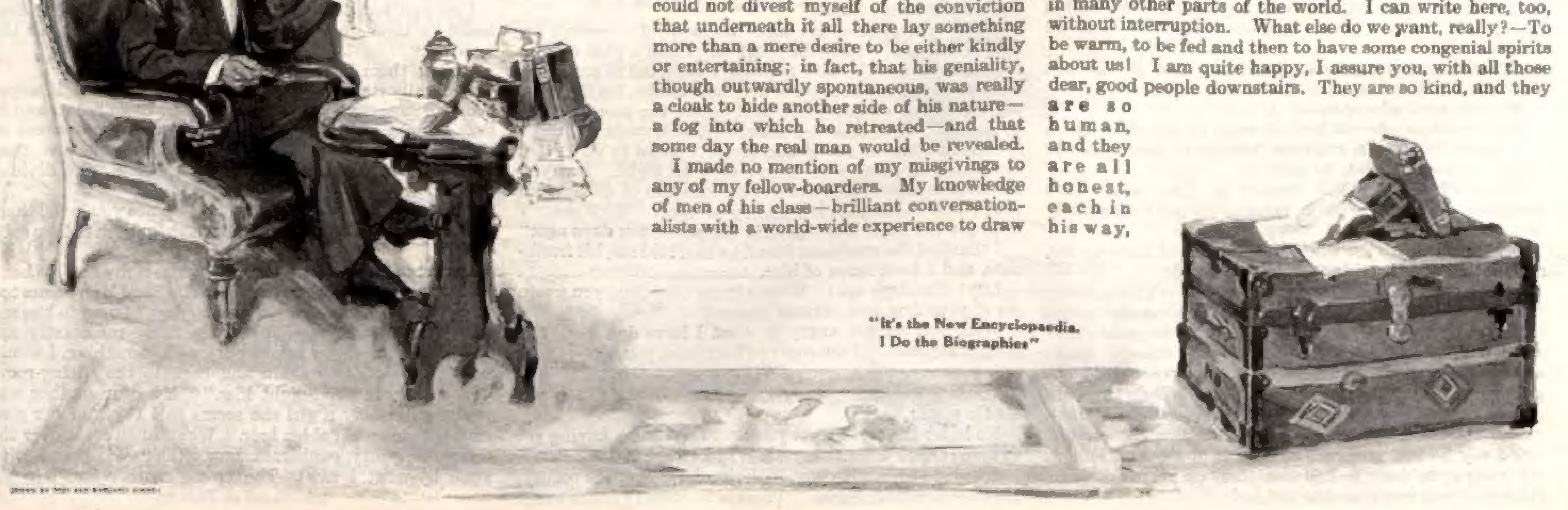
The second time I caught the strange flash was *before* he had told his story—when his admonitory glance—his polite way of compelling attention—was sweeping the table. In its course his eyes rested for an instant on mine, kindled with suspicion, and then there flashed from their depths a light that seemed to illumine every corner of my brain. When I looked again his face was wreathed in smiles, his eyes sparkling with merriment. Instantly my suspicions returned with redoubled force. What had he found in that instantaneous flash, I wondered? Had he read my thoughts, or had he, from his place behind the painted canvas, caught some expression on his victim's face which had roused his fears?

Then a delightful thing happened to me. I was a young fellow trying to get a foothold in literature, who had never been out of his own country, and who spoke no tongue but his own; he was a man of the world, a traveler over the globe and speaking five languages.

"If you're not going out," he said, that same night, "come and have a smoke with me." This in his heartiest manner, laying his hand on my shoulder as he spoke. "You'll find me in my room. I've some books that may interest you, and we can continue our talk by my coal-fire. Come with me now."

We had had no special talk—none that I could remember. I recalled that I had asked him an irrelevant question after the flash had vanished, and that he had answered me in return—but no talk followed.

"I never invite any one up here," he began when we reached his room; "the place is so small——" Here he closed the door, drew up the only armchair in the room and placed me in it—"but it is large enough for a place to crawl into and sleep—much larger, I can tell you, than I have had in many other parts of the world. I can write here, too, without interruption. What else do we want, really?—To be warm, to be fed and then to have some congenial spirits about us! I am quite happy, I assure you, with all those dear, good people downstairs. They are so kind, and they are so human, and they are all honest, each in his way,



"It's the New Encyclopaedia. I Do the Biographies" which is always refreshing to me. Most people, you know, are not honest." And he looked me over curiously.

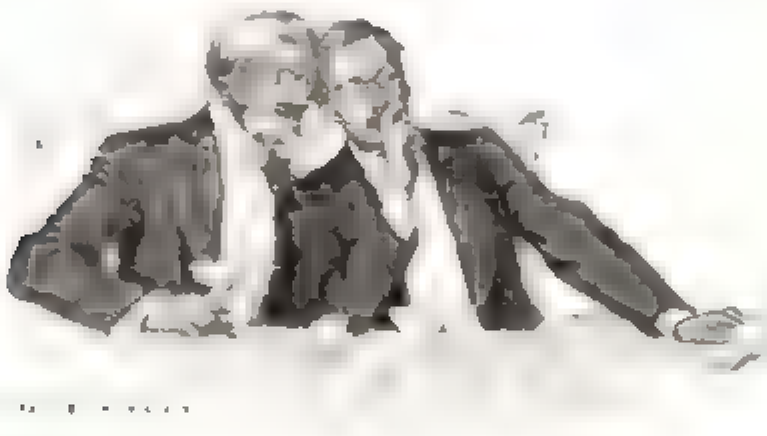
I made no answer except to nod my assent. My eyes were wandering over the room in the endeavor to find something to confirm my suspicions—over the two trunks with their labels; over a desk littered, piled, crammed with papers; over the mantel, on which was spread a row of photographs, among them the portrait of a distinguished-looking woman with a child resting in her lap, and next to it that of a man in uniform.

"Yes—some of my friends across the sea." I had not asked him—he had read my mind. "This one you did not see—I keep it behind the others—three of them, like a little pair of steps—all I have left. The oldest is named Olga, and that little one in the middle, with the cap on her head—that is Pauline."

"Your children?"

"Yes."

"Where are they?"



"Looks Like a Bull Pup Biting a Muff, Doesn't He?"

"Oh, many thousand miles from here! But we won't talk about it. They are well and happy. And this one"—here he took down the photo of the man in full uniform—"is the Grand Duke Vladimir. Yes, a soldierly-looking man—none of the others are like him. But come now, tell me of yourself—you have some one at home, too?"

I nodded my head and mentioned my mother and the others at home.

"No sweetheart yet? No?—You needn't answer—we all have sweethearts at your age—at mine it is all over. But why did you leave her? It is so hard to do that. Ah, yes, I see—to make your bread. And how do you do it?"

"I write."

He lowered his brows and looked at me under his lids.

"What sort of writing? Books? What is called a novel?"

"No—not yet. I work on special articles for the newspapers, and now and then I get a short story or an essay into one of the magazines."

He was replacing the pictures as I talked, his back to me. He turned suddenly and again sought my eye.

"Don't waste your time on essays or statistics. You will not succeed as a machine. You have imagination, which is a real gift. You also dream, which is another way of saying that you can invent. If you can add construction to your invention, you will come quite close to what they call genius. I saw all this in your face to-night; that is why I wanted to talk to you. So many young men go astray for want of a word dropped into their minds at the right time. As for me, all I know is statistics, and so I will never be a genius." And a light laugh broke from his lips. "Worse luck, too. I must exchange them for money. Look at this—I have been all day correcting the proofs."

With this he walked to his table—he had not yet taken a seat, although a chair was next to my own—and laid in my lap a roll of galley-proofs.

"It is the new encyclopædia. I do the biographies, you see—principally of men and the different towns and countries. I have got down now to the R's—Richelieu—Rochambeau——" his fingers were now tracing the lines. "Here is Romulus, and here is Russia—I gave that half a column, and—dry work, isn't it? But I like it, for I can write here by my fire if I please, and all my other time is my own. You see they are signed 'Norvic Bing.' I insisted on that. These publishers are selfish sometimes, and want to efface a writer's personality, but I would not permit it, and so finally they gave in. But no more of that—one must eat, and to eat one must work, so why quarrel with the spade or the ground? See that you raise good crops—that is the best of all."

Then he branched off into a description of a ball he had attended some years before at the Tuileries—of the splendor of the interior: the rich costumes of the women; the blaze of decorations worn by the men; the graciousness of the Empress and the charm of her beauty—then of a visit he had made to the Exile a few months after he had reached Chiselhurst. Throwing up his hands he said: "A feeble old man with hollow eyes and a cracked voice. Oh, such a pity! For he was royal—although all Europe laughed."

When the time came for me to go—it was near midnight, to my astonishment—he followed me to the door, bidding me good-night with both hands over mine, saying I should come again when he was at leisure, as he had been that night—which I promised to do, adding my thanks for what I declared was the most delightful evening I had ever spent in my life.

And it had been—and with it there had oozed out of my mind every drop of my former suspicion. There *was* another side that he was hiding from us, but it was the side of tenderness for his children—for those he loved and from whom he was parted. I had boasted to myself of my intuition and had looked, as I supposed, deep into his heart, and all I found were three little faces. With this came a certain feeling of shame that I had been stupid enough to allow my imagination to run away with my judgment. Hereafter I would have more sense.

All that winter Bing was the life of the house. The days on which his seat was empty—off getting statistics for the encyclopædia, I explained to my fellow-boarders, I being looked upon now as having special information owing to my supposed intimacy, although I had never entered his room since that night—on these days, I say, the table relapsed into its old-time dullness.

One night I found his card on my pincushion. I always locked my door myself when I left my room—had done so that night, I thought, but I must have forgotten it. Under his name was written: "Say good-by to the others."

I thought, of course, that it was but for a few days and that he would return as usual, and hold out his two big generous hands to each one down the table, leaving a warmth behind him which they had not known since he last pressed their palms—and so on down until he reached Miss Buffum and the school-teacher, who would both rise in their seats to welcome him.

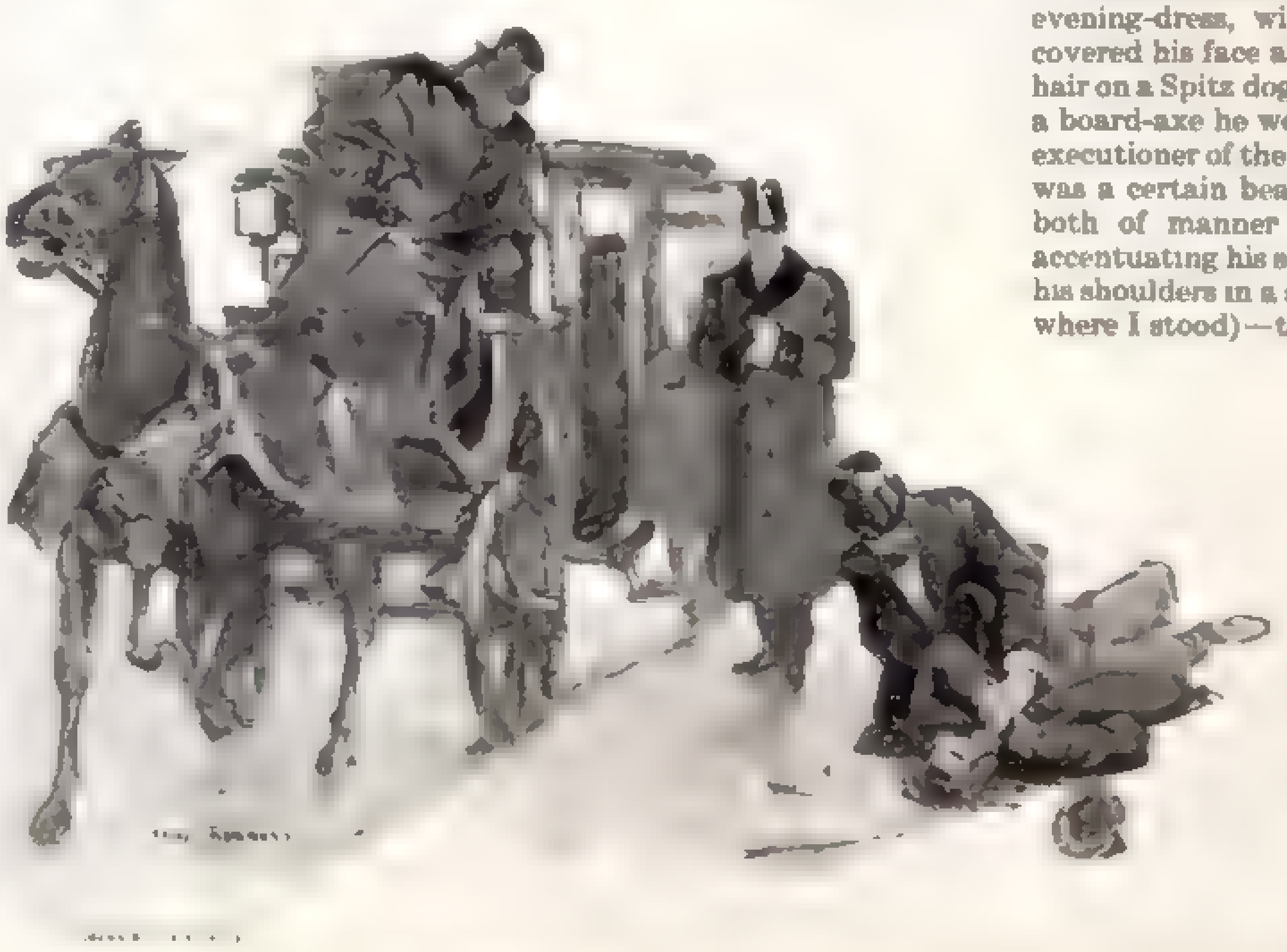
With the passing of the first week the good lady became uneasy; the board, as usual, had been paid in advance, but it was the man she missed. No one else could add the drop of oil to the machinery of the house, nor would it run smoothly without him.

At the end of the second week she rapped at my door and with trembling steps led me to Bing's room. She had opened it with her own pass-key—a liberty she never allowed any one to take except herself, and never then unless some emergency arose. It was empty of everything that belonged to him—had been for days. The room had been set in order and the bed had been made up by the maid the day he left and had not been slept in since. Trunks, books, manuscripts, photographs—all were gone—not a vestige of anything belonging to him was visible.

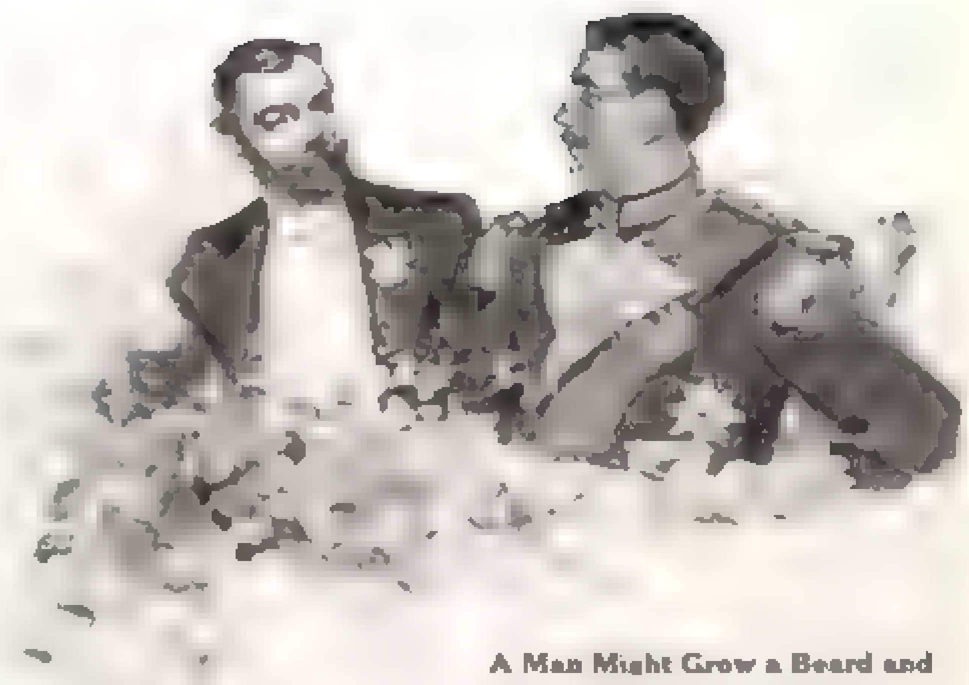
I stooped down and examined the grate. On the top of the dead coals lay a little heap of ashes—what was left of a package of letters.

II

FIVE years passed. Times had changed with me. I had long since left my humble quarters at Miss Buffum's and now had two rooms in an uptown apartment-house.



The Prince Smiled and Stepped into His Carriage



A Man Might Grow a Beard and Dye it, but How Could He Grow a Different Set of Manners?

My field of work, too, had become enlarged. I had ceased to write for the Sunday papers and was employed on special articles for the magazines. This had widened my acquaintance with men and with life. Heretofore I had known the dark alleys and slums, the inside of station-houses, bringing me in contact with the police and with some of the detectives, among them Alcorn of the Central Office, a man who sought me out of his own accord. Many of these trusted me and from them I gathered much of my material. Now I explored other fields. With the backing of the editor I often claimed seats at the opening of important conventions—not so much political as social and scientific; so, too, at many of the public dinners given to our own and distinguished foreign guests, would a seat be reserved for me, my object being the study of men when they were off their guard—reading their minds, finding out the man behind the mask, a habit I had never yet thrown off. Most men have some mental fad—this was mine. Sometimes my articles found an echo in a note written to me by the guests themselves; this would fill me with joy. Often I was criticised for the absurdity of my views.

On this occasion a great banquet was to be given to Prince Polinski, a nephew of the Czar and possible heir to the throne. The press had been filled with the detail of his daily life—of the dinners, teas and functions given by society in his honor; of his reception by the mayor, of his audience at the White House; of the men who guarded his person; of his "opinions," "impressions" and "views" on this, that and the other thing, but so far no one had dissected the man himself.

What our editor wanted was a minute analysis of the mind of a young Russian studied at close range. The occasion of the banquet was selected because I could then examine him at my leisure. The results were to be used by the editor in an article of his own, my memoranda being only so much padding.

When I entered and took up a position near the door where I could look him over, Delmonico's largest reception-room was crowded with guests: bankers, railroad presidents, politicians, officers of the army and navy, judges, doctors, and the usual collection of white shirt-fronts that fill the seats at a public dinner of this kind. The Prince was in the uniform of an officer of the Imperial Navy. He was heavily built and tall, with a swarthy face enlivened by a pointed mustache. The Russian Ambassador at his side was in full dress and wore a number of decorations: these two needed no pointing out. Some of the others were less distinguishable—among them a heavily-built man in evening-dress, with a full beard and mustache which covered his face almost to his eyes—soft and bushy as the hair on a Spitz dog and as black. With a leather apron and a board-axe he would have passed at a masquerade for an executioner of the olden time. Despite this big beard, there was a certain bearing about the man—a certain elegance both of manner and gesture—talking with his hands, accentuating his sentences with outstretched fingers, lifting his shoulders in a shrug (I saw all this from across the room where I stood)—that showed clearly not only his high position, but his breeding. What position he held under the Prince I was, of course, unaware, but it must have been very close, for the big Russian kept him constantly at the royal side. I noted, too, that the Prince was careful to introduce him to many who were brought up to shake his hand.

When the procession was formed to march into the dining-hall, Polinski came first on the arm of the mayor; then followed a group of dignitaries, including the Ambassadors, the black-bearded man walking by the side of the Prince, who would now and then turn and address him.

My seat was against the wall opposite the dais, and knowing that I

(Continued on Page 26)

VAITI OF THE ISLANDS

BY BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

The Tale of the Marooners

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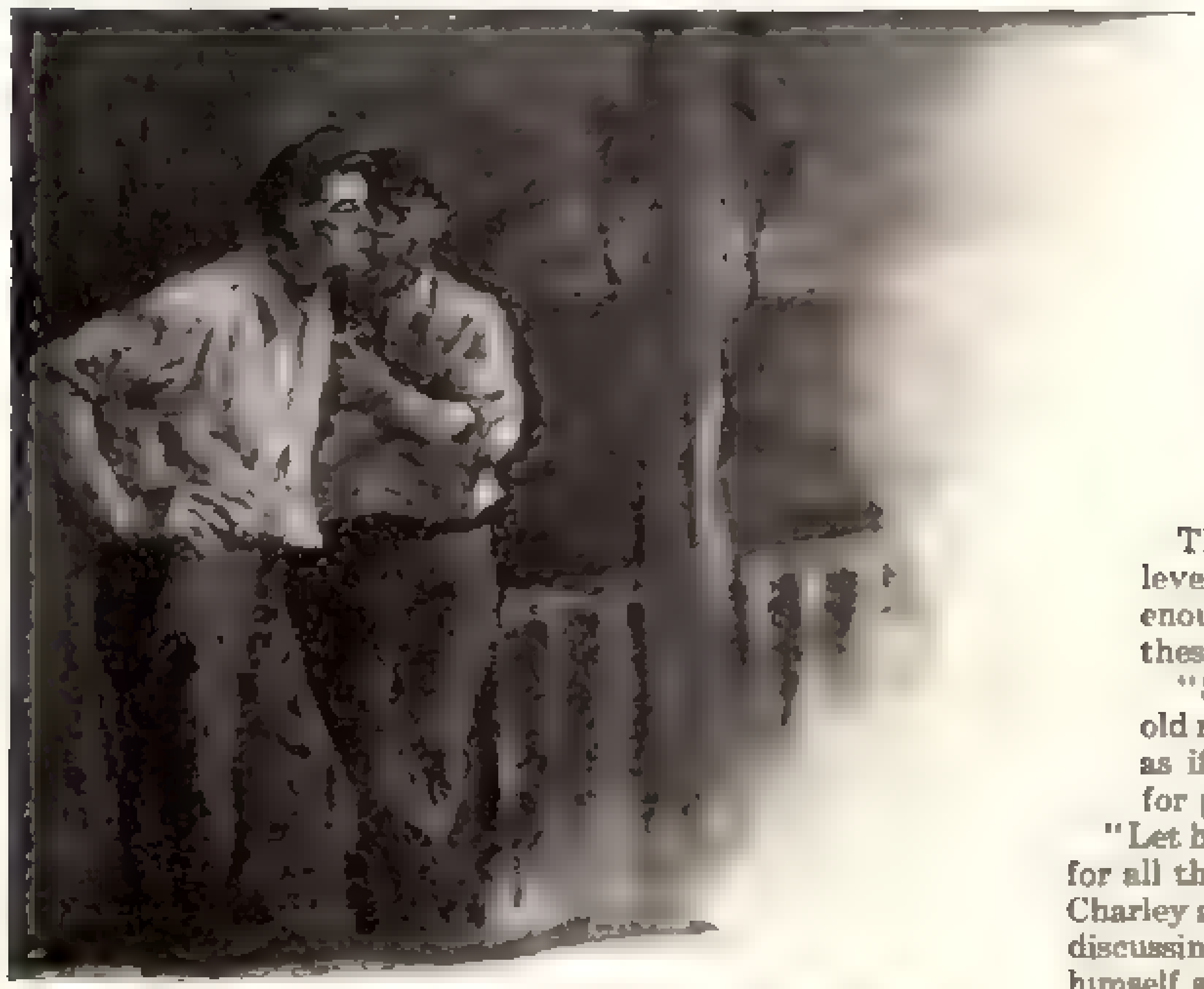


"Quit Lookin' at Her, Ye Fool, and Give Me a Light for Me Poipe!"

PART I—THE DIAMOND WEB

IT WAS six o'clock in Apia, and the round sun was hanging low above the rim of the level sea, like a burning coal ready to drop down upon a breadth of hyacinth silk. The stores were closed along the straggling beach street, where the sand was white underfoot, and parrakeets tweedled cheerily in the scarlet-flowered flamboyant trees. Native dandies, greatly oiled and dyed, and wearing a bright hibiscus blossom over each ear, swung past with the inimitable Samoan roll, their golden-brown limbs gay with the red and white English bath-towel that is popular as full dress for steamer-days in the little island capital. Girls with high-coifed yellow heads and pink or green tunics wandered lazily home to the cool, dark-domed native houses, open all round to the sunset sky. They went in groups, and sang as they walked—windy, fitful gusts of strange island melody, breaking out and dying away like the evening breeze among the heavy-headed palms. Smells of yam and breadfruit, brown from the baking-pits, of fish cooked in green savory leaves, and taro spinach stewed with cocoanut cream, crept out upon the cooling air. The long, hot day was done, and Apia rested and ate.

In "Charley's," the least reputable of Apia's tavern-hotels, the egregious table d'hôte was in full progress, out in the green-shuttered veranda. Charley himself, an oily, flashy, New Caledonian half-caste, dressed in striped pajamas, was eating curried tin, nature unknown—with a knife and two fingers, at the head of the table. A corpse-faced Chinese was shuffling round with the inevitable Pacific fowl, cut up in a watery soup. The tablecloth was of linoleum; the swinging lamp guttered and smoked; the cutlery was dislocated and black.

Captain Saxon, his schooner safe at anchor outside and his copra advantageously sold to an Auckland agent, sat eating at the table, heavy-faced and almost absolutely blank in mind. This was his nearest approach to happiness, and one that he enjoyed often enough, for, since thought meant pain to him, he had managed to acquire a wonderful agility in avoiding it, and to live for the most part almost as purely by instinct and impulse as a dog.

It was perhaps for this reason that he did not notice anything unusual in the demeanor of that singularly unknown quantity, Vaiti, his daughter. And yet Vaiti—sombre and sparkling in a dress of vaporous red, with a handful of starry stephanotis from the veranda thrust into the marvelous waves of her hair—was evidently not quite herself. She sat a little apart from the noisy company that sprawled about the table, looked at no one, ate her food absent-mindedly, and pulled little strips off the decaying oilcloth of the table-cover with a steady industry that made Charley wriggle in his seat, although he did not dare to remonstrate.

Some one else was watching her, if Saxon was not. A short, stocky man, with burning gray eyes, a fiery red beard, and a sharp furrow between the eyebrows that somehow suggested belaying-pins and ropes' ends, was looking at her every now and then, as he noisily sucked in his soup. The inspection did not appear to please him, altogether. He finished his dinner quickly and rolled off to the dark end of the veranda, followed by a gray-haired, greasy-faced mate who had been sitting beside him.

"Still on for it, cap?" asked the latter, leaning over the railing with an air of careless ease that contrasted oddly with his watchful eye.

"Yes, sure, I am on for it!" replied the captain, betraying his nationality by a slight touch of brogue.

The two spoke together for a little while in level tones that sounded loud and careless enough, yet somehow did not carry. One learns these things by practice.

"She smells a rat, I'm thinking," said the old mate, looking critically the while at Charley as if he were valuing the half-caste's clothes for pawn.

"Let her. You and I are apt to be a match for her for all that," answered the captain. He looked at Charley also. You would have sworn the two were discussing him, and rather unfavorably. Charley himself shifted in his seat, and showed his magnificent teeth uncomfortably.

"Think she'll come on board?" said the mate.

Vaiti was watching them, her chin on her hand. Her expression was not to be read.

"I'll get her on board all right," answered the captain, keeping his eyes away from the girl with an effort. "You play up, that's all."

"'Jer think you're a match for that weasel in a woman's skin, you or any of us?"

"I do, then. Forty's a match for twenty any day in the year, if the heads of them comes anything near equal. Cunnin' as old Nick she is, but I've been cunnin' twenty years longer than her."

"You pitched her a good yarn, I'll lay."

"I did that—about the derelick we boorded nor'east of the Paumotus, and the Spanish ladies' clothes and cases of goods that was lying about, and how we took what there was, includin' of a di'mond necklashe that was sittin' all its lone on the table in the old man's cabin (be minding me now, or you'll be making mishtakes), and the way a gale riz on us before we was through and hurried us back to the Ikurangi, so that we lost the derelick, and we didn't see no more of her; and how we heard in Noumea afterward that there was like to be joolery on board her, so that we're all on to go and find her again."

"Straight fact up to findin' the di'monds, and gory lyin' after that; I see. But how d'ye make out the people that deserted the ship was such fat-headed idiots as to leave the joolery?"

"Why, they *was* fat-headed idiots right enough—they did leave a good lot of salable stuff, as you and I knows; and it's only addin' on a bit to say that the ship had been on fire, and made them clear for their lives, so that they didn't think of the valuables. There's the necklashe I have for proof. And mind me now, what we heard was that the people of the ship knows now that she didn't go down, and will be out after her themselves whin they can raise the cash, so that hurry's the word."

"How much of that's true?"

"Not a bit. The people was drowned, I allow. But it hangs well, and don't you go and forget none of it. I pitched the yarn that way because of that bit of pashtry joolery I got hould of in mistake for good goods, down Melbourne way. I misremember if I tould you——"

"You did, more nor once, and you was jolly well served right," candidly replied the mate. "The yarn's all right, I suppose, and the paste necklace is good business; but where does this Vaiti come in?"

"Quit lookin' at her, ye fool, and give me a light for me poipe! Talk easy, can't you? Why, she knows more navigation than most men that's got a master's ticket, and she's as vain of it as a paycock. And that's how I'll have her. Always get a woman t'rough her consate, me boy, more especially if her eyes are too sharp in common. That'll pull the wool over them when nothing else will."

"When I was in Callao——" began the mate with an evil chuckle.

"Leave Callao be, now; you understand about Saxon's girl, I hope; she's to navigate us on the trip, because nayther you nor I knows enough for a cruisin' job like this, and the ould chap himself is pretty general drunk. That's the way I put it: we all shares with what we find, and the ould divil himself to come along, just for propriety, and in case of a fight with the owners. Oh, a nate yarn, and she swallowed it down like a cat 'atin' butter! She's comin' on boord to-night, to see the necklashe, and look over the chart I've marked. She'll not bring ould Saxon, for she's not a bit feared of me, and I'll bet she thinks to get the bearin's of the place off of me, and chate me out of the joolery after all."

"And how do you think she's going to believe that you give the show away before the ship sails? Her teeth wasn't cut yesterday, by all we know."

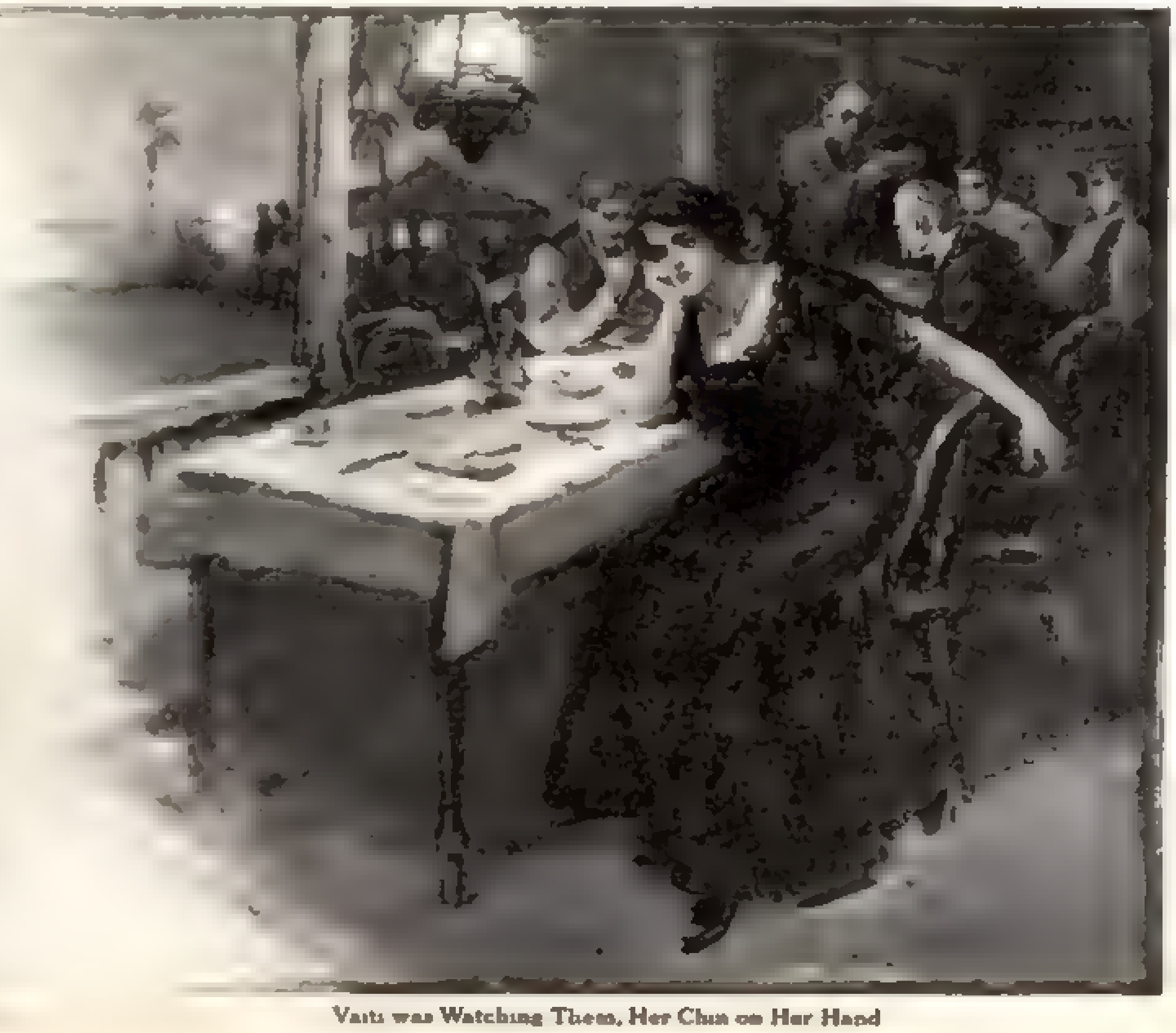
"Faith, and we do know!" muttered the captain, with a horrible undercurrent of oaths. "And she'll know, too! I'd slip the throat of her if it wasn't for the other bit of divarsion we've planned."

"Say you've planned," interrupted the mate darkly. "I call it bad work, whether she was man, woman or child; but you're my master."

"And you're a plashter saint, ain't you?" sneered the captain. "Let's have no more of your chat; we know each other a sight too well. As for the chart, she'll think we don't mean to give it away till she and her father is under sail with us, but she'll come on the chance of sneaking it out somehow. And when we've got her aboard—why, lave it to me! Ould Saxon's cat of a daughter won't take no more pearl-shell beds from us or any one else."

"You ain't afraid of her knowing who we are?"

"How would she, then? The Ikurangi isn't the Margaret Macintyre—bad luck to her who brought me down to such a tub, after ownin' the finest auxiliary in Auckland! —and she never seen you or me till to-day. No, it's all right. That's enough jaw; go you aboard, and attend to you know what, and then send off the boat for her and me."



Vaiti was Watching Them, Her Chin on Her Hand

Editor's Note—This is the first part of a two-part story in a series of five tales, each complete in itself, but all dealing with Vaiti of the Islands.

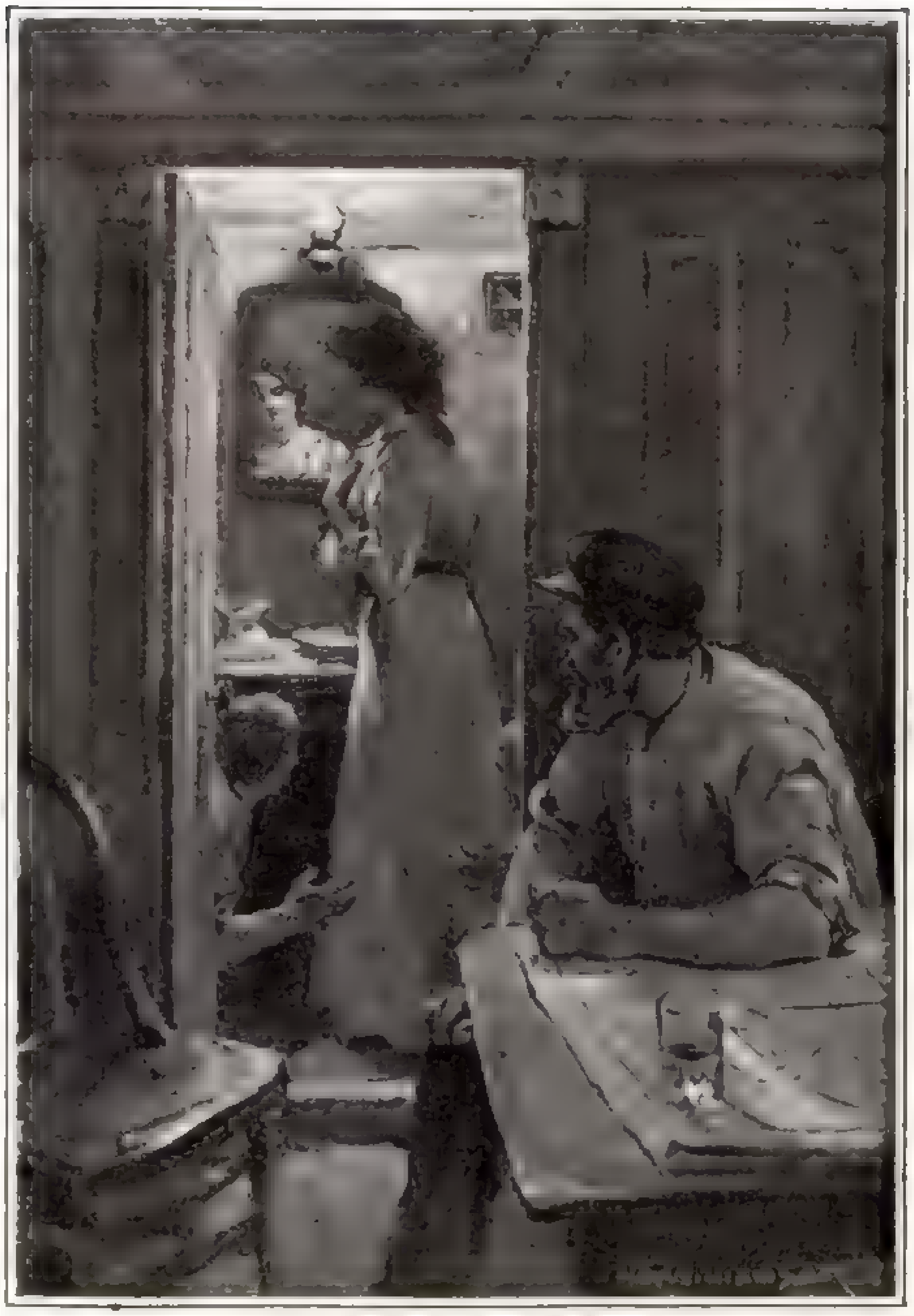
Vaiti, curly, classic head on slender hand, still watched from her corner.

Did she suspect? There was nothing for suspicion to lay hold of. Donahue was one of the acutest villains under the Southern Cross, and he did not make clumsy mistakes. The story of the derelict, of the valuables abandoned on board, of the necessity for finding the ship soon and secretly, might have sounded far-fetched to city-dwelling folk; but out in the wild South Seas, stranger things may happen any day. The plan was neat and plausible from every point of view, and Vaiti had taken the bait readily enough that afternoon. Yet Donahue felt, as the two walked silently down the dim, perfumed beach street, all a-blow with vagrant sea-winds and wandering wafts of song, that he would have given a good deal for just one peep into his handsome companion's mind.

Vaiti walked beside him, looking straight ahead. Had Donahue's wish been granted, he would have thought somewhat less of his own acuteness. She did suspect. A man, in her case, would have been convinced by the reasonable aspect of the whole affair. Vaiti, being a woman, with sea-anemone tentacles of instinct floating and tingling all about the steady centres of reason in her mind, was convinced, yet not convinced. She thought it was all right, yet she knew it was not—after a woman's way.

In any case, however, it was an adventure, and there was a mystery to fathom. So she put on a more substantial dress than the gauzy draperies she had been wearing, hung the neatest possible little pearl-handled revolver round her neck, under the swelling folds of her frock, by means of an innocent-looking thin gold neck-chain that would snap with a tug; put her long-bladed knife in her pocket, with the sheath sewn to the dress, so that a pull would bring out the blade—and joined Donahue an hour after dinner, on the veranda steps, confident of her ability to see the thing through, whatever it might be.

She looked sharply about her as she stepped over the low bulwarks of the Ikurangi and dropped down on to the incumbered, untidy deck. No one was about, nothing to be seen but a dirty little main-deck, with rusty pumps and a yawning hatch, and a poop that, even in the pallid light just beginning to tremble up from the rising moon, showed neglect of the sacred ceremony of daily deck-washing.



One was Safe Before a Glass at All Events

Now, any decent ship's captain will attend to his deck-washing, even if he does not shave or wash himself from port to port. Vaiti did not like that unscrupulous, dirty deck. But she was already upon it, and Donahue was bowing her down the cabin companion, with a jarring smile, and a good deal of overfluent blarney.

The cabin was small and smelly; it had an oblong table in the middle, surrounded by cushioned lockers, and an open door at the end facing the companion. This door evidently opened into Donahue's own cabin, for a rough washstand and a looking-glass, the latter hung high on the bulkhead, were plainly visible. There was a lamp nailed above the glass, and the two together shone brightly out into the ill-lit main cabin.

"What'll you take?" asked Donahue, with his unpleasant smile. "I've got some sweet sherry wine, just the thing for ladies—or wouldn't ye put your lips to a taste of peach brandy?"

Vaiti shook her head.

"No good drink. Suppose talk business," she said. She would not have swallowed a glass of water on the Ikurangi for a dozen Virot hats.

Donahue had not expected to catch her so easily; still he cast a thought of regret to his nicely-doctored liquors. She evidently meant what she said—and the other way was harder.

"Well, thin, darlin', we'll have a look at the cha-art," he observed, producing a roll of paper. "It's yourself that can help us t'rough this business—you and the ould man—better than any one from Callao to Sydney, if only yez are raisonable about terms."

He spread the chart out on the table, and weighted it down with a couple of tumblers.

(Continued on Page 30)

The Chase of the Golden Plate

The Girl and the Plate

By Jacques Futrelle

III

EXTRAVAGANTLY brilliant the sun popped up out of the east—not an unusual occurrence—and stared unblinkingly down upon a country road. There were the usual twittering birds and dew-spangled trees and nodding wildflowers; also a dust that was shoe-top deep. The dawny air stirred lazily and rustling leaves sent long, sinuous shadows scampering back and forth.

Looking upon it all without enthusiasm or poetic exaltation was a Girl—a pretty Girl—a very pretty Girl. She sat on a stone beside the yellow roadway, a picture of weariness. A rough burlap sack, laden heavily, yet economically as to space, wallowed in the dust beside her. Her hair was tawny gold, and rebellious, vagrant strands drooped listlessly about her face. A beribboned sombrero lay in her lap, supplementing a certain air of dilapidated bravado, due in part to a short skirt, heavy gloves and boots, a belt with a knife and revolver.

A robin, perched impertinently on a stump across the road, examined her at his leisure. She stared back at Signor Redbreast and for this recognition he warbled a little song.

"I've a good mind to cry!" exclaimed the Girl suddenly.

Shamed and startled, the robin flew away. A mistiness came into the Girl's blue eyes and lingered there a moment, then her white teeth closed tightly and the glimmer of outraged emotion passed.

"Oh," she sighed again, "I'm so tired and hungry and I just know I'll never get anywhere at all!"

But despite the expressed conviction she arose and straightened up as if to resume her journey, turning to stare down at the bag. It was an unsightly symbol of blasted hopes, man's perfidy, crushed aspirations and—Heaven only knows what beside.

"I've a good mind to leave you right there," she remarked to the bag spitefully. "Perhaps I might hide it." She considered the question. "No, that wouldn't do. I must take it with me and—and—Oh, Dick! Dick! What in the world was the matter with you, anyway?"

Then she sat down again and wept. The robin crept back to look and modestly hid behind a leaf. From this coign of vantage he watched her as she again arose and plodded off through the dust with the bag swinging over one shoulder. At last—there is an at last to everything—a small house appeared from behind a clump of trees. The Girl looked with incredulous eyes. It was really a house. Really! A tiny curl of smoke hovered over the chimney.

"Well, thank goodness, I'm somewhere, anyhow," she declared with her first show of enthusiasm. "I can get a cup of coffee or something."

She covered the next fifty yards with a new spring in her leaden heels and with a new and firmer grip on the precious bag. Then—she stopped.

"Gracious!" and perplexed lines suddenly wrinkled her brow. "If I should go in there with a pistol and a knife they'd think I was a brigand—or—or a thief, and I suppose I am," she added as she stopped and rested the bag on the ground. "At least I have stolen goods in my possession. Now, what shall I say? What am I? They wouldn't believe me if I told them. Short skirt, boots and gloves: I know! I'm a bicyclist. My wheel broke down, and——"

Whereupon she gingerly removed the revolver from her belt and flung it into the underbrush—not at all in the direction she had intended—and the knife followed to keep it company. Having relieved herself of these sinister things, she straightened her hat, pushed back the rebellious hair, yanked at her skirt and walked bravely up to the little house.

An Angel lived there—an Angel in a dizzily beflowered wrapper and a crabbed exterior. She listened to a rapidly constructed and wholly inconsistent story of a bicycle accident which ended with a plea for a cup of coffee. Silently she proceeded to prepare it. After the pot was bubbling cheerfully and eggs had been put on and biscuits thrust into a stove to be warmed over, the Angel sat down at the table opposite the Girl.

"Book agent?" she asked.

"Oh, no!" replied the Girl.

"Sewing-machines?"

"No."

There was a pause as the Angel settled and poured a cup of coffee.

"Make to order, I s'pose?"

"No,' the Girl replied uncertainly.

"What *do* you sell?"

"Nothing, I—I——" She stopped.

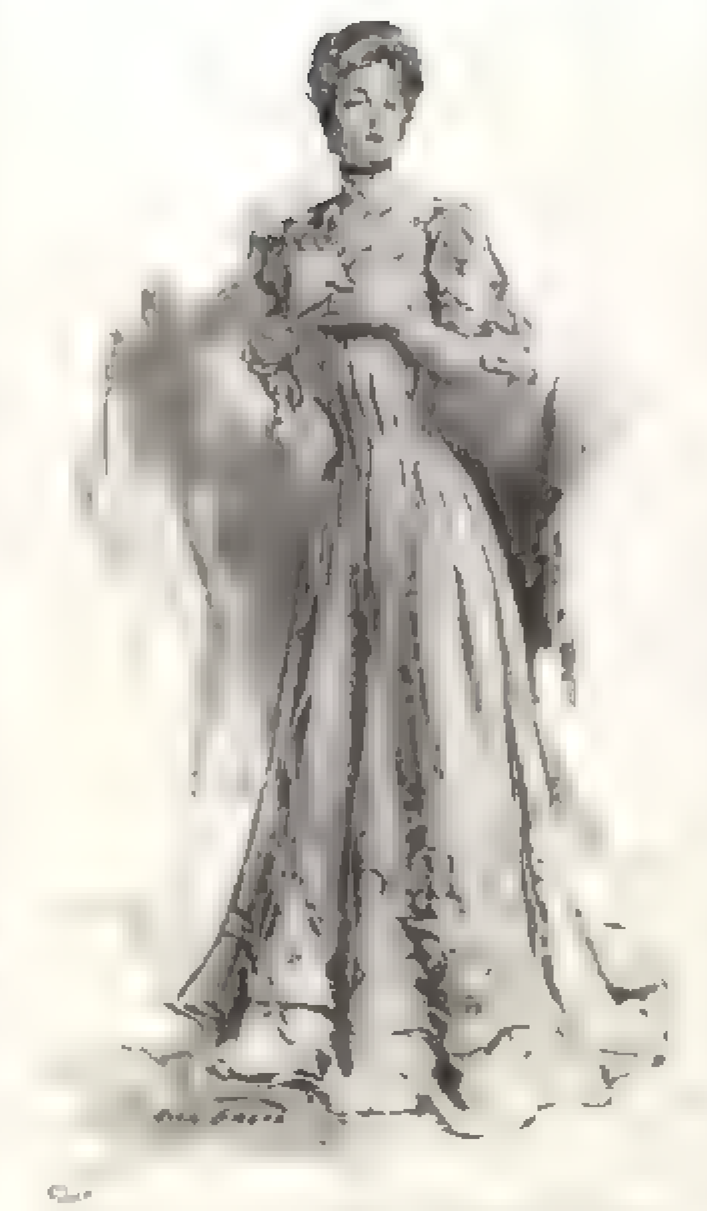
"What you got in the bag?" the Angel persisted.

"Some—some—just some—stuff," stammered the Girl, and her face suddenly flushed crimson.

"What kind of stuff?"

The Girl looked into the frankly inquisitive eyes and was overwhelmed by a sense of her own helplessness. Tears started, and one pearly drop ran down her perfect nose and splashed into the coffee. That was the last straw. She leaned forward suddenly and wept.

"Please, please don't ask questions!" she pleaded. "I'm a poor, foolish, misguided, disillusioned woman!"



There was a Suggestion of Defiance as Well as Determination on Her Pretty Mouth

"Yes'm," said the Angel. She took up the eggs, then came over and put a kindly arm about the Girl's shoulders. "There, there!" she said soothingly. "Don't take on like that! Drink some coffee, and eat a bite, and you'll feel better!"

"I have had no sleep at all and no food since yesterday, and I've walked miles and miles and miles," the Girl rushed on feverishly. "It's all because—because ——" She stopped suddenly.

"Eat something," commanded the Angel.

The Girl obeyed. The coffee was weak and muddy and delightful; the biscuits were yellow and lumpy and delicious; the eggs were eggs. The Angel sat opposite and watched the Girl as she ate.

"Husband beat you?" she demanded suddenly.

The Girl blushed and nearly choked on a biscuit.

"No," she hastened to say. "I have no husband."

"Well, there ain't no serious trouble in this world till you marry a man that beats you," said the Angel judicially. It was the final word.

The Girl didn't answer, and, in view of the fact that she had sufficient data at hand to argue the point, this repression required heroism. Perhaps she will never get credit for it. She finished the breakfast in silence and leaned back with some measure of returning content in her soul.

"In a hurry?" asked the Angel.

"No. I have no place to go. What is the nearest village or town?"

"Watertown; but you'd better stay and rest a while. You look all tuckered out."

"Oh, thank you so much," said the Girl gratefully. "But it would be so much trouble for——"

The Angel picked up the burlap bag, shook it inquiringly, then started toward the short stairs leading up.

"Please, please!" exclaimed the Girl suddenly. "I—I—let me have that, please!"

The Angel relinquished the bag without a word. The Girl took it tremblingly, then, suddenly dropping it, clasped the Angel in her arms and placed upon her unresponsive lips a kiss for which a mere man would have given worlds. The Angel wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and went up the stairs with the Girl following.

For a time the Girl lay, with wet eyes, on a clean little bed, thinking. Humiliation, exhaustion, man's perfidy, disillusionment and the kindness of an utter stranger all occupied her until she fell asleep. Then she was chased by a policeman with automobile lights for eyes, and there was a parade of hard-boiled eggs and yellow, lumpy biscuits.

When she awoke the room was quite dark. She sat up, a little bewildered at first; then she remembered. After a moment she heard the voice of the Angel, below. It rippled on querulously; then she heard the voice of a man:

"Diamond rings?"

The Girl sat up in bed and listened intently. Involuntarily her hands were clasped together. Her rings were still safe. The Angel's voice went on for a moment again.

"Something in a bag?" inquired the man.

Again the Angel spoke.

Terror seized upon the Girl; imagination ran riot, and she rose from the bed, trembling. She groped about the dark room, noiselessly. Every shadow lent her new fears. Then from below came the sound of heavy footsteps. She listened fearfully. They came on, then paused. A match was struck and the step sounded on the stairs.

After a moment there was a knock at the door, a pause, then another knock. Finally the door was pushed open and a huge figure—the figure of a man—appeared, sheltering a candle with one hand. He peered about the room.

"Ain't nobody up here," he called gruffly down the stairs.

There was a sound of hurrying feet and the Angel entered, her face distorted by the flickering candlelight.

"For the land's sakes!" she exclaimed.

"Went away without even saying thank you," grumbled the man. He crossed the room and closed a window. "You ain't got no better sense than a chicken," he told the Angel. "Take in anybody that comes."

IV

IF WILLIE'S little brother hadn't had a pain in his tummy this story might have gone by other and devious ways to a different conclusion. But fortunately he did have, so it happened that at precisely 8:47 o'clock of a warm evening Willie was racing madly along a side street of Watertown, drug-store-bound, when he came face to face with a Girl—a pretty Girl—a very pretty Girl. She was carrying a bag that clanked a little at each step.

"Oh, little boy!" she called.

"Hunh?" and Willie stopped so suddenly that he endangered his equilibrium, although that isn't how he would have said it.

"Nice little boy," said the Girl soothingly, and she patted his tousled head while he gnawed a thumb in pained embarrassment. "I'm very tired. I have been walking a great distance. Could you tell me, please, where a lady, unattended, might get a night's lodging somewhere near here?"

"Hunh?" gurgled Willie through the thumb.

Wearily the Girl repeated it all, and at its end Willie giggled. It was the most exasperating incident of a long series of exasperating incidents, and the Girl's grip on the bag tightened a little. Willie never knew how nearly he came to being hammered to death with several pounds of solid gold.

"Well?" inquired the Girl at last.

"Dunno," said Willie. "Jimmy's got the stomach-ache," he added irrelevantly.

"Can't you think of a hotel or boarding-house near by?" the Girl insisted.

"Dunno," replied Willie. "I'm going to the drug-store for a pair o' gorrick."

The Girl bit her lip, and that act probably saved Willie from the dire consequences of his unconscious levity, for after a moment the Girl laughed aloud.

"Where is the drug-store?" she asked.

"'Round the corner. I'm going."

"I'll go along, too, if you don't mind," the Girl said, and she turned and walked beside him. Perhaps the drug-clerk would be able to illuminate the situation.

"I swallyed a penny oncet," Willie confided suddenly.

"Too bad!" commented the Girl.

"Unh unnh!" Willie denied emphatically. "'Cause when I cried, Paw gimme a quarter." He was silent a moment, then: "If I'd a swallyed that, I reckin he'd a gimme a dollar. Gee!"

This is thé optimism that makes the world go round. The philosophy took possession of the Girl and cheered her. When she entered the drug-store she walked with a lighter step and there was the trace of a smile about her pretty mouth. A clerk, the only attendant, came forward.

"I want a pair o' gorrick," Willie announced.

The Girl smiled, and the clerk, paying no attention to the boy, went toward her.

"Better attend to him first," she suggested. "It seems urgent."

The clerk turned to Willie.

"Paregoric?" he inquired. "How much?"

"About a quart, I reckon," replied the boy. "Is that enough?"

"Quite enough," commented the clerk. He disappeared behind the prescription-screen and returned after a moment with a small phial. The boy took it, handed over a coin and went out, whistling. The Girl looked after him with a little longing in her eyes.

"Now, madam?" inquired the clerk suavely.

"I only want some information," she replied. "I was out on my bicycle"—she gulped a little—"when it broke down and I'll have to remain here in town over night, I'm afraid. Can you direct me to a quiet hotel or boarding-house where I might stay?"

"Certainly," replied the clerk briskly. "The Stratford, just a block up this street. Explain the circumstances, and it will be all right, I'm sure."

The Girl smiled at him again and cheerfully went her way. That small boy had been a leaven to her drooping spirits. She found the Stratford without difficulty and told the usual bicycle lie, with a natural growth of detail and a burning sense of shame. She registered as Elizabeth Carlton and was shown to a modest little room.

Her first act was to hide the gold plate in the closet; her second was to take it out and hide it under the bed. Then she sat down on a couch to think. For an hour or more she considered the situation in all its hideous details, planning her desolate future—women like to plan desolate futures—then her eye chanced to fall upon an afternoon paper, which, with glaring headlines, announced the theft of the Randolph gold plate. She read it. It told, with startling detail, things that had and had not happened in connection therewith.

This comprehended in all its horror, she promptly arose and hid the bag between the mattress and the springs. Soon after she extinguished the light and retired with little shivers running up and down all over her. She snuggled her head down under the cover. She didn't sleep much—she was still thinking—but, when she arose next morning, her mind was made up.

First she placed the eleven gold plates in a heavy cardboard box, then she bound it securely with brown paper and twine and addressed it: "Stuyvesant Randolph, Seven Oaks, via Merton." She had sent express packages before and knew how to proceed, therefore when the necessity of writing a name in the upper left-hand corner appeared—the sender—she wrote in a bold, desperate hand: "John Smith, Watertown."

When this was all done to her satisfaction she tucked the package under one arm, tried to look as if it weren't heavy, and sauntered downstairs with outward self-possession and inward apprehension. She faced the clerk cordially, while a singularly distracting smile curled her lips.

"My bill, please?" she asked.

"Two dollars, madam," he responded gallantly.

"I don't happen to have any money with me," she explained charmingly. "Of course, I had expected to go back on my wheel, but, since it is broken, perhaps you would be willing to take this until I return to the city and can mail a check?"

She drew a diamond ring from an aristocratic finger and offered it to the clerk. He blushed furiously, and she reproved him for it with a cold stare.

"It's quite irregular," he explained; "but, of course, in the circumstances, it will be all right. It is not necessary for us to keep the ring at all, if you will give us your city address."

"I prefer that you keep it," she insisted firmly, "for, besides, I shall have to ask you to let me have fare back to the city—a couple of dollars? Of course it will be all right?"

It was half an hour before the clerk fully awoke. He had given the Girl two real dollars and held her ring clasped firmly in one hand. She was gone. She might just as well have taken the hotel along with her so far as any objection from that clerk would have been concerned.

Once out of the hotel the Girl hurried on.

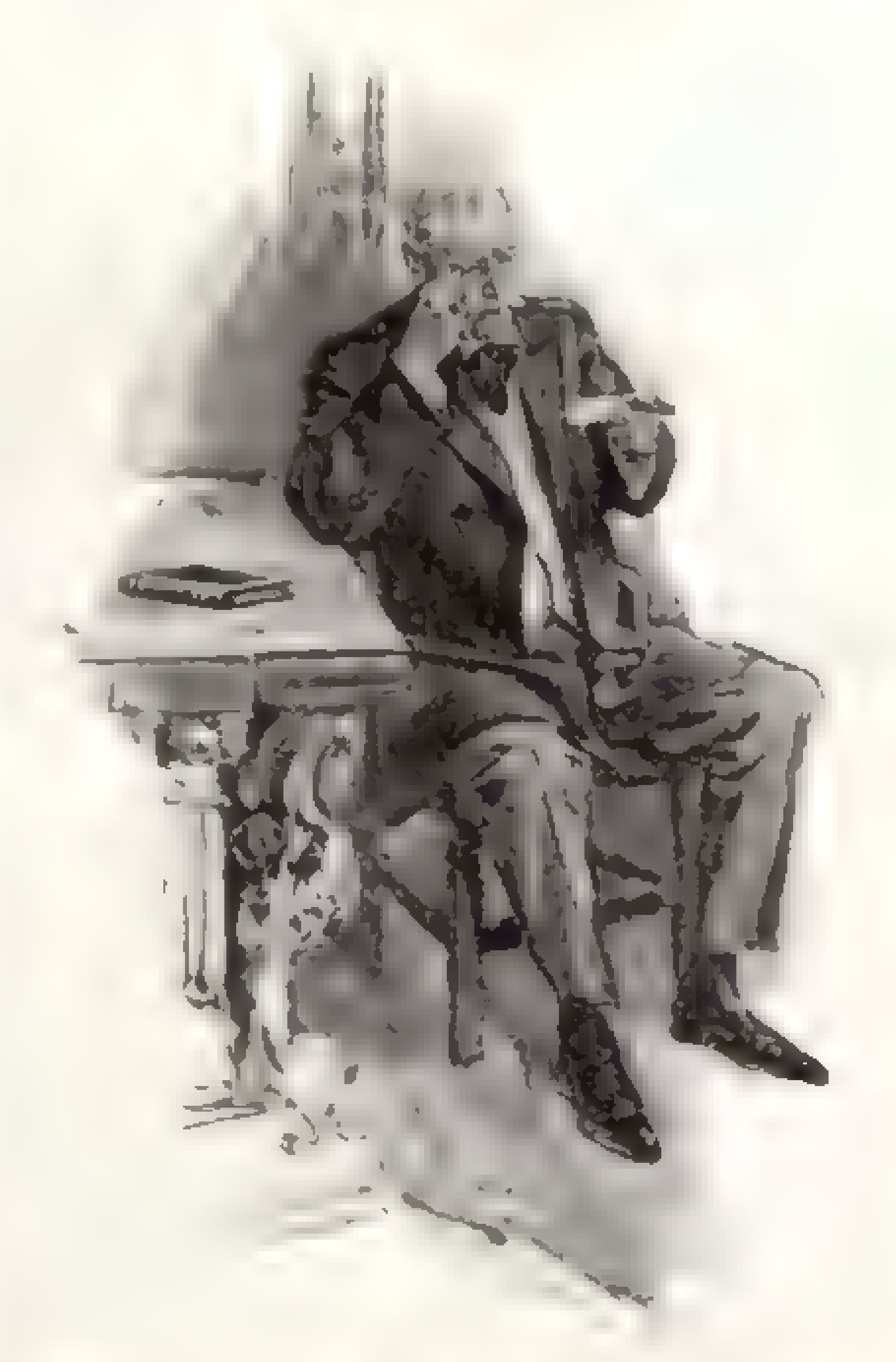
"Thank goodness, that's over," she exclaimed.

For several blocks she walked on. Finally her eye was attracted by a "To Let" sign on a small house—it was No. 410 State Street. She walked in through a gate cut in the solid wall of stone and strolled up to the house. Here she wandered about for a time, incidentally tearing off the "To Let" sign. Then she came down the path toward the street again. Just inside the stone fence she left her express package, after scribbling the name of the street on it with a pencil. A dollar bill lay on top. She hurried out and along a block or more to a small grocery.

"Will you please 'phone to the express company and have them send a wagon to No. 410 State Street for a package?" she asked sweetly of a heavy-voiced grocer.

"Certainly, ma'am," he responded with alacrity.

She paused until he had done as she requested, then dropped into a restaurant for a cup of coffee. She lingered there for a long time, and then went out to spend a greater part of the day wandering up and down State Street. At



On Which Appeared the Name "Mr. Richard Hamilton Herbert" last an express wagon drove up, the driver went in and returned after a little while with the package.

"And, thank goodness, that's off my hands!" sighed the Girl. "Now I'm going home."

Late that evening, Saturday, Miss Dollie Meredith returned to the home of the Greytons and was clasped to the motherly bosom of Mrs. Greyton, where she wept unreservedly.

V

IT WAS late Sunday afternoon. Hutchinson Hatch did not run lightly up the steps of the Greyton home and toss his cigar away as he rang the bell. He did go up the steps, but it was reluctantly, dragging one foot after the other, this being an indication rather of his mental condition than of physical weariness. He did not throw away his cigar as he rang the bell because he wasn't smoking—but he did ring the bell. The maid whom he had seen on his previous visit opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Greyton in?" he asked with a nod of recognition.

"No, sir."

"Mr. Greyton?"

"No, sir."

"Did Mr. Meredith arrive from Baltimore?"

"Yes, sir. Last midnight."

"Ah! Is *he* in?"

"No, sir."

The reporter's disappointment showed clearly in his face.

"I don't suppose you've heard anything further from Miss Meredith?" he ventured hopelessly.

"She's upstairs, sir."

Any one who has ever stepped on a tack knows just how Hatch felt. He didn't stand on the order of being invited in—he went in. Being in, he extracted a plain calling-card from his pocketbook with twitching fingers and handed it to the waiting maid.

"When did she return?" he asked.

"Last night, about nine, sir."

"Where has she been?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Kindly hand her my card and explain to her that it is imperative that I see her for a few minutes," the reporter went on. "Impress upon her the absolute necessity of this. By the way, I suppose you know where I came from, eh?"

"Police headquarters, yes, sir."

Hatch tried to look like a detective, but a gleam of intelligence in his face almost betrayed him.

"You might intimate as much to Miss Meredith," he instructed the maid calmly.

The maid disappeared. Hatch went in and sat down in the reception-room, and said "Whew!" several times.

"The gold plate returned to Randolph last night by express," he mused, "and she returned also, last night. Now what does that mean?"

After a minute or so the maid reappeared to state that Miss Meredith would see him. Hatch received the message gravely and beckoned mysteriously as he sought for a bill in his pocketbook.

"Do you have any idea where Miss Meredith was?"

"No, sir. She didn't even tell Mrs. Greyton or her father."

"What was her appearance?"

"She seemed very tired, sir, and hungry. She still wore the masked ball costume."

The bill changed hands and Hatch was left alone again. There was a long wait, then a rustle of skirts, a light step, and Miss Dollie Meredith entered.

She was nervous, it is true, and pallid, but there was a suggestion of defiance as well as determination on her pretty mouth. Hatch stared at her in frank admiration for a moment, then, with an effort, proceeded to business.

"I presume, Miss Meredith," he said solemnly, "that the maid informed you of my identity?"

"Yes," replied Dollie weakly. "You are a detective."

"Ah!" exclaimed the reporter meaningly, "then we understand each other. Now, Miss Meredith, will you tell me, please, just where you have been?"

"No."

The answer was so prompt and so emphatic that Hatch was a little disconcerted. He cleared his throat and started over again.

"Will you inform me, then, in the interests of justice, where you were on the evening of the ball?" An ominous threat lay behind the words, Hatch hoped she believed.

"I will not."

"Why did you disappear?"

"I will not tell you."

Hatch paused to readjust himself. He was going at things backward. When next he spoke his tone had lost the official tang—he talked like a human being.

"May I ask if you happen to know Richard Herbert?"

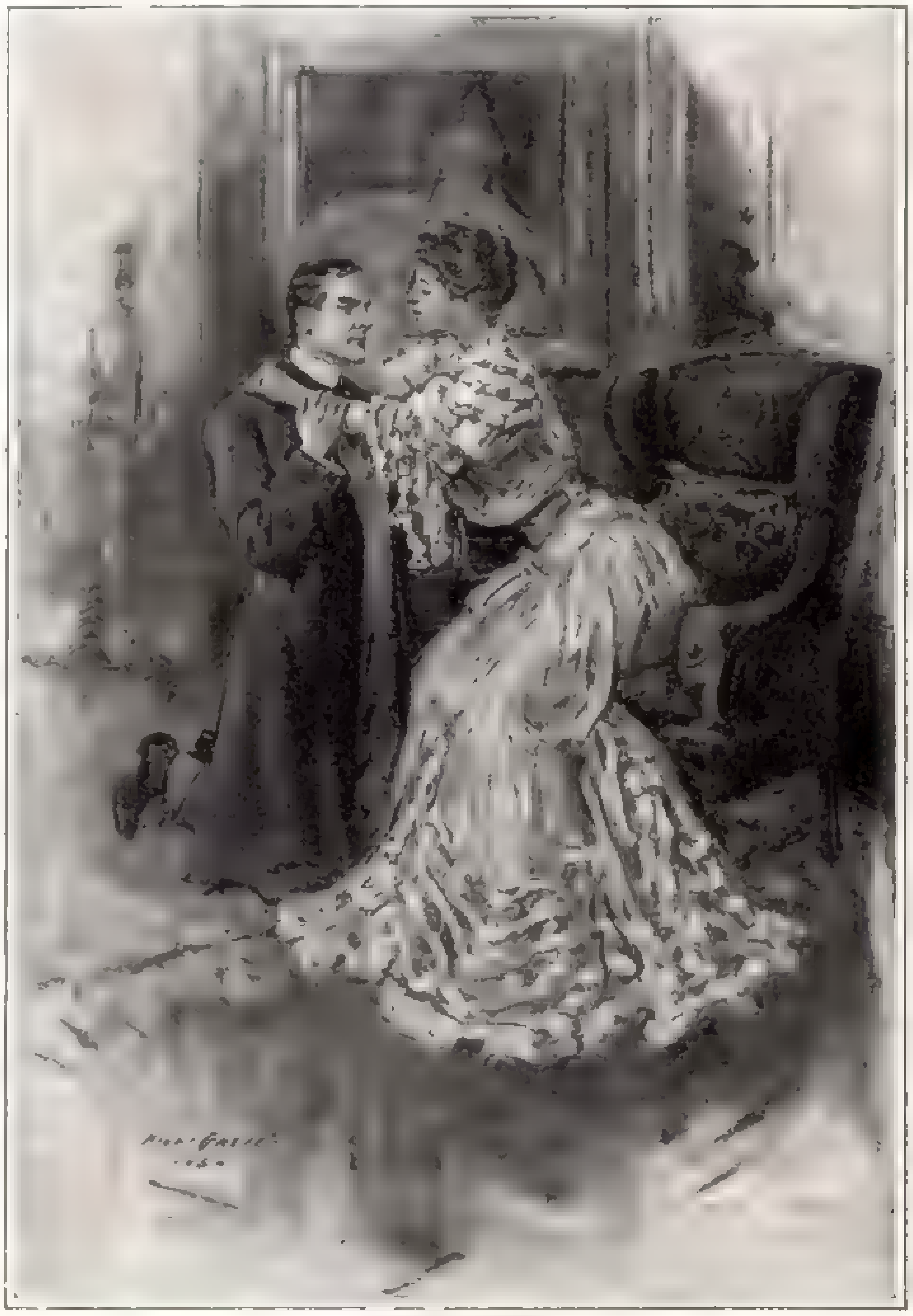
The pallor of the girl's face was relieved by a delicious sweep of color.

"I will not tell you," she answered.

"And if I say that Mr. Herbert happens to be a friend of mine?"

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Two distracting blue eyes were staring him out of countenance; two scarlet lips were drawn tightly together in reproof of a man who boasted such a friendship; two cheeks flamed with indignation that he should have mentioned the name. Hatch floundered for a moment, then cleared his throat and took a fresh start.



"Silly Boy," She Said

"Will you deny that you saw Richard Herbert on the evening of the masked ball?"

"I will not."

"Will you admit that you saw him?"

"I will not."

"Do you know that he was wounded?"

"Certainly."

Now, Hatch had always held a vague theory that the easiest way to make a secret known was to intrust it to a woman. At this point he revised his draw; threw his hand in the pack and asked for a new deal.

"Miss Meredith," he said soothingly, "will you admit or deny that you ever heard of the Randolph robbery?"

"I will not," she began, then: "Certainly I know of it."

"You know that a man and a woman are accused of and sought for the theft?"

"Yes, I know that."

"You will admit that you know the man was in Burglar's garb, and that the woman was dressed in a Western costume?"

"The newspapers say that, yes," she replied sweetly.

"You know, too, that Richard Herbert went to that ball in Burglar's garb and that you went there dressed as a Western Girl?" The reporter's tone was strictly professional now.

Dollie stared into the stern face of her interrogator and her courage oozed away. The color left her face and she wept violently.

"I beg your pardon," Hatch expostulated. "I beg your pardon. I didn't mean it just that way, but——"

He stopped helplessly and stared at this wonderful woman with the red hair. Of all things in the world tears were quite the most disconcerting.

"I beg your pardon," he repeated awkwardly.

Dollie looked up with tear-stained, pleading eyes, then arose and placed both her hands on Hatch's arm. It was a pitiful, helpless sort of a gesture; Hatch shuddered with sheer delight.

"I don't know how you found out about it," she said tremulously, "but, if you've come to arrest me, I'm ready to go with you."

"Arrest you?" gasped the reporter.

"Certainly. I'll go and be locked up. That's what they do, isn't it?" she questioned innocently.

The reporter stared.

"I wouldn't arrest you for a million dollars!" he stammered in dire confusion. "It wasn't quite that. It was——"

And five minutes later Hutchinson Hatch found himself wandering aimlessly up and down the sidewalk.

VI

DICK HERBERT lay stretched lazily on a couch in his room with hands pressed to his eyes. He had just read the Sunday newspapers, announcing the mysterious return of the Randolph plate, and naturally he had a headache. Somewhere in a remote recess of his brain mental pyrotechnics were at play; a sort of intellectual pinwheel spouted senseless ideas and suggestions of senseless ideas. The late afternoon shaded off into twilight, twilight into dusk, dusk into darkness, and still he lay motionless.

After a while, from below, he heard the tinkle of a bell and Blair entered with light tread:

"Beg pardon, sir, are you asleep?"

"Who is it, Blair?"

"Mr. Hatch, sir."

"Let him come up."

Dick arose, snapped on the electric lights and stood blinkingly in the sudden glare. When Hatch entered they faced each other silently for a moment. There was that in the reporter's eyes that interested Dick immeasurably; there was that in Dick's eyes that Hatch was trying vainly to fathom. Dick relieved a certain vague tension by extending his left hand. Hatch shook it cordially.

"Well?" Dick inquired.

Hatch dropped into a chair and twirled his hat.

"Heard the news?" he asked.

"The return of the gold plate, yes," and Dick passed a hand across his fevered brow. "It makes me dizzy."

"Heard anything from Miss Meredith?"

"No. Why?"

"She returned to the Greytons last night."

"Returned to the——" and Dick started up suddenly. "Well, there's no reason why she shouldn't have," he added. "Do you happen to know where she was?"

The reporter shook his head.

"I don't know anything," he said wearily, "except——" He paused.

Dick paced back and forth across the room several times with one hand pressed to his forehead. Suddenly he turned on his visitor.

"Except what?" he demanded.

"Except that Miss Meredith, by action and word, has convinced me that she either had a hand in the disappearance of the Randolph plate, or else knows who was the cause of its disappearance."

Dick glared at him savagely.

(Continued on Page 29)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Keynote Time

WE WERE warned to expect a keynote from the Danville convention which renominated Uncle Joseph Cannon for Congress. So we were prepared to find platform and speech of acceptance mentioning the Monroe Doctrine, the liberation of five million slaves, the autonomy of Mexico, and year before last's abundant cotton-crop as cogent reasons why voters should support whoever secures a Republican nomination this autumn—the inference being that, if the Eighteenth Congressional District of Illinois should return a Democrat, the negroes would promptly relapse to bondage, Germany begin colonizing South America, and Maximilian's ghost rise up in Mexico, while the hateful boll-weevil, long restrained by the Speaker's puissant right arm, would be advancing upon the cotton-plant in devastating hosts. That's what old-line politicians call a keynote.

Mr. Cannon devoted his speech mostly to quoting the industrial statistics of the census. Contrary to the best keynote practice, he did, however, refer cursorily to a topic of more or less relevance—namely, the contention that a high tariff fosters trusts. This he neatly disposed of by showing that the United States Steel Corporation has only half the iron trade of the country! The other half belongs to mere trustlets—which fix prices in harmony with the big trust through various pools.

There should now be a Democratic keynote to point out that life-insurance corruption and the earthquake at San Francisco were inevitable results of Republican rule. The grand old-line strategy of making voters swarm by confusing them with a loud noise is still in high repute in many quarters. But the new idea is growing—the idea of approaching voters with at least as much businesslike candor as an ordinary man would employ in a horse trade with a sane adult.

Pauperizing England

IT IS in England, after all, that the most fearsome stroke of the muck-rake has befallen. Owing to it, we now know that in certain London workhouses the paupers fare in princely fashion, eating chicken every day and having large, airy rooms in which to play backgammon. Larcenous life insurance is bad enough; but it is, finally, only a wrong in society. This London business of pampering paupers stands society on its head and laughs derisively in its inverted face.

A considerable portion of mankind—we are informed—is possessed of an inherent tendency to commit economic suicide and slough off into pauperism, where it not only produces nothing, but consumes the substance of those who do produce. It is the plainest mathematical proposition that, if enough people sloughed, the burden of providing for them would become so great that the others would simply have to slough also, and we should then see Mr Morgan, Mr. Harriman and Mr. Hill mournfully presenting their bowls at the universal soup-kitchen. Some such horrid picture has long haunted the minds of social leaders. The same dark imagining crops out continually in discussion of child-labor. It is better for the child to be at work, we are told, than to be loafing in the street and acquiring vices.

Above a certain broad line—not exactly definable, but crossing the social structure well toward its apex—chicken and backgammon are the objects of industrial (or financial) endeavor. They call it terrapin and country-estates; but it's the same thing. Below that broad line, the object of industrial effort is mostly to escape pauperism. In all cities the very poor, who far outnumber the paupers, work long and toilsome hours with hardly a higher aim than to keep themselves out of the poorhouse. What an astounding revolution threatens, therefore, when the London workhouse offers to the very poor, at the bottom of the heap, substantially all the rewards that the very rich, at its top, are struggling for, if they will simply face about and slough! No muck-rake on this side the water has uncovered a scandal of such penetrating quality.

The Open Sea

THEY had a squabble at Oyster Bay, not over the President, but over the public's rights to the sea-front. The rich cottagers who have built along the shore objected to having a public right-of-way between their verandas and the open sea. The same squabble occurs all along the coast wherever the cottager with an instinct for privacy comes in conflict with the proletariat that likes to sit in the rocks or prowl beside the ocean surge. They had it at Newport, at York, at Bar Harbor. The public has usually got its way to a narrow footpath above the sea, much to the disgust of the cottager on his veranda.

The ocean is a great blessing as a piece of property. Our country is especially blessed with an enormous extent of seacoast, where may be observed "the tides at their eternal task of pure ablution round earth's human shores." It is sanitary—also invigorating, and inspiring to such human beings as can escape from city mortar and parched country for a brief season. Obviously there is not enough of this tide-swept shore easily accessible to permit each one to have his own parcel. It seems equally obvious that the privilege should not be confined to the lucky few, who by early squatting, or superior wealth, can command large slices of the precious sand and rock and view. Beaches should all be made State reserves, as at Revere Beach, near Boston, with public bathhouses, and that strip of land between low-water and high-water, with a bit more—enough for a broad promenade—should be held forever inviolable, for the use of the public.

The air, the sun, the sea—these should remain free, as distributed by God.

The Union Pacific Coup

THE Union Pacific was built in good part by the public. The direct debt to the national treasury for aid extended to the enterprise amounted, with accrued interest, to upward of $50,000,000 at the time of the reorganization. The road was also given an empire in public lands. It has been selling these lands for thirty years, but still has about four million acres, with land assets valued at nearly $10,000,000. Keep this in mind.

The directors met on a Wednesday and authorized the declaration of a dividend for the half-year (the previous dividend having been at the rate of six per cent. a year). Next day the executive committee declared the dividend, but kept its action secret. At the opening of the Stock Exchange Friday it was announced that the dividend had been increased to ten per cent. a year. Union Pacific stock advanced $17 a share. Over 600,000 shares were sold. Next day there was some further advance, with enormous sales. Newspapers blossomed with headlines about the immense winnings of the Harriman pool in the stock. In two wild days about half the total outstanding stock of the road was handled on the Exchange at an average price of about $180 a share. A month before the stock had sold under $140 a share. Estimating the profits of the pool, with a numeral and seven ciphers, was, naturally, a pleasant exercise for reportorial imaginations.

Merely operating a railroad is much too slow and dull a game for a really up-to-date captain of industry. Manipulating its stock on the Exchange is far livelier and more profitable. We often wonder why these gentlemen bother about Government regulation, maximum freight bills and the like. They can rig the stock market just the same.

The constant tendency of high finance is to divorce the interests of the men in control of great properties from the interests of the properties themselves. The profit that a Union Pacific director could have made by increasing the tonnage or lowering the operating cost of the railroad would be a mere bagatelle compared with the gain he could have made by buying a proper block of the stock when he knew that the dividend was going to be increased and selling it out after the other stockholders and the public knew. Why should a Hepburn bill trouble him?

An Overworked Bogeyman

A STATESMAN has been discussing anarchy in the United States—without coming any nearer to getting anything out of it than anybody else ever has. There are a few degenerates whom almost any irritant may instigate to murder. This is a constant condition of imperfect human society. Presumably, Wilkes Booth had never heard of anarchy. Otherwise—in the sense of an organized menace—anarchy with us is about as important as one of those crack-brained, polygamous religious sects that are constantly springing up here and there—until the police run them in.

There is always the temptation to set up a scarecrow. One that will look fierce and flop its arms may become a highly useful property of politics or journalism. Bogeymen have often brought a lot of tangible results. Our fathers had a fine one which they labeled "British Gold"—that was always coming over in streams to corrupt the electorate into voting for free trade. The efficacy of the scarecrow is based upon a curious, rudimentary survival in the human mind. Most boys and girls like to read ghost-stories, or tales of violent crime, and then pull the bedclothes over their heads and shudder in an icy ecstasy of fear. In a more barbarous time, parents and guardians often took advantage of this for disciplinary purposes. Even now a Western city is shocked over the disclosure that a police official, who won plaudits and promotion for his striking skill in unraveling a certain crime, had plotted the crime himself. There are everywhere, in various walks of life, detectives who will detect something if they have to manufacture it. We dislike to hear murderous anarchy talked of as though it were an organized fact of some importance in our national life. It seems to us slanderous and stultifying.

Adjusting the Bonds

THE capitalization of the Wabash Railroad includes two issues of debenture bonds, amounting to $30,000,000, on only a small part of which has the interest been paid. So it is proposed to retire the bonds, and issue about $50,000,000 of new securities in lieu thereof. This is a small matter and hardly worth mentioning, except that it happens opportunely to illustrate the fundamental Wall Street law that you must never touch the capitalization of a railroad except by way of materially increasing it. If a road cannot pay interest on $30,000,000 of one sort of securities, the only thing to do is to issue some other kind of securities in double the amount. If it is completely bankrupt it is reorganized, and the bulk of outstanding securities of all sorts increased anywhere from fifty to a hundred per cent.

To the expert this seems rather foolish; but it isn't. Gross earnings of the railroads of the United States will show an increase this year of upward of $200,000,000. For the half-year the increase was $125,000,000 over 1905, and $600,000,000 over 1897. It is obviously prudent to have plenty of stock outstanding, dividends on which may absorb future growth. Ten years ago Union Pacific couldn't earn the interest on its bonds and went into bankruptcy. Capitalization was increased in the reorganization. The common stock seemed valueless then, and sold for hardly more a share than this year's dividends will amount to. Prosperity has made it worth $180 a share. If, in the reorganization, the road had been capitalized strictly on the basis of its value at that time, it would now be earning so much on that valuation that people would be talking about excessive freight rates even more than they are. So with Atchison, Northern Pacific and the other reorganized and inflated roads.

Hence the thoughtful policy of always increasing the capitalization, whatever the particular cause of the "adjustment," and never by any means reducing it. Every share of stock outstanding represents a potential widow and orphan whose investment must not be jeopardized.

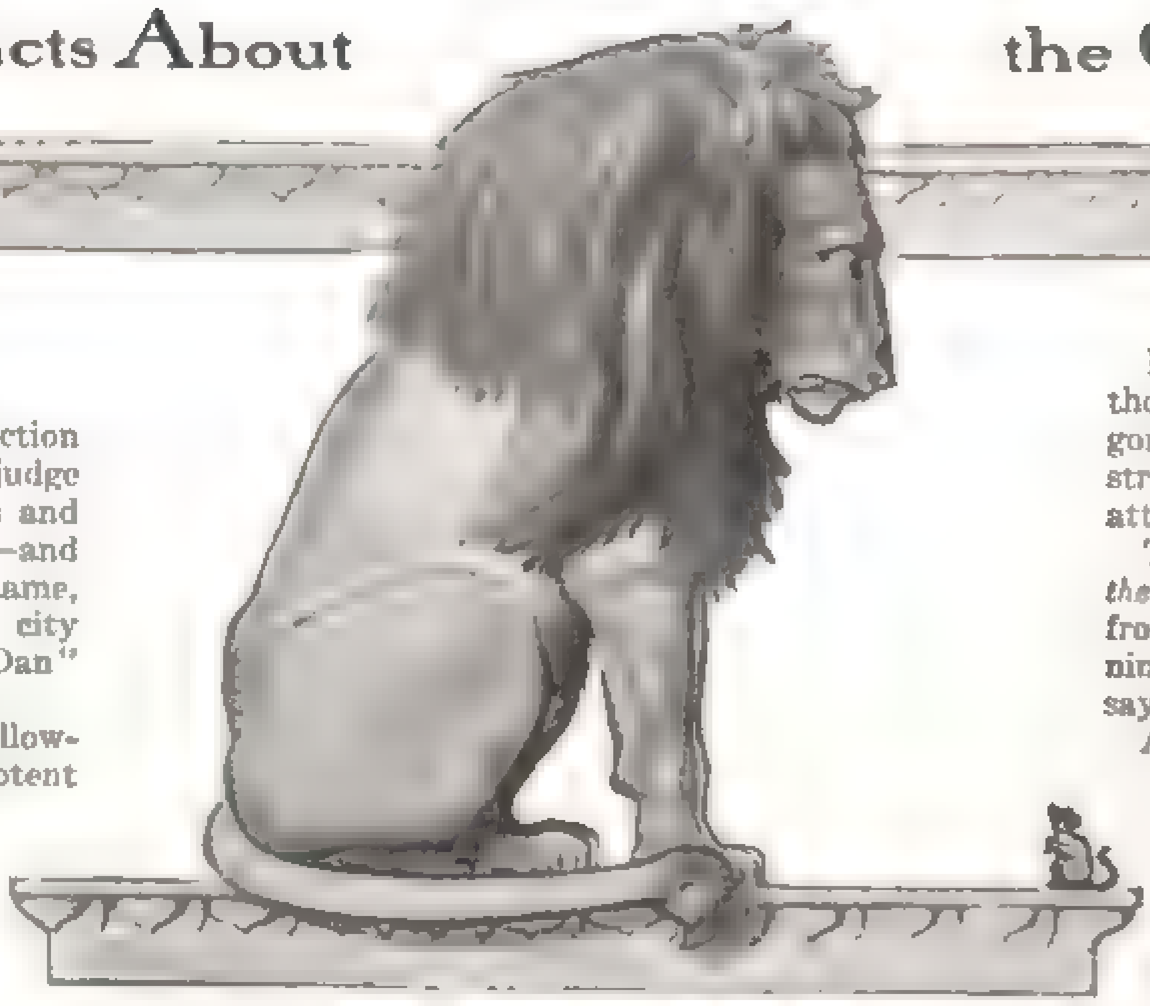
The Ghost of Honor

NATURALLY, San Francisco is bitter against insurance companies that are repudiating claims. She calls them "welchers." The term does not apply, however, with scientific exactness. One such company has issued an interesting statement. It quotes the clause in its policies that it "shall not be liable for loss caused, directly or indirectly, by earthquake"; and it points out gravely that, if the directors should pay any losses for which the company is not legally liable, the stockholders could sue them for malfeasance in office and recover the amounts thus illegally disbursed. There was very little loss in San Francisco which was not caused indirectly by the earthquake. If anybody can discover such a loss and prove that it would have occurred had there been no earthquake, the company will cheerfully pay. Otherwise the directors, under a keen sense of responsibility to the stockholders, must stand firmly upon the letter of the contract. They will never be guilty of malfeasance.

This brings out very neatly the point that, in a properly-administered corporation, the old-fashioned motive of commercial honor can have no place. The management must pay only what the law strictly requires. If they pay merely because public opinion says they should, or in accordance with the dictates of an uncodified sense of equity, or in order to deal generously with misfortune, or for any reason whatsoever save that the exactly interpreted letter of the contract requires it, the stockholders may have a valid claim against them. Honor is purely a personal quality. The first object of the corporation is to be impersonal.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



Autocrat and Altruist

WHEN a man can be a politician to the satisfaction of the public as well as of Tammany, and a judge to the satisfaction of the public and the lawyers and the prisoners and the newspapers, he is unique—and all this is "Battery Dan!" Of course, he has another name, if one must have it all. He is Daniel E. Finn, city magistrate and district leader, but it is as "Battery Dan" that he is universally and lovingly cognomened.

He is of picturesque and powerful personality. Following the popular belief as to Tammany and its most potent workers, he ought to stand for all that is bad. But he doesn't. He stands for decency in his district, and when upon the bench is that most important of all things, a just judge.

He is one of the magistrates who interchangeably preside over those courts into which come for final disposition all the petty cases of alleged wrong-doing in the great city of New York, and for preliminary disposition all the great criminal cases. A city magistrate has it in his power to do more harm or good than the judge of any of the higher courts, for, petty though may be each individual case that he finally decides, there is happiness or misery for the daily host of people who pitifully file before him. There is no jury to divide the responsibility; to be successful, such a magistrate must combine mercy with sternness, must be of quick decision and a judge of human nature.

After all, in the whole scheme of American government there is no class of rulers who so completely represent their constituents as do the district leaders of New York City. For a district leader comes to his place only after years of being in the eye of his public, years of having his every act watched and analyzed. His leadership is a thing of gradual upbuilding, and his followers may dethrone him by merely ceasing to give him heed.

Elmer Dover

From necessity he is a man of tact and resourcefulness, a judge of character and of facts, for many a matter comes unofficially before him for decision. A district leader is like a tribal chief: he wields arbitrary power and must have his power respected and feared. But it is unusual to find one able, if set upon the bench, to be fair to the men of the other side. The most striking peculiarity of "Battery Dan" is that he is not charged with unfair partisanship by his opponents.

As a judge, he frowns upon unnecessary arrests of boys; he will not accept merely presumptive evidence against women; with all, his tendency is to warn instead of fine and to fine instead of imprison.

"Who is this terrible miscreant?" he was once heard to demand, one morning, in such a tone that the policeman who had made the arrest felt suddenly ashamed as he looked at the white-faced lad at the bar. "Discharged!" came swiftly, after a few words of stammering explanation.

A man accused of drunkenness stood up.

"I was at Bailey's racket last night," he pleaded, in anxious attempted justification, naming thus the jollification of a minor politician.

"Two dollars; the racket isn't until to-night," came without a smile; and the man sheepishly felt for the money, realizing too late the futility of trying to deceive a man of Finn's detailed knowledge of political doings.

He seldom punishes, for drunkenness, a man who works for a livelihood, after a night's imprisonment has followed the ignominy of arrest, for he deems that more would be punishment of the wife and children. And when he fines poor people for petty offenses, his fine is likely to be but fifty cents. For Finn is himself of the people and knows the value of money to them.

It is a pleasure to watch him upon the bench, so swift and decisive he is. Unwillingly he found it necessary to fine a woman a dollar. "I can't pay it," she whispered; and Finn, looking at her, and seeing in her eyes the dread of the alternative "Island," spoke brusquely: "Paroled for two hours, to get the money." And he added, in a murmur which few but her could hear: "If you can't get it, come back here and I'll pay it myself"

But he is severe whenever severity is called for; evil finds in him no defender or apologist.

He is about sixty; his hair is gray, his mustache grizzled; he is vigorous in body and of mind. He began his career with only the education of public and parochial schools, and then went to work, at this thing or that, always diligent, giving at first little promise of marked success, but always aiming far above him.

He entered politics by the door of making himself the friend of every man in his neighborhood, and after a while it was known that he would get up at any hour of the night to aid a friend or get bail in case of trouble, and that, as his power grew, he could be relied upon to secure for his neighbors their full share of privileges from city inspectors and contractors. In short, he made himself indispensable and loved.

He realized what a help a knowledge of the law would be in a political career, and so, studying principally at nights, he obtained it. Tammany recognized his growing strength and made him a deputy sheriff. After that, he was sent by his district to represent them, for several terms, as a member of the State Assembly, and such was his striking compound of qualities that he became leader of his party there. And it was while a member of the Assembly that he won his name.

For a law was introduced which, innocent upon its face, would have given the Battery, where from time immemorial there have been a public park and public waterfront, to private corporations for the construction of piers and the possession of private business interests. Finn pried into the bill, saw what it meant, headed a fight against it, saw it overwhelmingly defeated, and won his name of "Battery Dan," which the more readily attached itself to him from the fact that the Battery for which he fought is part of his own district.

Recently, to make up for the incroachments of business buildings, his realm has been extended to take in the Mulberry Bend Italian colony and Chinatown. His district has long included the Syrian and other foreign colonies, and now that there have been added the principal settlement of Italians and most of the Chinese, his is by far the most picturesque district of the city.

The other day two Chinamen were haled before Magistrate Finn on the charge of having given some kind of entertainment on Sunday, and thus violating the laws in that case made and provided. "Battery Dan" apparently thought that their offense was not such a serious one, at least from the standpoint of the Orient.

"Was the entertainment religious or secular?" he demanded sternly. The complainant did not know. The Chinamen themselves, desperately frightened, and uncomprehending, put up their clasped hands in supplication.

The magistrate's face did not alter a muscle of its judicial calm. "Hm! Clasped hands; evidently prayer! Religious. Discharged." And the Chinamen were hustled away by a court officer, uncomprehending, but thankful.

No theoretical politician, he! No; he is one who understands human nature and how politics is practically run. He believes that offices should properly go to the ruling powers. He firmly believes that "reform" does not reform. He frankly looks upon civil service as humbug.

In politics, he has always liked a fight. Sturdy leader though he is, Tammany can never be sure that he is not going to set up a lively insurrection in his district. But so strong and so valuable is he that there is never a serious attempt to discipline him.

That his is a "banner district," and at times distinctively *the* "banner district," will partly explain his immunity from party punishment. "I expect to get to the polls ninety-three out of every possible one hundred voters," he says modestly.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he joined the Union army, although so young that they would not allow him to enlist. So he merely went along with one of the regiments and fought for a year or so till they let him regularly join.

The police who illegally break into houses in their desire to get evidence receive small encouragement from him. "The police must not be law-breakers," he declares sharply, and, to the aggrieved arrested: "Better get guns."

Once a year the men of his district go on an outing to a point on Long Island. A great excursion steamer, lashed between two enormous barges, conveys the thousands. It is a day of happiness for all and of glory for the district leader.

Night falls, and the boats turn homeward, and great throngs meet them, and the entrance into the district is with shouts of joy, and flare of fireworks, and blare of music. And, somehow, it seems worth while to be a "Battery Dan," ruler of his district and one of the unofficial, but none the less powerful, rulers of New York.

Snubbing the President

ELMER DOVER, who for a number of years was Mark Hanna's private secretary and who is well known in Washington society, is the father of a small girl who shows the true democratic spirit and who refuses to be awed by the great ones of the earth. One of the accomplishments of "Baby," as she is called, is her ability to answer the telephone, which she manages by climbing a chair.

On a certain dreary Sunday afternoon when the telephone bell rang, "Baby," being alone in the room, ran with swift feet to answer it. Her mother came into the room a few moments later and heard the little lady say in the most decisive tones:

"No, my papa will *not* come to see you this afternoon. He does not go out on Sundays. If you want to see him, you will have to come here."

Turning her head, "Baby" remarked calmly to her mother:

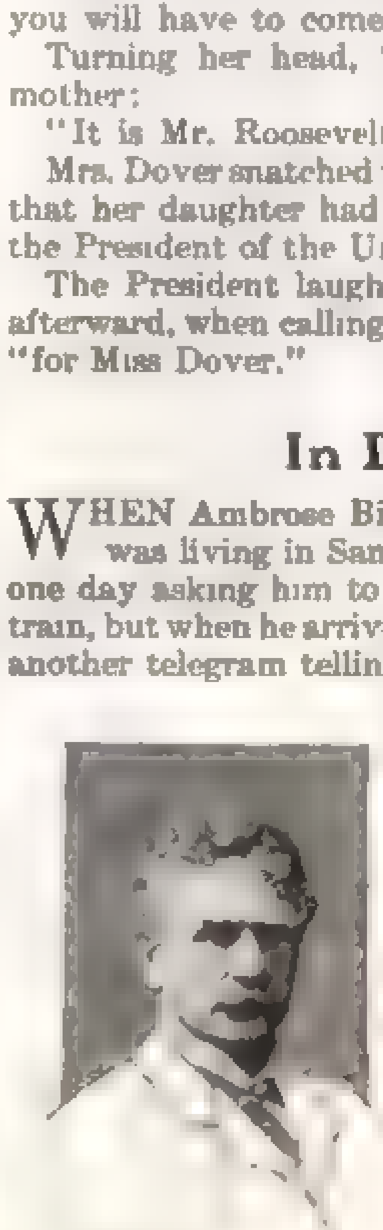
"It is Mr. Roosevelt."

Mrs. Dover snatched the receiver and found, sure enough, that her daughter had curtly refused a request made by the President of the United States!

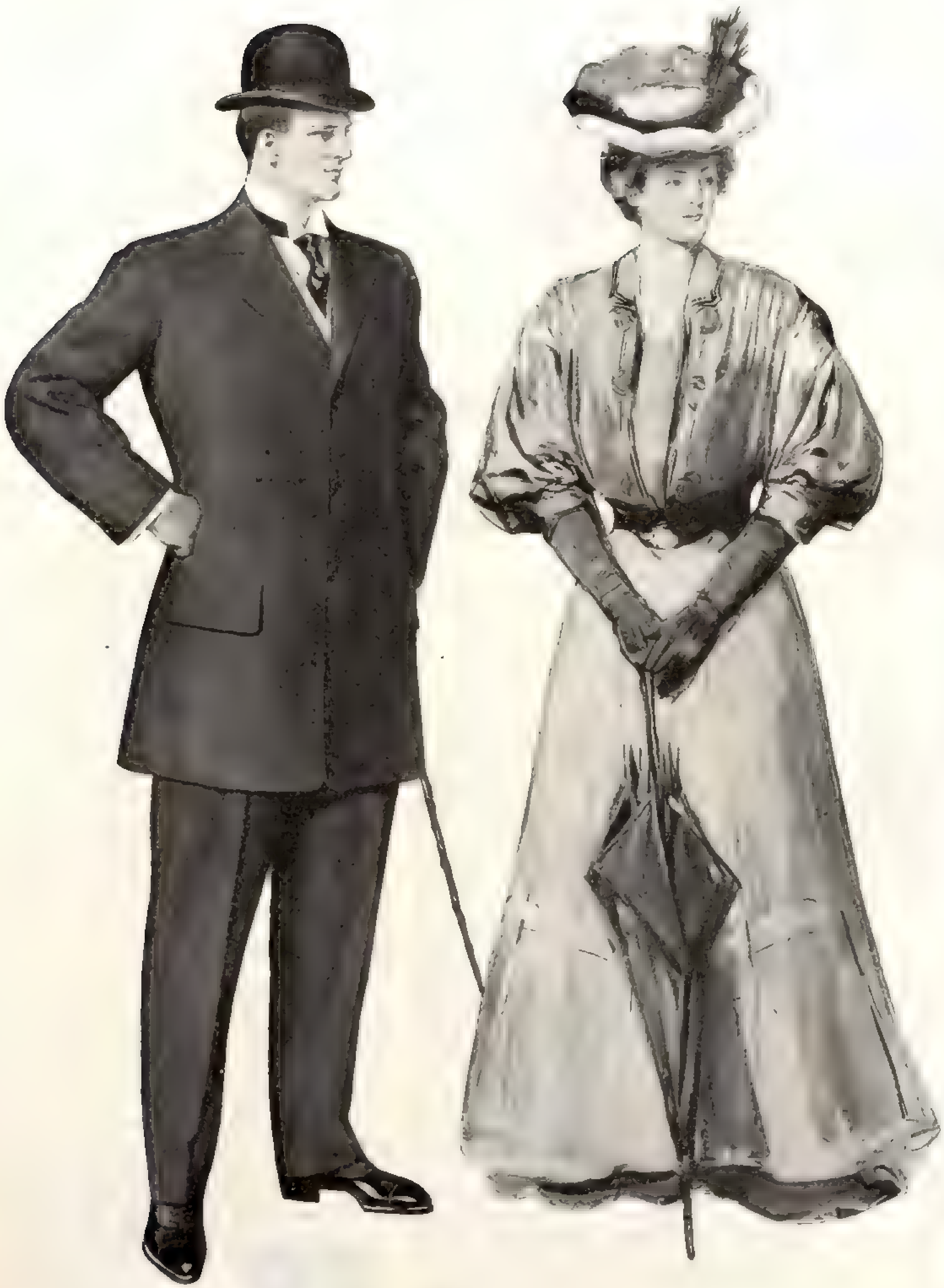
The President laughed heartily over the incident and afterward, when calling on the family, left a card expressly "for Miss Dover."

In Dreamland

WHEN Ambrose Bierce, the satirist and story-writer, was living in San Francisco he had a rush telegram one day asking him to come East. He hustled aboard a train, but when he arrived at Williams, Arizona, he received another telegram telling him to go back, that he was not needed then. Bierce got off at Williams, a most forsaken place. He spied a little rough-board hotel up the street, went to it, registered and was given a room and promptly went to bed, where he spent the twelve hours he had to wait for a train going West. As he went to the station, he bought a local paper. It was a little four-page sheet, and the first item on the first page read: "Mr. Ambrose Bierce, the well-known author of San Francisco, is in our fair city to-day taking in the sights."



Ambrose Bierce



The House of

WHEN it's but a step fr
dressed majority into the
why not take it?

Isn't it a satisfaction to be
wholly and thoroughly well

¶ Isn't it worth something to wear clot
—that elevate you above the majority—

¶ To do this will cost you no more tha
ably less than the high-priced custom t
will secure the prestige and pleasure w
of a well-dressed man, together with tha
always marks a gentleman.

¶ You can do it very easily—just as m
simply selecting a garment made by Th

¶ Many men whose business it is to know
—men who devote their entire time, fro
selection of correct high grade clothe
garments are unsurpassed.

¶ For thirty years The House of Kupp
Its equipment, its staff of designers, its m
in every department, and its unequalled
tions of woolens, insure for it a preemin

¶ The Kuppenheimer ideal has ever m
It has meant not being satisfied with
enough" stage, but persisting in the u
the new Kuppenheimer styles represent
display and many steps ahead of the "b
close adherence to the Kuppenheimer id
investment and tireless energy, can poss

¶ Kuppenheimer materials are always of

¶ Kuppenheimer workmanship has bee
strict insistence upon the prime importa

¶ Kuppenheimer styles are unfailingl
decreed fashions for men.

In behalf of the leading clo
States, we are pleased to annou
of the season's authentic style
Kuppenheimer—are now read
extend to you a most cordial inv

¶ You can secure any proper style in an unusually attracti
ing in price from $15.00 to $35.00, and the overcoats fro
in your mind as to whether or not the garment which is be
glance in the inside pocket. There you should find a
against clothing deceits of any kind and assures y
¶ A booklet of authentic styles for men for Fall and W

THE HOUSE OF

CHICAGO NEW

Kuppenheimer

m the ordinarily, passably well-
ranks of the faultlessly dressed man.

classed with men of position—to be
dressed instead of almost—passably so?

es that emphasize your individuality
that mark you as a man who cares?

the "almost correct" kind—consider-
lored kind. At the same time you
ich are without doubt the possession
touch of taste and refinement which

any men before you have done—by
House of Kuppenheimer.

lothing—to know it in its every detail
n one season's end to another, to the
, frankly admit that Kuppenheimer

heimer has maintained this position.
aster artists and craftsmen, its experts
facilities for securing exclusive selec-
nce among makers of clothing.

ant steady, systematic improvement.
half success, recognizing no "good
ward pathway always. That is why
long step ahead of our last season's
st" of other makers; as far ahead as
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he fixed, unvarying highest standard.

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and complete assortment of patterns, the suits rang-
$15.00 to $50.00 ¶ If there should be any doubt
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Kuppenheimer guarantee label which insures you
of all that is worthy and desirable in clothes.
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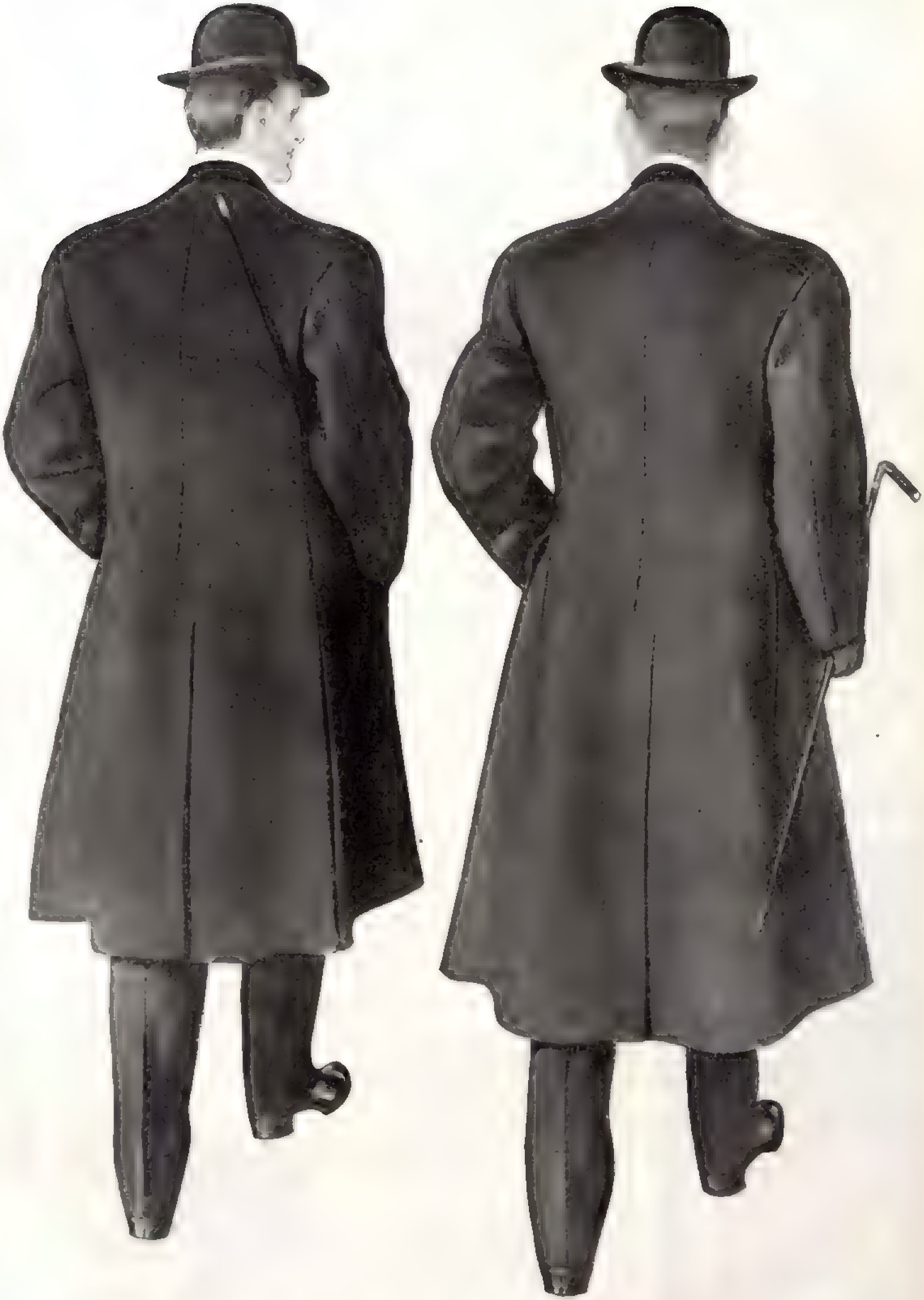


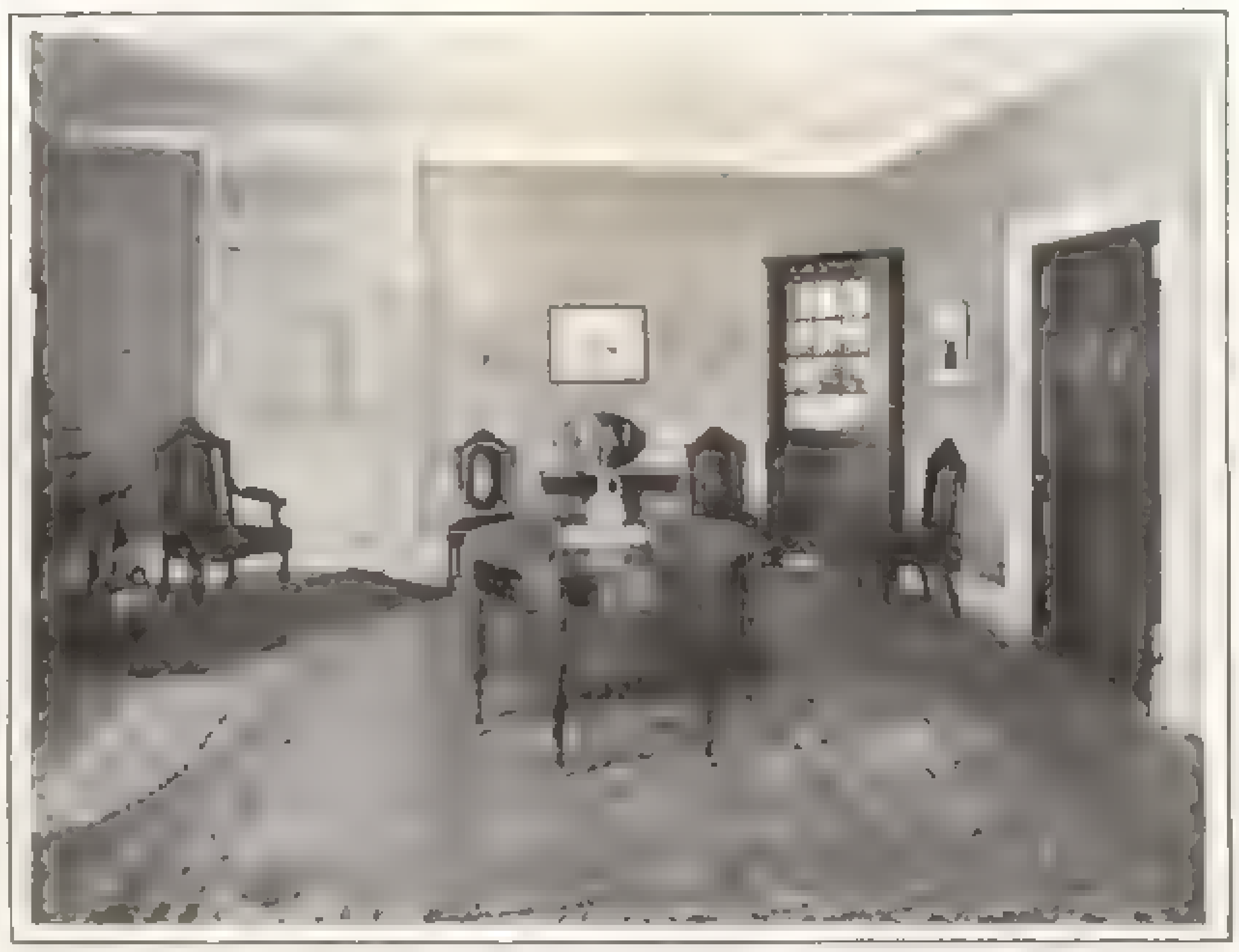
KUPPENHEIMER

ORK BOSTON

The Quest of the Colonial

By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

IN THE DINING-ROOM



Dining-Room of the Inn. Perfect Example of a Sheraton Dining-Table with Eight Legs; The Corner Cupboard is Described in this Installment; Also the Candle Brackets from an Old Church

IN THE ancient Pennsylvania Bethlehem, beside the Lehigh, a town intimately connected with the romance and tragedy of early settlement, there still stand houses built by Moravians of the olden time. And on Easter morning, long before dawn and preceding the sunrise service, a score of trombone players wake the sleeping people, playing first up in the white-pillared dome of the old Moravian church, and then at point after point throughout the town: in front of the building in which Lafayette lay wounded and Washington visited him, and beside the ancient structure where Pulaski was presented with a banner by the Moravian maidens, and at many another spot.

A town, this, in which a lover of old furniture would especially like to obtain some examples of the old; but our stay there was but during an Easter Day.

But mark, again, how Providence watches over collectors! In an aggressively modern New Jersey town, a year or so afterward, a friend said:

"I wonder if you want to buy a piece of old furniture—a corner cupboard. A family have moved back to their old home, leaving their furniture to be sold. Most of it was modern and sold readily. All that's left is this corner cupboard, and it's too old for anybody's taste here. They want to sell it for five dollars. They brought it when they came here from their old home, Bethlehem."

And that is how it comes that this memento of the ancient Pennsylvania town stands in a corner of our dining-room.

An adequate, capacious, good-looking old cupboard it is, made to lift apart in two pieces, as was customary in making tall articles of furniture. The upper half is fronted with a swinging glass door, and the lower half with swinging doors of wood. By a strange perverseness, the cupboard had been given a coat of red varnish stain, but this was easily taken off by scraping.

In this corner cupboard, and in a cabinet on an adjoining wall, there are china and glass and silver, a little Lowestoft, a little Wedgwood, a little old Sèvres, a huge old English soup-tureen, a huge blue platter, and bowls and pitchers and cups and plates.

It seems a contradiction; but most of the old American china was of English make. It was long before there was much made on this side of the ocean, and even the greater portion of those dishes which show pictures of American scenery were made abroad.

The study of china is one all by itself, requiring long and patient research and application; and after one has examined the work of the great potteries of the world, and supplemented this by a study of the examples in museums, there comes a wide humbleness of judgment, so difficult, often, is differentiation of the various makes, because the different periods and factories so frequently overlap and resemble one another in style and appearance. As a rule, it is those who have acquired but a surface knowledge who are most offhandedly positive as to age and make.

But there is much that may positively be learned. There are marks and signs and surfaces to consider. There are times when one may feel certainty—as when a friend shows some china, insisting and believing (such is often the effect of mistaken family tradition) that it is "over two hundred and fifty years old," you may know it to be of a kind that was not made until the early part of the nineteenth century.

The prices of china vary, not alone from age, or from beauty of design or color, but also from rarity. As to this, there is a great arbitrariness of assumed value. At a sale, a blue plate of fair appearance, with an old Albany picture upon it, was about to be knocked down to us for fifty cents, when two men, who at that moment happened to notice it, eagerly joined the bidding, and one of them finally obtained it for twenty-eight dollars. This was solely because it was one of an historical series, now hard to find.

Pennsylvania had quite a share in the outfitting of our old dining-room; although it might more naturally have been New York, from the number of distinguished men of that State who, like Washington Irving, have in the long-past years dined within it!

It was from Pennsylvania that even the dining-table came: a table of fine Sheraton design, with delicately-fluted legs. It is of mahogany, and is made in two pieces, each semicircular in shape, with the leaves dropping against each other in the middle. When the leaves are down the table is a circle; but it may, if desired, be used as two separate side-tables, each standing against the wall with curved front projecting.

It was obtained direct from a family, themselves lovers of the antique, that had long possessed it, and is one of our treasures in appearance. It cost us twenty-four dollars; not a special "bargain," and yet much less than we should have had to pay for a well-made modern table of similar size.

The buyer of the antique is liable to lose sight of the essential dearness or cheapness of a thing. He is liable to compare prices, not with ordinary prices of to-day, but with what he paid for special "finds." The collector who thinks a beautiful old mahogany table, in good condition, dear at twenty dollars, forgets that for a modern table, of some inferior wood, he would expect to pay at least forty. The collector who thinks a superb old chair dear at five dollars, forgets that in a modern shop, for what he would consider a common chair, he would be asked at the very least eight or twelve. Often, as we have found in our own experience, charming old pieces are offered at delightfully low prices—but one must not expect to furnish his entire house at such prices!

From to-day's paper let us quote, from advertisements of modern furniture, probably all machine-made, a few prices that are expected to seem highly attractive to purchasers. Hall clocks, in the style we call "grandfather's," with mahogany cases, are two hundred and sixty-three to three hundred and ninety-six dollars, and with cherry and oak cases ninety-eight dollars and upward. A mahogany armchair, a "veritable gem set with a superb silk damask seat in choice colorings," is nineteen dollars. An "aristocratic, quarter-sawed oak dresser" is offered for forty-eight dollars. A chiffonier (what a word to use, when we have the good old "chest of drawers," or, if French be preferred, "bureau"!—for "chiffonier" means a rag-picker or a receptacle for rags, or, when applied to furniture, should be used, as with the French themselves, in the cognate sense of describing a work-box for small pieces)—well, a chiffonier is offered for thirty-seven dollars. If you pick up a fine old-time chest of drawers for ten dollars and pay the repairer and polisher another ten, you will have a piece incomparably beyond this.

And yet, as we read the advertisements further, we see that this new century has something distinctively and strikingly its own to offer! For sixty-two dollars and a half you may have, combined in one single piece of furniture, "a smart mirror, a handsome tall clock, hooks for your hat, and a restful seat!"

With this, we may well return to the dining-room.

An important part of its lighting is a reminder, again, of Pennsylvania, for around the walls are placed half a dozen brass candelabra which we found thrown away under the stairs of a little old Quaker meeting-house, in that State. Each of the candelabra holds a single candle. Only the curving pieces of brass, with the candle-holders, could be found, but we were able to supply, in mounting them, small Empire torches, of metal, with formal ribbons, in the same metal, at either side. The candles are placed at the same height as those upon the mantel, and with these, and a few candles upon the side-table, the room is amply and softly lighted.

And now a word about our color scheme. The wall-paper is yellow and the large rug in the centre of the room is blue, with a braided hearth-rug of blue and white in front of the fireplace. Between this room and the parlor hang woven curtains which may be drawn together, to separate the rooms, when it is not desired to draw the sliding-doors. There are two sets of these curtains, those on the side of the parlor being yellow and those toward the dining-room being blue. These blue curtains are a pair of coverlets, of old-time design, of white linen and indigo-blue wool, hand-woven in beautiful and intricate pattern, purchased from a Connecticut housewife who wanted but three dollars a pair for them. And only those who know such coverlets know what tedious and lengthy work they represent. In their present position they look not in the least like coverlets, but as if they had always been hangings.

No provision having been made, by the builder of this house, for curtain-rods at these doors, the want was filled with lengths of gas-pipe. They make admirable rods, in appearance and serviceableness, and are painted white and sunk in the door frames.

On the mantel there is a yellow brass jar, besides the brass candlesticks; and behind them, in a dignified line, stand on edge a row of large old plates, a set of half a dozen, in subdued blue.

Editor's Note—This is one in a series of papers by Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton, a narrative of their own experiences and successes in the quest of old furniture.

The first Derby made in America was a
C & K

Hats for Men

Knapp-Felt hats appeal with especial force to the man who desires the best and who wishes to exercise his own taste and judgment in the selection of the most conspicuous article of his attire. The variety of correct styles in which Knapp-Felts are made affords a wide range for the choice of a shape that will reflect the individuality of the wearer. The first consideration should be, "Is it becoming?"

The Carlton

The Montmore

The average man, knowing very little about hat-value, must depend largely on his hatter, who, in turn, relies on the manufacturer. Fifty years' experience in making fine hats in the C & K shop guarantees not only the correctness and authority of Knapp-Felt styles, but the superior excellence of materials and wear-resisting quality.

The Francis

Knapp-Felt

hats are sold by reliable hatters throughout the country. The best hat made, Knapp-Felt DeLuxe, is $6. Knapp-Felt, the next best, is $4.

[illegible] The Hatman, telling how Knapp-[illegible] are made and showing the shapes for Fall, will be sent upon request

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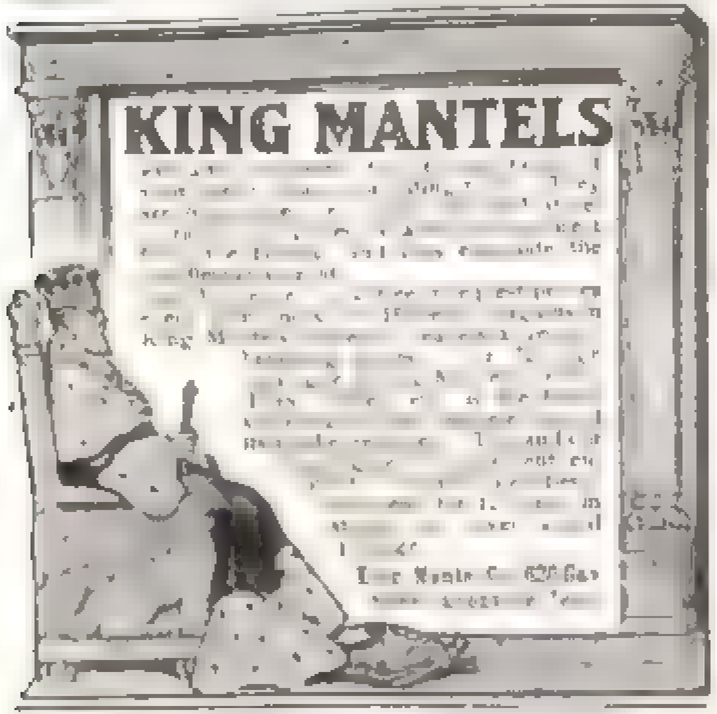


KING MANTELS
[illegible]

PATENTS that PROTECT
[illegible]
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

Within the fireplace is a pair of old brass andirons. These we found, several years ago, in the granary of a tumble-down, gambrel-roofed old house, on a road in New York near the Connecticut line. When the first fire was blazing on them, out came angry wasps who had built mud cells in the hollows of the pillars, giving quite a Whittier-like effect of being "hissing hot" between "the andirons' straggling feet."

Beside the fireplace is a pair of bellows, brass studded, picked up on a Naples street for half a *lira*, ten cents.

There is a trivet, too. There was a time when we were not quite sure of the meaning of the word, and when asked, "Do you have trivets in your part of the country?" we could almost have answered, as did the woman of the Tennessee Mountains when asked by the missionary if there were many Presbyterians thereabouts, that we did not know them by that name, but that the inquirer might look over the skins nailed on the barn door.

But we soon learned what a trivet is, and we found one, a simple three-legged fireside crane; and when we read, as we chanced to very shortly afterward, in Charles Lamb, of the man who assisted at the cooking by removing the trivet from the fire, we knew just what was meant. There is some latitude in shape, but the general purpose is always the same—and a very helpful purpose it is.

Upon the trivet hangs the old brass kettle, flattish and rounding and ebony-handled, that was among the very earliest of our acquisitions.

In telling of what is in these rooms it is only that the experiences may arouse suggestions; it is not in the least as if the methods were offered as models. If we were writing anything didactic, it would only be some such advice as not to overcrowd your home with articles as if it were a museum; not to lose effectiveness of appearance and comfort by overfilling your rooms and cabinets and mantelpieces. It is your own home, and the principal object is to make the home attractive and comfortable.

A tea-table, quaintly square topped and square fronted, is in one wall space beside the fire, and upon it stands, against the wall, one of the oval wooden tea-boards. We like the fine old name, tea-board, rather than its substitute, tea-tray, which somehow suggests something not at all like it; if it is only a tray call it a tray, but we ought not to take away from the dignity of the really charming old articles.

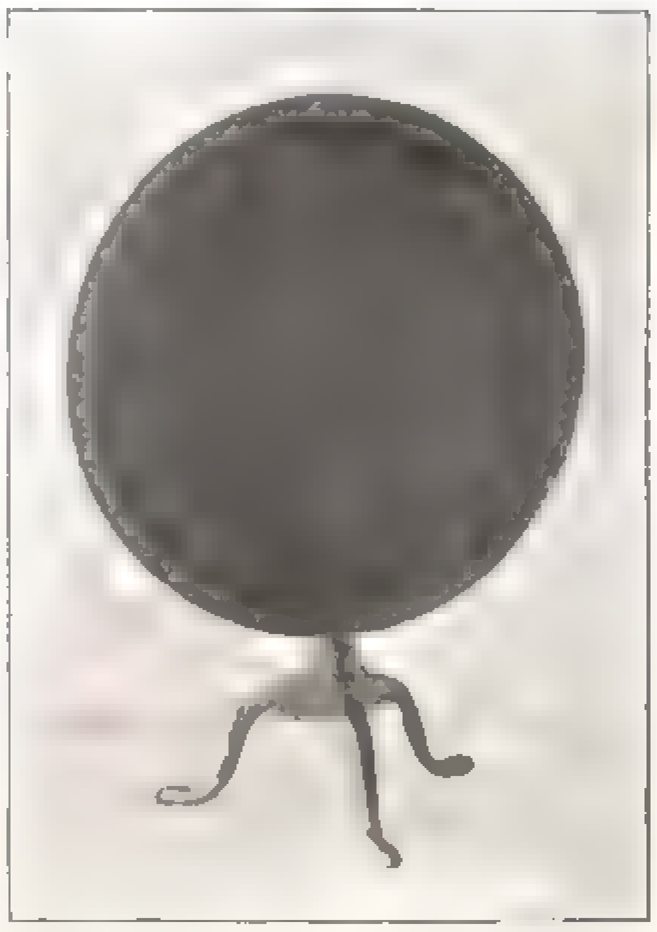
Against one of the walls stands a side-table, of San Domingo mahogany, of really noble fire and color. For some years past the principal commercial source of San Domingo mahogany has been doors from old houses and leaves from old tables. West India mahogany means practically the same thing.

This kind of mahogany is heavy, weighing some six pounds to the square foot, and much of the Honduras and Mexican mahogany is not much more than a third as heavy, and is softer and of coarser grain.

A great deal, and probably by far the greater part, of the so-called mahogany of to-day is nothing but birch.

Mahogany has been used to some extent in furniture making for about two hundred years and came into real vogue some quarter of a century after its introduction. Its admirable texture and color, its susceptibility to carving and polish, and its strength, won for it wide popularity in England and America. In France it also became popular, but never succeeded in displacing French walnut.

A Beautiful Empire Table that Cost One Dollar



A Table from the Eastern Shore—Pre-Revolutionary—that Both Turns and Tilts, has Graceful Snake Feet, is of Unusually Large Diameter for a Tilting Table, has a Raised Edge, and is of Beautiful Mahogany

The subject of woods is an interesting one. In the United States, a hundred years ago, in addition to the familiar kinds of wood, the cabinet-makers used, largely for insets and veneers, holly and button and king and tulip wood, snake and purple and zebra wood, Alexandria and Manila wood, cedar and satin and yew (the yew was a favorite of Louis the Fourteenth, for furniture), and rosewood. This last wood came into considerable use for entire pieces in the time of Victoria, but in spite of certain good points, and its fortunate name, it is of a rather unbeautiful purplish black, not to be compared with the serene beauty of mahogany or the dignity and reserve of walnut.

The cabinet-makers who worked in such queer woods did queer things with them—or at least we might fairly suppose so on reading of their charges for plinthing and therming and dovetailing, for plowing and tonguing ends, for making cross-bands and octagonals and toad-back mouldings.

In the dining room we hung a few etchings of subjects which strike no jarring note, and in one corner is a large pastel, which, as if the artist knew that we needed a picture distinctly blue, has that color as the dominating note. Save for the missing sideboard the room seems to have enough in it.

The chairs for a dining-room ought, of course, to be of one set, and often do we think with envy of the Sheratons found by our friend in Delaware. Still, our own chairs are very satisfactory—six chairs and two armchairs, in dark leather—and have an unusual history.

They were purchased, far back in the fifties, by those from whom we inherited them. At the time of their purchase the prevailing styles were grievous mid-Victorian.

But the buyers did not want mid-Victorian, and they described what it was they sought.

"But they don't make that kind nowadays!" protested the dealer.

"Then we'll wait till they do," was the reply.

It was quite a time afterward, so the story was long ago told us, that the dealer one day sent word to them that he had a set which they would surely like.

They went, and he showed them these. They were of good wood, of the form known as "steeple-back," high and narrow, with an oval, upholstered panel and a rather pointed top, and of comfortable and dignified mien, as befits the chairs of a dining-room.

"Yes; those will do very well." And they were at once purchased. They looked new; there was no thought of their being anything else; there was nothing said as to being old or new, but the shop was one that handled new goods only.

Not till forty years afterward did the secret come out, and then it came through a reupholstering. And the secret was, that these fine, strong chairs had all been old at the time of their sale in the Fifties!

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Egyptian Cotton (medium or [illegible] weight) sold only in boxes [illegible] six pairs $1.50
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NIEL GRAY, JR., OSWEGO, NEW YORK

VAITI OF THE ISLANDS

(Continued from Page 11)

Vaiti, her mind charged full with watchful suspicion, felt that sudden small, sick thrill that is the forerunner of the thought: "I wish I hadn't!" Afterward, when she came to think matters over, she knew that it was because Donahue had made the mistake of bringing out the chart before the terms had been discussed—which was an improbable sort of thing to do. In such moments, however, one does not think, one only feels. Still, the warning was unmistakable, and Vaiti made as if to rise, intending to plead sudden illness, and get out on deck. But Donahue, sharp as a snake, saw the movement, and brought out his trump card at once.

"Sure, I'm a fool, I am, to forget the necklashes. You haven't seen that yet," he said, whipping a stream of white fire out of his pocket, and letting it fall across the dark wood of the table.

It was a magnificent piece of paste-work, and had taken in Donahue himself, some few weeks ago, after a fashion that made him sore enough to remember. Vaiti gasped when she saw it, and laid both her pretty olive hands upon it at once. Her suspicions were not exactly killed, but they had, for the moment, no room to live with the passionate feeling now aroused. Donahue, with his unspeakable experiences of the sex, had calculated rightly when he classified her among the women who would almost do murder for a diamond. Such jewels! And she had never had one in her hand before, though her eyes had often filled and her heart ached with hopeless desire, before the maddening glories of the jewelers' windows in Auckland and Sydney.

She hugged the necklace to her breast like a baby; she shook it; she danced it in the light—and then, was it in woman's nature to refrain from snapping the clasp about her neck and feeling the dear touch of those cold drops and pendants on her bosom?

"A-ah now, but you're the beauty wit' them little jokers round your neck, and the lovely neck you have, darlin'!" blarneyed Donahue.

He had better been silent, for Vaiti, as used to admiration of every kind and degree as to daily bread, felt the falseness of the tone. If all other men admired her beauty, this one did not, though he said so. His gray, goatlike eyes looked something more like hate across the narrow table, under the ill-smelling, oily lamp, and Vaiti saw they did.

Donahue, taught by twenty years of active villainy, was quick to feel the necessity for the next move. He went into his own cabin and turned up the lamp. The looking-glass shone out brightly under its rays.

"Come and look at yourself, me beauty," he said, "and let my ould shavin'-glass see the handsomest girl in the Islands wearin' what she ought to wear every day of her life, if she'd her rights."

For the moment Vaiti was not herself. She was drunk with the jewels: she was crazed with the desire to see herself in them. Whatever stood between her and the looking-glass, she was bound to go to it, and Donahue knew this, as surely as he knew that the moon would set that night.

Vaiti—still sensing the danger that she would not heed through all the intoxication of the jewels—thought, in a cinematographic flash, that one was safe before a glass, at all events. No one would come up behind you. Besides, there was the little revolver, hanging on the chain that would snap with a tug.

And then, for the space of a full minute, she saw nothing, knew nothing, lived for nothing, but the sight of her own dark, beautiful face in the glass, lit up into surpassing loveliness by the scintillating fires about her neck. There was no movement in the mirror behind her. Donahue sat motionless at the table, and the cabin was very still.

The first ecstasy subsided, and she turned her head a little to see the diamonds twinkle.

Donahue's elbow knocked a glass off the table with a sharp crash. Almost at the same instant two powerful hands closed on each of Vaiti's ankles and snatched her feet from under her. She plucked out the revolver as she fell, but her hands were caught, whisked behind her and securely tied, with a prompt swiftness that told of frequent experience. In another minute her ankles were lashed together, none too gently; she was carried into a small stateroom, thrown down upon the bunk, and left alone in the dark with the slam of the door and snap of the lock resounding in her ears.

Most women would have screamed. Vaiti remembered that they were out in the middle of a wide harbor, and decided not to risk the infliction of a gag for such a slight chance of rescue.

Outside, there was the thud of bare feet running about the deck, the creak of the booms rising on the masts, the slatting of loose sails—loud orders, long yells from the native crew, as they pulled and hauled—the Ikurangi was making sail.

Then sudden silence; slow heeling over of the cabin; lip-lap of hurrying water along the hull. They were off—Where?

There was plenty of time for reflection in the long days that followed. The greasy-faced old mate came in and cut the lashes of Vaiti's ankles and wrists a few hours after sailing, and she was left free to move about the cabin, which offered a promenade of exactly seven by three. Meals were handed in to her three times daily—the usual black tea, canned meat and weevilly biscuit of second-class island schooners—and she was not in any way molested, though the door was always kept locked. Donahue put in his head once or twice to look at her, as she sat cross-legged on her bunk, staring out through the port at the tumbling seas. He generally had something to say—a jarring, mocking compliment, or a remark about when they were likely to make Sydney Heads, knowing all the time that Vaiti could estimate the general direction of their course by the sun, and that there was no southing in it.

It was not difficult to understand how the capture had been brought about. A man under the bunk, another under the sofa opposite—her own eyes watching only the upper part of the cabin as reflected in the glass—nothing could be simpler or better planned The affair was none the less ugly on that account. Perhaps it was only Vaiti's burning anger at her utter rout and defeat in her own business of plotting and intrigue that saved her from something very like despair, as the schooner plowed steadily on, day after day, carrying her into the great unknown, farther and farther away from all who could defend her. Yet, despairing or not, Saxon's daughter never lost her courage. They had taken her weapons from her as they carried her into the cabin, but they could not take away her undaunted spirit. She waited her time.

As to the meaning of the business, she trusted again to time's enlightenment. Saxon had many enemies; so had she. It would all come out by and by. Meantime, it was clear that no one meant to murder her.

It was on the twenty-third day out from Apia, bearing, as far as she could discover, in a northwesterly direction, that she first noted the approach of land. Nothing could be seen from her side of the ship, but she heard the long, excited cries of the island crew, and the thundering of their feet, as they began putting the ship about with unwonted vigor to a chorus of native songs. She strained her eyes eagerly when the ship came about on the other tack, but the line of the horizon was unbroken. It was not for another hour that she saw, from her low elevation, what the lookout in the crow's-nest had sighted long before—a line of small black bristles pricking the edge of the horizon, several miles away.

Vaiti knew the sight at once for the palms of a low atoll island—evidently some barren, sun-smitten spot close up to the line—and a ready solution of the whole puzzling affair at once sprang into her mind:

Marooning!

Most people know the meaning of this term; nearly every one has heard of sailors captured by pirates in old days, and left on lonely islands, or even deserted by their own comrades on some isolated spot, with just enough food and water to save the marooners' consciences from the guilt of actual murder. Vaiti knew both the word and the thing very well indeed,

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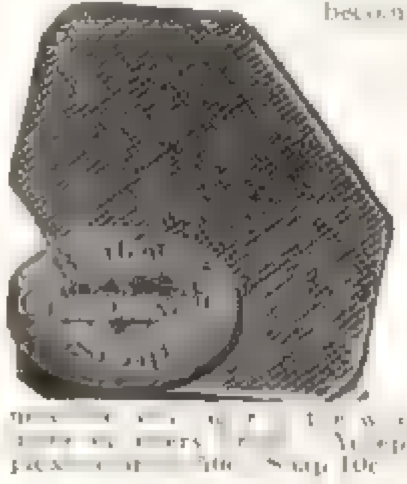

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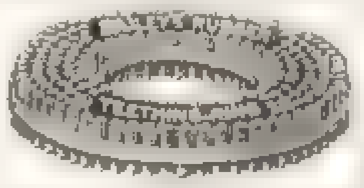

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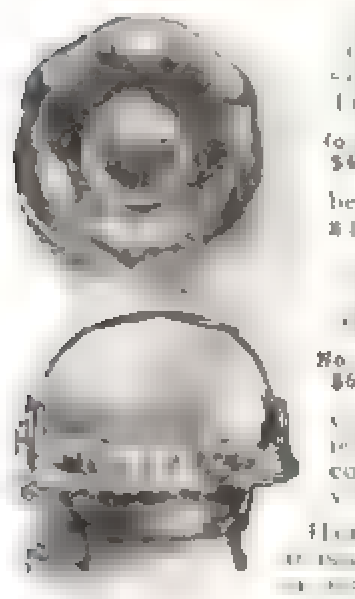

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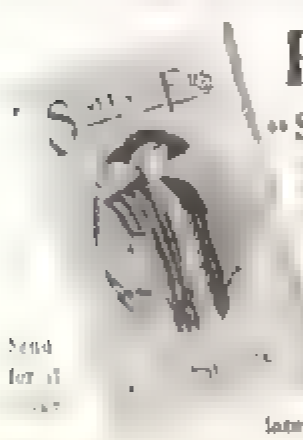

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and she was almost certain that the Ikurangi had gone off the course on the way to some South American port with the view of hiding her where she would not easily be found again. There are many islands in the wastes of the vast Pacific where a ship may not pass once in half a century; and these—unlike the typical desert island of stories—are almost always barren, hungry, shadeless spots, where Crusoe himself would have been hard put to it to make a decent living. The fertile, mountainous, well-watered isle is never without a native population, permanent or occasional, and is very seldom indeed, in these days, without a trader as well, and a regularly calling schooner. As for the breadfruit, oranges, pineapples, the pigs and goats, of uninhabited islands as known to fiction, they have no counterpart in real life.

Vaiti knew this very well, and decided that if she were going to be marooned she might as well make such provision as circumstances allowed. She had hunted over every inch of the cabin—which seemed to belong to the mate—during the long days of the voyage, and she knew exactly what it contained. From the stores put away under the bunk she selected a large new sheet, which she concealed under her dress; a small stock of needles and thread, a box or two of matches, some hooks and line, and a stick of dynamite, evidently meant for some forgotten fishing purpose. There was nothing in the shape of a knife, much to her regret; and there was a good deal of clothing that she would have liked to carry away; but it would not do to take more than she could easily conceal.

There was no moon that night until very late, and darkness came down so close on the stroke of four bells that Vaiti felt sure they were very near the equator. No one came near her, and tea seemed to be unusually late. The anchor-chains roared home soon after dark; the ship lay very still, and there was a good deal of running about on deck. Vaiti was confirmed in her anticipations of an uninhabited island by the fact that no boat was to be heard coming off from shore. Not a sound of any kind, indeed, came from the island, and there were no lights on the beach. Some one handed her in her tea by and by; and a little later her door was flung open again by the mate.

"Come on out," he said.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Getting On in the World

Steps and Missteps on the Road to Fortune

The Price of Inexperience

I WAS in the retail business on a street once occupied exclusively by merchants in the wholesale trade, but at that time gradually giving way to retail stores. My business had proven remarkably successful, and, mindful of the street's future, I began to consider the renewal of my lease, although there were still about three years of the original lease to run. I called to see the owner of the building regarding the matter, and he answered me by saying: "Mr. S., I don't want to be bothered with all my tenants; why don't you and Messrs. A. and Z. take a combination lease on the entire building?" (Messrs. A. and Z. were neighbors of mine.)

The building was a four-story structure, the ground-floor suited for retail purposes, the upper stories for offices; so, acting on the suggestion of the owner, I hurried to A. and Z. and informed them of the proposition. The interview resulted in an understanding whereby we agreed to assume joint responsibility of the premises for a term of ten years. Several days after our conversation A. and Z. walked into my store and said: "We have just closed a lease with the owner for this building."

"Why, gentlemen," said I, "where do I come in?"

"Oh," they replied, "we feared you could not give ample security for your share of the risk."

Before leaving they took time to advise me that, should I desire to renew my lease, the price would be $4000, an increase of $2400 per annum over the price I was paying.

The property now nets Messrs. A. and Z. $6000 a year; the experience taught me a lesson, a lesson that "understandings" in business transactions should always be reduced to writing. —*H. S.*

A Lesson in Economy

WE ALL have read of foundations of fortunes having been laid by saving bits of string, and other eccentric methods of economy, and naturally when at the age of sixteen I got a position in a good-sized grocery firm, I wanted to make a sensational hit with the proprietor in whose establishment there was plenty of opportunity to practice the string-saving theory of accumulating wealth.

There were two of us boys to whom fell the work of boxing and shipping country orders. We were pretty busy some days, and I swelled with pride when I saw the senior partner taking notice of how I pulled out and straightened the old nails. During the first week I was there I did not use one new "store nail," having managed to straighten out enough old ones. Of course, I didn't nail up as many cases as my colaborer, but I was saving money for the firm.

On Saturday afternoon they paid off at four o'clock, and when the bookkeeper handed me my little manila pay-envelope he said: "Mr. G—— would like to speak to you in the office."

I hardly need say it was unexpected to receive recognition so soon, and I went into the office prepared to accept any advance up to the presidency of the firm.

"My boy," said Mr. G——, "in a few words I wish to explain to you that I have noticed your painstaking efforts to practice economy in regard to nails. Now nails cost money, but, if you will take time to make a simple calculation, you will readily see that the wages paid you while straightening out enough nails to nail up one case would pay for all the nails you could use in a week, and the rest of that time would be clear profit to the firm. Remember, my boy, that the time spent in trying to use something over again that was made to be used only once is that much time thrown away. Good-night."—*The Nail-Puller.*

Too Much System

IN THE shop where I was employed they used cotton rags for wiping the machinery. These rags came in sacks of one hundred pounds' weight. One morning Mr. B——, one of the head men of the concern, was looking around and his eyes rested on a sack of rags that had just been left. I was about to cut open the sack when Mr. B—— said to me: "Here, George! Throw that sack on the scales."

It weighed ninety-eight pounds.

"That's just the way things go here—no one to look out for the interests of the firm!" cried B——, and went away to register a kick with the foreman. The next day the foreman came to me with a sad look on his face and a neat little package of tags, printed especially to fill out a report on the weight of rags.

"George," he said, "you are to weigh the sack of rags that is left here every Monday morning, and fill out one of these tags and leave it on my desk."

The following Monday I assumed the added duty of weighing the rags, and by the time I had left my work, got the tag, weighed the rags, filled out the tag and returned it to the foreman's desk and got back to my work again, exactly a half-hour's time was gone.

That night I figured out in this manner what it cost to weigh those rags:

My time, ½ hour at $.25	$0.12½
Cost of tag	.00½
Foreman's time, ¼ hour at $1 . . .	.25
Bookkeeper's time in checking .	.05
Making out bill for shortage	.02
Total	$0.45

It thus cost about 45 cents to verify a 50-cent purchase. The objection of the foreman against a continuance of this checking finally prevailed, but the firm eventually went to the wall with the reputation of being the victim of too much system. —*The Apprentice.*

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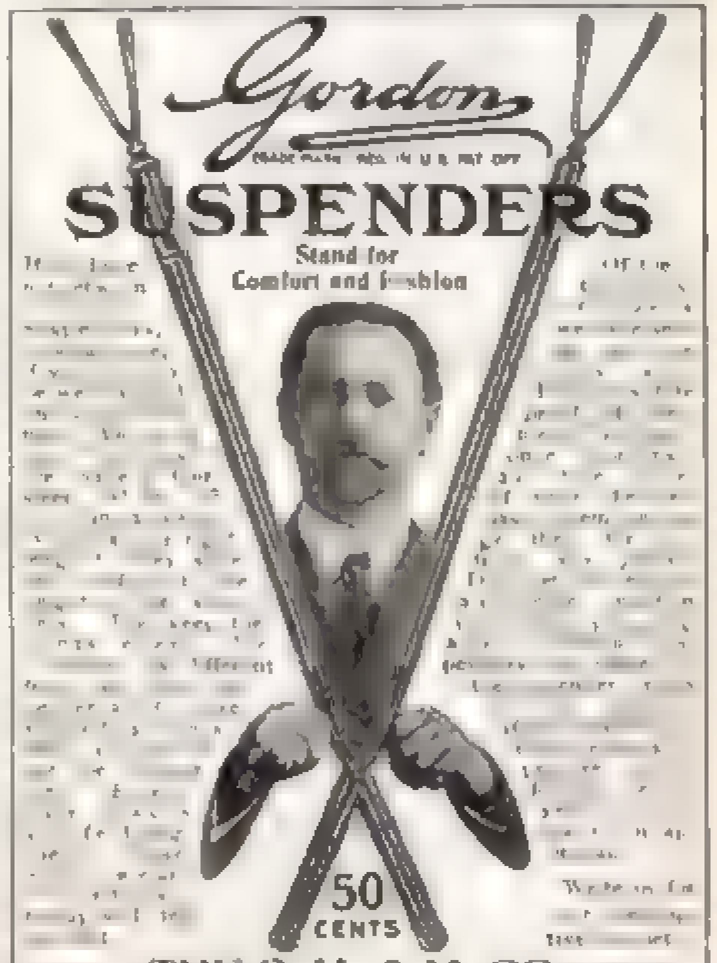

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The Great American Steer

(Continued from Page 5)

His brows narrowed, however, as he scanned the passing groups of cows—mottled cows, red cows, dun cows, big cows, little cows, all long-horned and rather gaunt. It seemed to him that some of these cows were larger than others. Once more was he, Parker, going to have the worst of it.

"I say, Mr. Chiswell," he began, "I don't want to kick, you know, but it does look to me like there was a lot of little scrubs in there; not up to size, you know. Some of them aren't bigger'n a pint of cider."

The answer Jim Chiswell made to this was to draw his gun and fire a few rapid shots in the air, which made every rider in the distance wheel and look around. These riders saw the master riding furiously in a flat circle back and forth, jerking his grunting horse up at the turns, over a space of fifty yards, the plains sign of "Come to me." They came at a run.

"What's up, Jim?" asked Red, the foreman.

When the master found his voice, his vocabulary was rich and explicit.

"That man!—Why, he—Oh, dash blame my eyes! Why, he's kickin' again! He kicked on' your count, Jim. Wanted to put his finger on every steer. Now he's kickin'—Oh, he says we're runnin' in doughies on him!"

Chiswell mopped his face with his handkerchief. "Turn 'em loose, Red," he cried. "We'll throw every one of 'em loose! Break the herd and come back to camp. I won't have my men insulted by any furriner that ever wore a hat. The sale's off, you man."

Parker protested blindly, but the baron would not listen.

"We have worked two weeks gettin' these cows up for you, and done our best," he went on. "If there's any difference on earth between ary of these cows, we don't know it, and no man on Texas soil ever thought of such a thing. We take 'em as they come—the way I did when I bought—the way any cow-man does. Do you think we're sellin' brown sugar in a sack, or red geraniums for a house-window, you low-down thief? What did you come here for? Now, you can't insult me or my men. Stay at our cook-house to-night, if you want to, but to-morrow you pull out."

Jim Chiswell jerked up his horse, and without a word his men followed him as he rode off to the ranch, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Parker followed him and attempted renewed explanation and apology.

"I tell you I don't want to deal with no man that don't know a cow's a cow!" broke out the master.

Parker perspired freely. It would never do to let this opportunity escape him. In some way, he saw he had violated some secret code of etiquette of which he had never heard. Incidentally, he had made a vast industrial blunder. His profits were going away in that dust-cloud yonder. He would not get the five thousand at ten dollars and a half. He perspired very much, and was so abject that the cattle-king listened to him once more.

"Mr. Chiswell, sir," he began, "I am awfully sorry, I am indeed. You know, I am an utter stranger to this country, and don't in the least know your customs. In my country what I asked would be perfectly customary, and no one would dream of any offense in it."

"You live in a poor country," grunted the range-man.

"But we only call it business up there."

"It's a poor sort of a country where they suspect their friends of cheating. That don't go down here."

"But I didn't suspect, I didn't mean—— Why, man, it was only *business!*"

"You don't get no cows from Jim Chiswell, if that's your idea of business. I want you to know that me and my men are just as square as you are and just as good. We give you the run of the round-up, and we give you as fair a count as we know how. For that matter, how do I know that you've got any money at the bank over in town? I never oncet thought of that in the whole deal. Down here, we suppose a man's a man till he proves different, just as we suppose a cow's a cow."

Parker saw he was in a country of new standards, where life was primitive and young. Having no intent to offend, his lips half quivered. "I am sorry," he said, and said it so much like a man that Chiswell pulled up and threw out his hand, cooling as quickly as he had warmed.

"There now, my boy," said he, "forget it. If you are just an ignorant tenderfoot and not a suspicious tin-horn, that's different, and it's all right. Here you, Red, you take Mr. Parker and ride off a bunch with him and throw them in with the cut over there. That will shore make it about eight hundred, I reckon; anyhow, close enough."

Parker choked up.

"Why, my friend," said Chiswell, "we don't want the best of any livin' man on earth, and we don't stand on a cow or so here or there. This world's big enough for everybody, and there's cows enough for all. I won't miss one here or there, and you won't. Come now! We'll finish the cut and then have somethin' to eat when the wagon comes up. I'll show you a barbecue.

"You know how we do? We cut out a big chunk of loin from a critter, and we dig a hole in the ground and build a fire and get it full of coals, and then we take this big chunk of loin and put it between two other chunks, and cook it down in there between them other two chunks until the juices Well, you want to try a piece of beef like that, it's right——"

"And we'll take the heifer out of the bunch that's counted in to me," interrupted Parker.

Chiswell looked swiftly at him. "Who told you to give beef?" asked he.

"No one."

"Well, now, I believe you've got the makin' of a cow-man in you, after all," grumbled Chiswell, the old humor coming back into his eyes and mouth. "You didn't know it, but that's the eticute; that's the proper way to do. It's like buyin' drinks around when it's a feller's turn, you know."

Parker hated to see three-fourths of a good heifer lying waste on the ground, but he was learning. A sudden wave of wild recklessness swept over him. What if the meal did cost ten dollars and a half? It didn't figure very much per plate, for there were more than a dozen eaters here on the ground in the blazing sun. The earth was young. Commerce was pastoral here.

This was forty years ago.

Three weeks after Parker's trail outfit had taken its deliberate departure for the North, Red, the foreman, came in, gaunt and weary, from a long ride somewhere out toward the gray horizon.

"What's up, son?" asked grizzled Jim Chiswell of his trusted assistant.

"There'll be a good deal up if we don't look out," said Red, throwing his hat on the gallery floor. "There's a nester come in over on the Blue Spring. He's gone and made a cedar fence for a quarter of a mile, and got the water cut off. The cows only get water every other day in there—have to come in and get out on the keen lope—and here they're standin' round scared of that fence and the shack he's built—he's got his jacal right in near the water. I asked him what in thunder he was doin' there, and he 'lowed he had just as good a right there as me; said he was homesteadin'."

"Ain't we got no homestead filed on that place?"

"No, I don't think it, but we ought to done it, that's shore."

"Why don't you run that feller off, son?"

"That's it, I ought to. Why, that feller's fenced in the *range*, the free country! But, fact is, he's got a womern along, and five or six children. He had a little bunch o' cows standin' around, eight or ten head, maybe. Didn't look like he's got much to eat, unless'n it's our beef. He's wagoned out from Dallas, plumb across the Lipan country. It looked like God was helpin' him somehow; and there was his womern; and—well, I just couldn't shoot."

"Of course you couldn't, son, of course not! But then, he ain't got no right to fence up the water and the range. If there's anything that's free under the law, it's water and grass."

They went within and communed further. This "nester," this "little fellow," this man with a family and the absurd notion that he could settle on government land—it was disquieting to think of such absolute lawlessness.

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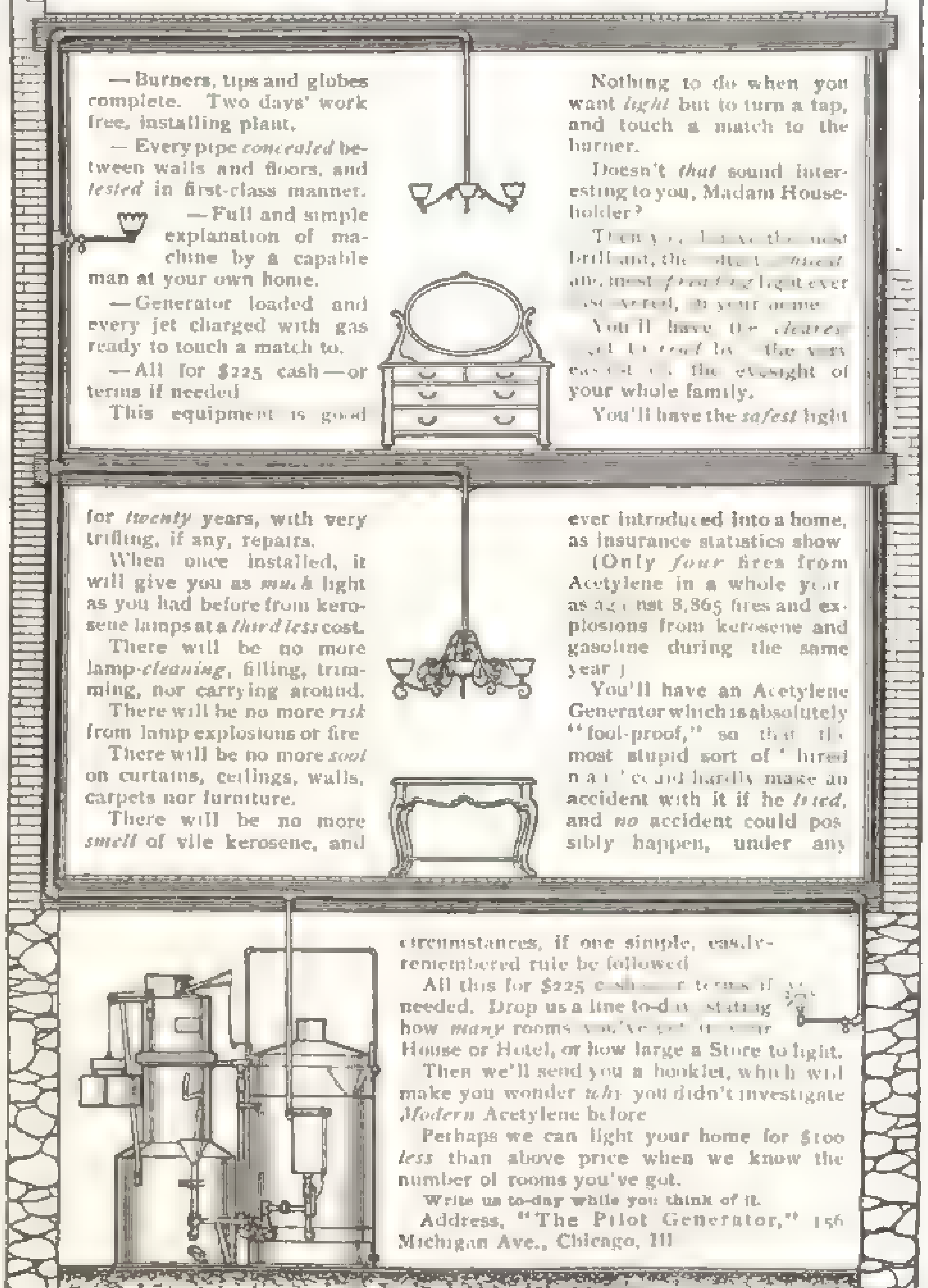

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on your face after shaving.

It produces such a **comfortable** feeling

It soothes.

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It has a delightfully refined odor.

It is the finish *par excellence* to every shave, and puts the user into good humor after shaving (which is a process that tries the temper of many men).

Prove it yourself.

Get a bottle from any first-class druggist or department store.

If you do not shave yourself, insist upon having your barber use it on your face.

A free trial bottle sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents to pay postage and packing

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Bull Dog
SUSPENDERS
WILL OUTWEAR
3 PAIRS OF OTHER KINDS
If in doubt get a pair
50 cents
HEWES & POTTER

"So he's got a woman along, eh?" pondered the master. "Women don't belong out here, and he ought to know that easy." His eye furtively took in the dusty furniture of his own household. "Old Jim Chiswell can take care of all the homesteadin' that goes on in this neck of woods for a while, I reckon," he resumed. "That feller's got to go."

Red scratched his head, still troubled. The woman had been helpless, and not ill-looking. "Oh," sighed Red, "I wish't they wouldn't have come!"

"You let a string of nesters start in," said Jim Chiswell, "and they'll be *farmin'* out here the first we know. They will have hen ranches and hay ranches and what-all. They'll be raisin' ducks in the water-holes, and plantin' catfish, and starting schools to eddicate the bunch. Now here, I'll tell you what we got to do; we'll ride over there to-morrow and take a few things and see if we can't make some sort of a pleasant deal with that feller. This country belongs to us and not to him, for we seen it first. We'll ask him will he please move on back East again. If he'll sell his cows, we'll buy 'em."

"Maybe he won't want to go," said Red.

The fist of the master smote full upon the board. "Get him to one side and tell him that if he ain't moved outen there in four days, then we'll move him. We'll kill every head of stock he's got; we'll burn his shack, burn his wagon, and if he raises ary single whimper we'll fill him full of hot holes so quick he'll never know how it happened. I'll show him, or any other sneakin' nester that blows in here, that there's some such thing as law—as *LAW*, I tell you! Listen to me, son: I'll show him what is *LAW*."

On the morning following they filled the ranch-wagon with certain things, covered from the dust by a tarpaulin. By noon of the second day they paused near the Blue Spring, where this unspeakably presumptuous man had had the effrontery to erect a fence at the water, and a house sufficient to shelter his wife and family from the sun. The homesteader guessed the nature of his visitors' errand, and as they rode up confronted them with a steady rifle-barrel, and was leaning against a crooked cedar limb. His rifle disquieted not in the least either Jim Chiswell or his foreman. But the sight of a pale and pretty woman, and six children clad in abbreviated garments, brought sudden consternation. Jim Chiswell had come for war; but now he parleyed.

"Friend, put down your gun," he said. "I don't reckon there's any need for trouble. I don't see what made you come in here."

"I've got as good a right here as you," said the homesteader, who was bilious and somewhat ague-smitten. "I've got a *better* right. You cow-men run the whole country, but you don't own a foot of it. You ain't got no legal title to a foot of your ground or your water. Now, I've got a title under the law; I've got a right to a quarter-section, and I done locate it right here. It's mine, fur there ain't no one ahead of me, and I'm a-goin' to hold it."

"You talk right solemn," said Jim.

"I *feel* right solemn. My folks is busted up back home, and I've come out here to make my start. I ain't goin' to hurt you fellers any. I ain't goin' to let your stock eat up my crops, but I ain't goin' to kill any of your cows—at least, any more'n I need to eat. I'm a-goin' to do what's right, and stand on the *LAW*."

Jim Chiswell scratched his head. In his heart he knew vaguely that here was the beginning of the end. Perhaps a certain rigid sense of justice animated him. He turned toward the woman, who stood at the corner of the hut, with face pale, but as determined as that of her husband.

"Ma'am," said he, "I've got some things out there in my wagon. They used to belong to my daughter before she died. I brought them from back home, same's you brought your things here. There's a pianny that we don't need, and a few chairs and a table. I was hoping you'd take them things and move out. If you don't want to move out and think you've got as good a right here as we have, why, take them things anyhow, and put 'em in your house, and remember Jim Chiswell give 'em to you. I reckon, maybe, we can git along together somehow."

A truthful history of that time would show that they did get along together somehow.

I AM GOING to make a very plain, firm assertion: Life insurance isn't designed to make money for *you;* but for your family.

It has been talked as an investment so long that its protection has been lost sight of entirely.

I want to interest the manhood that *wants* to see how surely the welfare of loved ones can be secured; who thinks more of that than of himself.

Candidly I think—in fact I *know,* and so do you if you dwell on it a moment—that the man who considers life insurance as something to speculate with, to buy according to the prospect it has of returning gain to *him,* doesn't know the real good there is in insurance. He won't know it until he considers his family first.

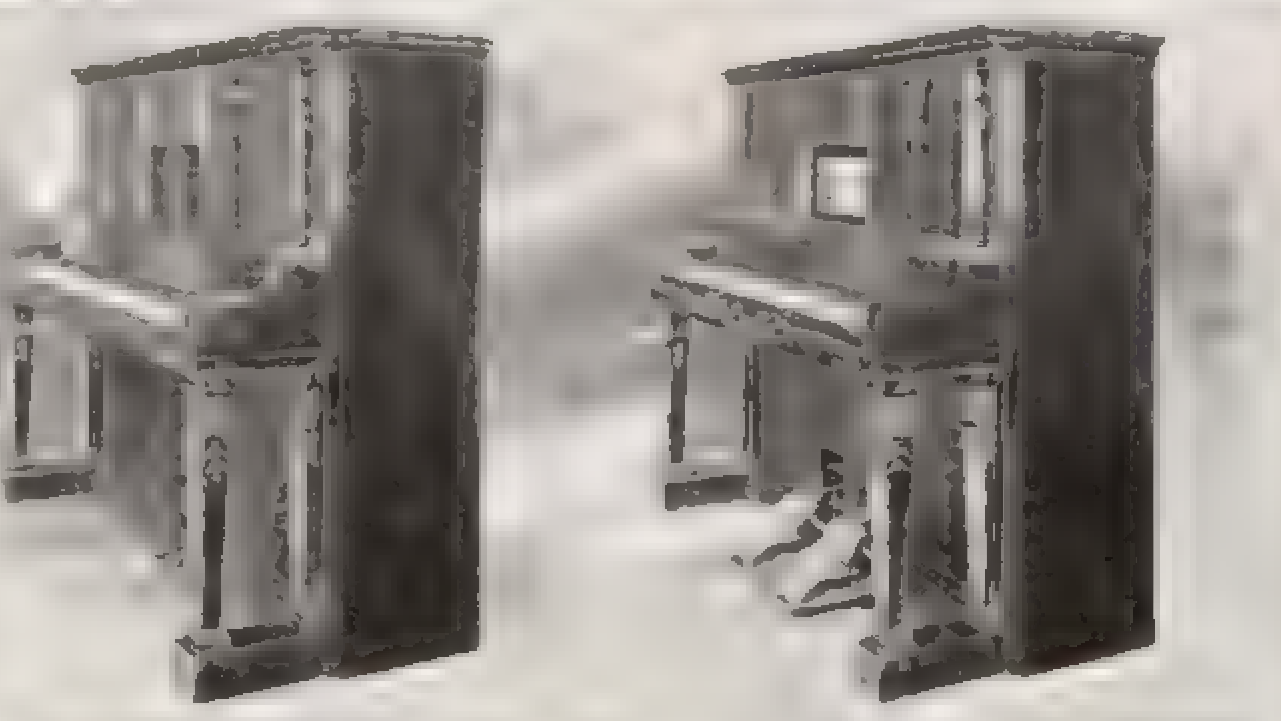
And I want men who have care-of-the-family on their minds to write direct to me, and tell me what they'd *like* to do and what they think they *can* do. Like-to-do and can-do aren't so far apart as you'd think. I'll write them back personally relative to a plan for protection of their families which they can start with and keep up with not a bit of inconvenience.

"The nobility of manhood is loving in life and providing in death."

Write direct to me.

John Tatlock
PRESIDENT

Washington Life Insurance Company
141 Broadway New York



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MISS BUFFUM'S NEW BOARDER

(Continued from Page 9)

should have scant opportunity to study the Prince's face from where I sat, I edged my way along the side of the corridor, the crowd making progress difficult for him, but easy for me, as I crept close to the wall. When I reached the door opening into the banquet hall I took up a position just inside the jamb, so that I could get a full view of the Prince as he passed.

At this instant I became aware that a pair of broad shoulders were touching mine. Turning quickly, I found myself looking into the face of the bearded Russian. His eyes were fastened on mine, an inquiring, rather surprised look on his face, as if he was wondering at the bad manners of a man who would thrust himself ahead of a royal personage. For an instant the features were calm and impassive, then as he continued to look at me there flashed out of his eyes a searchlight glance that shot straight through me.

It was Bing!

Bearded like a Cossack; more heavily built, solemn, dignified, elegant in carriage and demeanor, with not a trace of jollity about him—but Bing all the same! I could have sworn to it!

The flash burned for an instant; the eyes behind the canvas dodged back, then with a graceful wave of the hand he turned to the Ambassador who was now abreast of him and said in a voice so low that I caught the words but not the tone:

"Isn't it a charming sight, your Excellency? There is nothing like the hospitality of these wonderful Americans." And the two passed into the brilliantly-lighted hall.

I made my way to my seat and sat thinking it over. That he had recognized me was without question; that he had ignored me was equally true—why, I could not tell.

For years I had made him one of my heroes. He had stood for cheerfulness, for contentment with one's lot, for consideration for another—and always a weaker brother. When his abrupt departure had been criticised by my fellow-boarders, I had stemmed the tide against him, dilating on his love for his children, on his loneliness away from them; on his simplicity, his common-sense, his desire to help even a young fellow like me who had no claim upon him. In return he had seen fit to treat me with contempt—I who would have been so proud to tell him how his advice had helped me and what progress I had made by following it.

The incident took such hold upon me that I found myself dissecting his mentality instead of that of the Great Personage in the public eye. As I analyzed my feelings I found that he had hurt my heart more than my pride. I would have been so glad to have shaken his hand—so glad to have rejoiced with him over his changed conditions once the occupant of a front room in a cheap boarding-house, supporting himself by filling space in the columns of an encyclopædia, and now the bosom friend of Princes and Ambassadors!

Then a doubt arose in my mind. *Was* it Bing? Had I not made a mistake? How could a smooth-shaven Dane with blond hair transform himself into a swarthy Russian with the beard of a Cossack? There was, it is true, no change in the eyes or in the round head—in the whiteness and width of the forehead, or the breadth of the shoulders. All these I went over one by one as I watched him every now and then lean across the table and speak to some of the distinguished guests that surrounded him. The thing which puzzled me was his grave, sedate demeanor, dignified, almost austere at times. A man, I thought, might grow a beard and dye it, but how could he grow a different set of manners, how smother his jollity, how wipe out his spontaneous buoyancy?

No, it was not Bing! It was only my stupid self. I was always ready to find the mysterious and unnatural. I turned to the guest next me.

"Do you know who that man is on the dais," I asked; "the one all black and white, with the big beard?"

"Yes, one of the Prince's suite; some jaw-breaking name with an '-uski' on the end of it. He brought him with him;

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It must be that my neighbor has of that kind. There comes to me an idea. I will announce to him, my neighbor, that these Columbia Records fit the machines of all makes; they will fit his machine and make him to play the better music.

Me! Always I am annoyed that any choose the tin-type when at their command is the tone photograph so perfect, of the Columbia Record."

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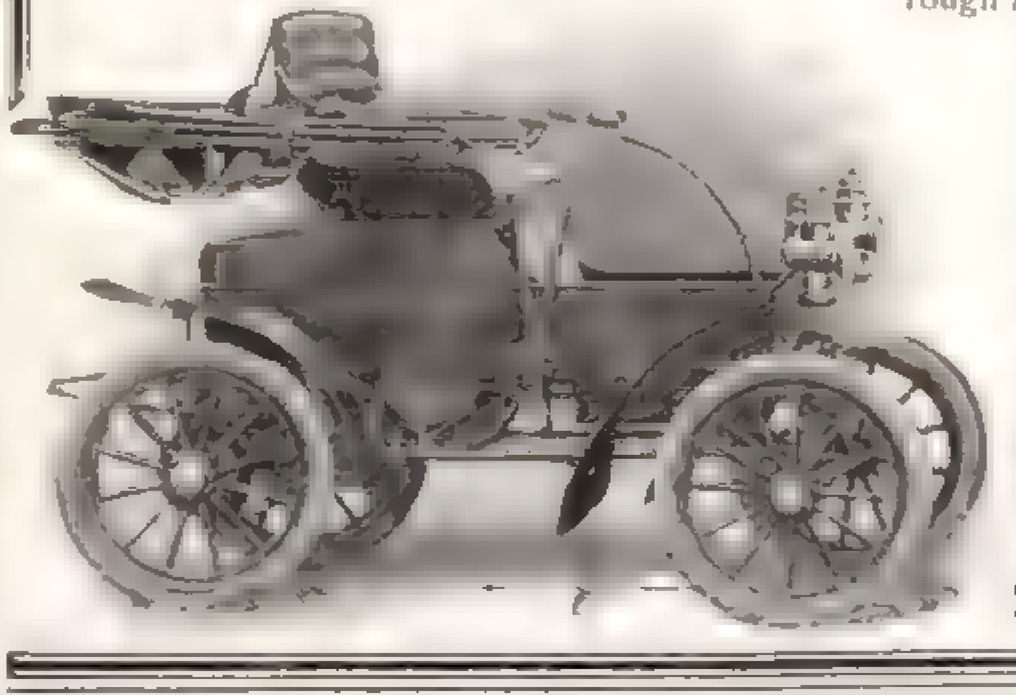

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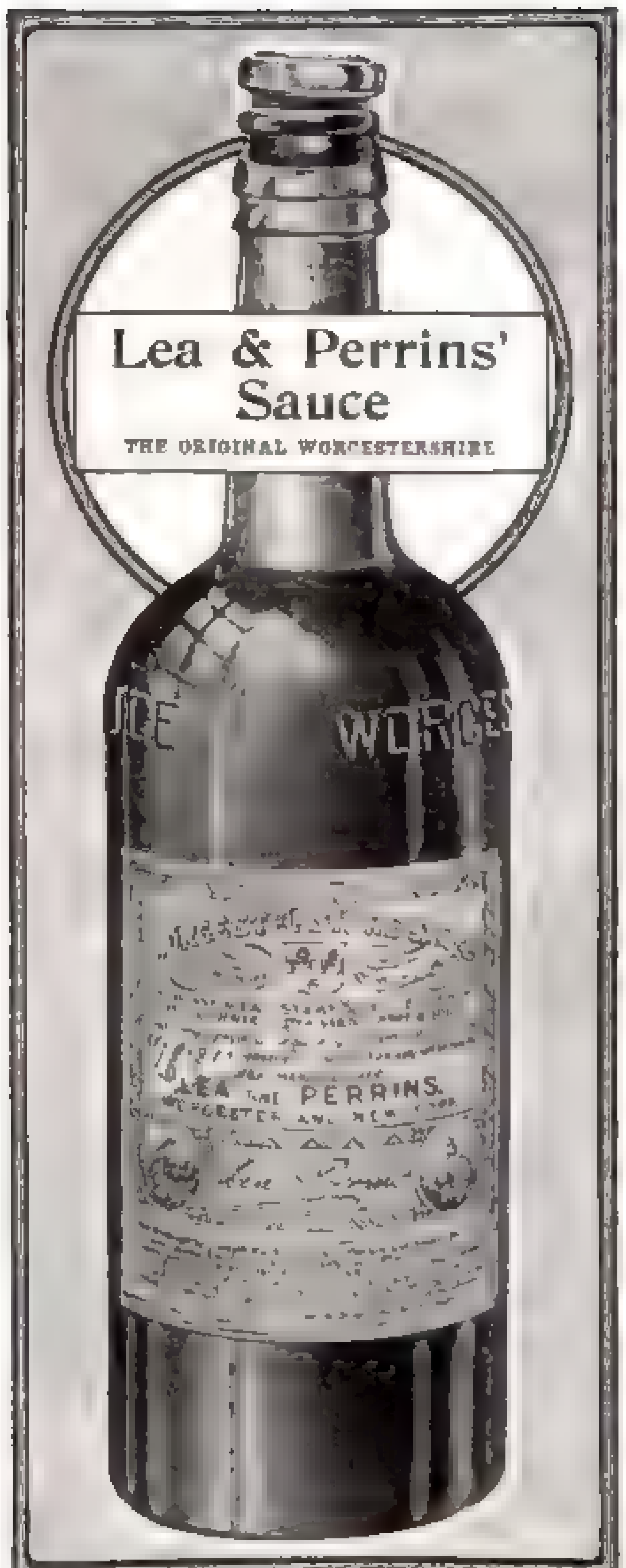

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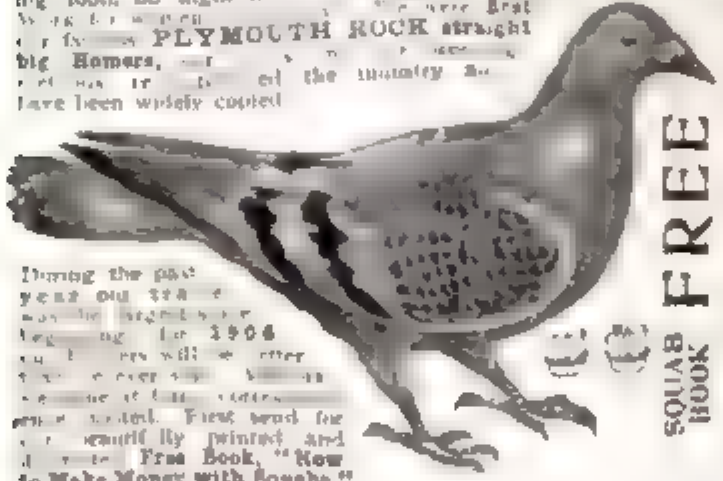

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looks like a bull pup biting a muff, doesn't he?"

I smiled at the comparison, but I was still in doubt.

When the banquet broke up I hurried out ahead of the others and posted myself at the top of the staircase leading down to the side door of the street. The Prince's carriage an ordinary cab was ordered to this door to escape the crowd and to avoid any delay. This I learned from my old friend Alcorn of the Central Office, in charge of the detectives at the dinner, and who in answer to my request said:

"Certainly I'll let you through. Come alone, and don't speak to me as you go by. I'll say you're one of us. The crowd thinks he's going out by the other door, and you can get pretty close to him."

The Prince came first, wrapped in furs—the black-bearded Russian at his side in overcoat, silk hat and white gloves. The Ambassador and the others had bidden them good-night at the top of the staircase.

Under Alcorn's direction I had placed myself just inside the street door where I could slip out behind the Prince and his black-bearded companion. As a last resort I determined to walk straight up to him and say: "You haven't forgotten me, Mr. Bing, have you?" If I had changed so as to need proof of my identity Alcorn would furnish it. Whatever his answer, his voice would solve my mystery.

He walked down the stairs with an easy, swinging movement, keeping a little behind the Prince; waited until Alcorn had opened the street door and with a nod of thanks followed Polinski out into the night. Once outside I shrank back into the shadow of the doorway and held my breath to catch his first spoken word—to the coachman—to the Prince—to any one who came in his way.

At this moment a man in a slouch hat and poorly dressed, a light cane under his arm, evidently a tramp, hurried across the street to hold the cab door. I edged nearer, straining my ears.

The Prince bent his head and stooped to enter the cab. The tramp leaned forward, shot up his right arm; there came a flash of steel, and the next instant the tramp lay writhing on the sidewalk, one hand twisted under his back, the other held in the viselike grip of the black-bearded man. Alcorn rushed past me, threw himself on the prostrate tramp, slipped a pair of handcuffs over his wrists, dragged him to his feet, and with one hand on his throat backed him into the shadow of the side door.

The Prince smiled and stepped into his carriage. The black-bearded man dusted his white gloves one on the other, gave an order in a low tone to the coachman, took his place beside his companion and the two drove off.

I stood out in the rain and tried to pull myself together. The rapidity of the attack; the poise and strength of the black-bearded Russian; the quickness with which Alcorn had risen to the occasion; the absence of all outcry or noise of any kind—no one but ourselves witnessing the occurrence—had taken my breath away. That an attack had been made on the life of the Prince, and that it had been frustrated by his friend, was evident. It was also evident that accosting a Prince on the sidewalk at night without previous acquaintance was a dangerous experiment. When I recovered my wits both Alcorn and the would-be assassin had disappeared. So had the cab.

Only two morning journals had an account of the affair; one dismissed it with a fling at the police for not protecting our guests from annoyance, and the other stated that a drunken tramp had demanded the price of a night's lodging from the Prince as he was leaving Delmonico's, and that a member of the Prince's suite had held the fellow until a policeman came along and took him to the station-house. Not a word of the murderous lunge, the flash of steel, the viselike grip of the black-bearded man or the click of the handcuffs.

That night I found Alcorn.

"Did that fellow try to stab the Prince?" I asked.

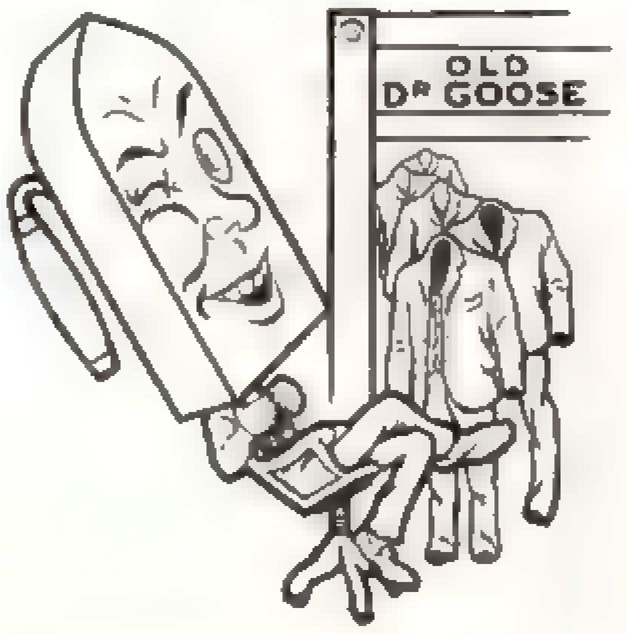
"Yes."

"With a knife?"

"No, a sword cane."

"The papers didn't say so."

"No, I didn't intend they should. Wouldn't have been pleasant reading for his folks in St. Petersburg. Besides, we haven't rounded up his gang yet."



Confessions of a Flat-iron

By A. Taylor-Cutter.

THE "Tailor's Goose" forsooth!

"Well, if *I'm* the Tailor's 'Goose' who is the Tailor's Fox?—tell me that.

"Better ask the Tailor—*he* knows!

"When there's any 'foxing' to be done with a Suit of Clothes or an Overcoat, you'll find Old Doctor Goose is the star performer.

"When the journeyman tailor leaves a *fulness* here, that should have been worked out by the needle; or a *shortness* there; a tight seam, or a slack one, that's the time Old Doctor Goose gets busy, and increases his practice.

"I can do more stretching and shrinking in *ten* minutes than your poor old *needle-working* Tailor could do in ten hours, as the Tailor knows.

"And no Consumer can tell, *at sight*, the difference in effect between *my* ten minute job and the needle-working *ten* hour job.

"Of course, *my* work won't *last* beyond the first damp day of wear.

"But what does Brother Tailor care for *that?*

"Before the Purchaser can *wear* the Coat on a damp day, he must *buy* and pay for it.

"And, when he has bought it, and worn it, then it's 'up to him' to *keep* his Coat in shape—viz., get it pressed up and shaped over *regularly* by Old Dr. Goose.

"Oh, yes—I know that's *expensive!*

"But the expense *then* comes out of the *Purchaser's* pocket—not out of Brother *Tailor's* pocket.

"Of course, Brother Tailor and I have to make our little Profit, you know.

"And it costs about *ten* times as much to shape a Coat Collar fully with *permanent needle-work* as it costs with *my* quick and easy process of hot flat-iron faking.

"What's the use of putting *permanence* into the shape of a Coat Collar, or into the Shoulders, when you can't get any more *price* for them from the Clothier, and it doesn't '*show*' to the Consumer *on the day of sale?*

"'Sincerity Tailoring'—Bosh!

"What does Brother Tailor or Brother Clothier care for *that* if he can make a dollar or two more per suit by the Dr. Goose method?

"Why, 80 per cent. of all the Coats and Overcoats made are *shaped by the flat-iron.*

"Granted they *do* wilt out in a hurry, and need constant pressing.

"But *that's* the *Consumer's* funeral.

"I tell *you*, Neighbor, this Kuh, Nathan & Fischer method is just so much *profit* wasted.

"Their idea of opening up every faulty seam, in a Revision Room, and their re-shaping it by costly *hand-needle-work* is as foolish, to my mind, as their shaping of all Collars, Lapels, and Shoulders by the same tedious and permanent method.

"The Retailer won't *pay* them any more price for *their* Clothes on that account.

"And the Consumer doesn't care much, either.

"He doesn't *know* enough about the difference in *permanence* to care.

"Yes, yes—I grant you—the Consumer must *frequently* pay for pressing a *flat-iron shaped* suit, if he would *keep* it looking as well as a 'Sincerity' *needle-shaped* suit would look *without* pressing.

"But that's the *Consumer's* Loss, not the *Manufacturer's*, nor the Retailer's Loss.

"Oh, very well then.

"People who *know* enough to want needle-shaped clothes instead of Flat-iron shaped clothes, *can* get them if they look for label of the 'Sincerity Clothiers' on them. That label reads

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KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO.
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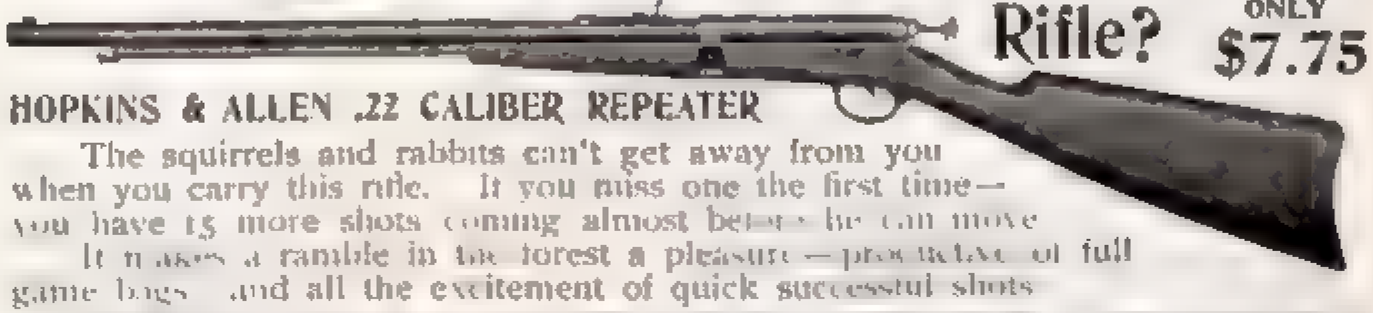

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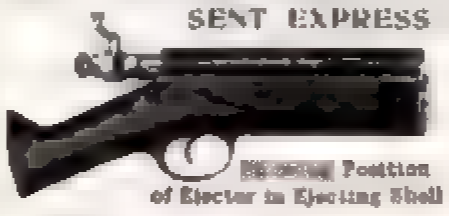

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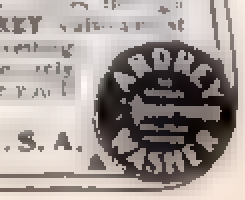

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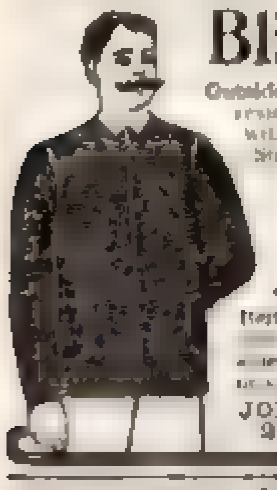

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"The Prince didn't seem to lose his nerve?" I asked.

"No, he isn't built that way."

"You know him, then?"

"Yes, been with him every day since he arrived."

"And who is the black-bearded man with him?"

"He is his intimate friend, Count Lovusski. Been all over the world together."

"Is Lovusski his *only* name?" This seemed to be my chance.

Alcorn turned quickly and looked into my face.

"On the dead quiet, is it?"

"Yes, Alcorn, you can trust me."

"No—he's got half a dozen of 'em. In Paris in '70 he was Baron Germunde with estates in Hungary. Lived like a fighting-cock; knew everybody at the Palace and everybody knew him—stayed there all through the Franco-Prussian War. In London in '75 he was plain Mr. Loring, trying to raise money for a mine somewhere in Portugal—knew nobody but stock-brokers and bank presidents. In New York five years ago he was Mr. Norvic Bing, and worked on some kind of a dictionary; lived in a boarding-house on Union Square."

I could not conceal my delight.

"I knew I was right!" I cried, laying my hand on his arm. "I lived with him there a whole winter."

"Yes, he told me so. That's why I am telling you the rest of it." Alcorn was smiling, a curious expression lighting his face.

"And how came he to be such a friend of the Prince's?" I asked.

"He isn't his friend—isn't anybody's friend. He's a special agent of the Russian Secret Service."

Sherman and the Sculptor

AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, the sculptor, has several delightful anecdotes of General Sherman, whom he posed for the bust from which his great statue at the entrance to Central Park was made. The sculptor rather took his subject to task for the negligent way in which his cravat was tied, as if it were trying to make a break for his right ear. His coat, too, was open at the throat. St. Gaudens suggested that it was not quite soldierly, that generals of other countries in their portraits were buttoned up trig, as if on parade. Sherman answered him with: "Sir, I'll have you know that a General of the Army of the United States will wear his tie and coat in any way he —— pleases."

The same story has been told in another form—about using the correct fork at dinner—but this is the true version.

At another time, in talking of the Civil War and its close, he said in a musing manner:

"Yes, there were Grant, Sheridan and I, and a pretty strong team, too; a pretty strong team."

Mr. St. Gaudens was very much bothered by never being able to get at the back of the General's head, for when he went behind him the General would turn also; he was too old a campaigner to put any trust in flank movements. The sculptor was at his wit's ends. Entreaty did no good whatever, and he saw himself forced to devise a stratagem.

Knowing the General to be fond of a generous Burgundy he bought the best bottle of old Clos possible and left it where it would catch the soldier's eye. It wasn't long before the General spied it.

"What have you there, St. Gaudens?" he asked.

"Oh, only a bottle of old Burgundy for which I have no use."

"No use for old Burgundy?"

"No, but won't *you* try some of it, General?"

"Well, I might find some place for a little."

So St. Gaudens drew the cork and pushed the bottle within easy reach of the General's hand. It wasn't long before the wine, helped by the warm spring afternoon air, began gently to have its effect. The strong old head nodded, nodded—surely he was fast asleep. Now was St. Gaudens' time! Softly, on tiptoe, he stole around and began his work. For a moment he looked up at his model again, and there was the old war-horse as wide awake as ever, looking him squarely in the eyes and taking it all in! One doesn't know how that part of the bust was ever finished.

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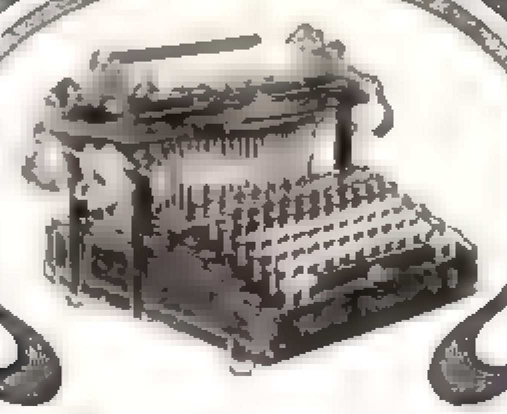

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Letters to Women in Love

(Continued from Page 7)

corner-place in the sofa. She was standing by the father, both arms were around his neck, her head was bowed over his, and her lips touched his hair. I could not analyze my feelings; I was only a tiny child . . . I stole back silently along the hall. I was happy and a little bit proud, as though I had seen something not meant for every one. Mother and father were not thinking of me; that was certain. But because of the instinctive discretion which had made me go, unannounced, back to nurse, I considered myself much more "grown up" than though I had obtained my longed-for "good-night kiss." And perhaps, as I fell asleep, there was a comfortable, motherly feeling in my heart that some day I, too, should "like to be married."

Well, dear, what I mean by my long reminiscence is this:

When we are little our parents represent for us not one man and one woman, but all men and all women, the outside world in fact, power, justice, wisdom. This is something that, so long as our children are young, we should not forget. I can't tell you how many times in the cruel vicissitudes of life my thoughts have gone back to the picture of that young mother bending, all tenderness and love, over the one whom she sought to reward and console.

We must be for our children an illusion —*the* illusion.

"No!" I can hear you protest. "What is the use in deceiving them?"

You will not be deceiving them. And as for undeceiving them, life will do that fast enough. No, what you have a chance to give them is just that sacred something which the orphan asylums can't provide. You can give them the atmosphere of confidence in life, understanding of humanity, happiness in the present, hope for the future, based on faith in what is loyal and enduring. Illusion? Yes. But such illusion as made knights in the Middle Ages and heroes in all times.

VII

To the same:

I knew you would not agree with me in my last letter. Yet your dissidence is only half-hearted, for you admit that things are going a trifle better at home, and you ask what I would advise, in case you decided to try and put up with another year, anyway, of your present trying existence.

You call me "poetical," and I perceive the slight tone of scorn with which the epithet is applied. (I can remember my grandmother's accent as she used to affirm: "There's only one thing worse than an artist; that's a poet.") Well, if I do sometimes abandon myself to dreams and flights of the imagination, I have, you will admit, my practical side.

It isn't possible to dole out, like soldiers' rations, the exact recipe for "what to do" when you are not happy with your husband. Circumstances are complex, and they have a way of presenting themselves in a manner most disconcerting to prearranged plans of campaign.

Yet there are a number of remedies that one may apply successfully in the most distressing daily experiences, with results that were unhoped for.

In the first place, since it is best to begin with the drastic measures, I would order you to forget yourself—not occasionally, but entirely. Just put absolutely out of your mind Mrs. Lily Burnside. Cast aside instantly all claims that she may have to individual importance. Disregard any pretensions she may hold out toward "her rights" to be happy and to be "made something of."

It is in self-obliteration that a woman finds herself.

It is by sacrifice—not to say suffering—that she becomes happy.

The very surest way to secure attention—the sort you had without trying for it when you were a girl—is to be attentive yourself.

Don't neglect little things.

Remember the effort made by your husband outside, and the response it calls for within the house.

Be in a receptive attitude when Jack arrives home; wait to hear what he has to

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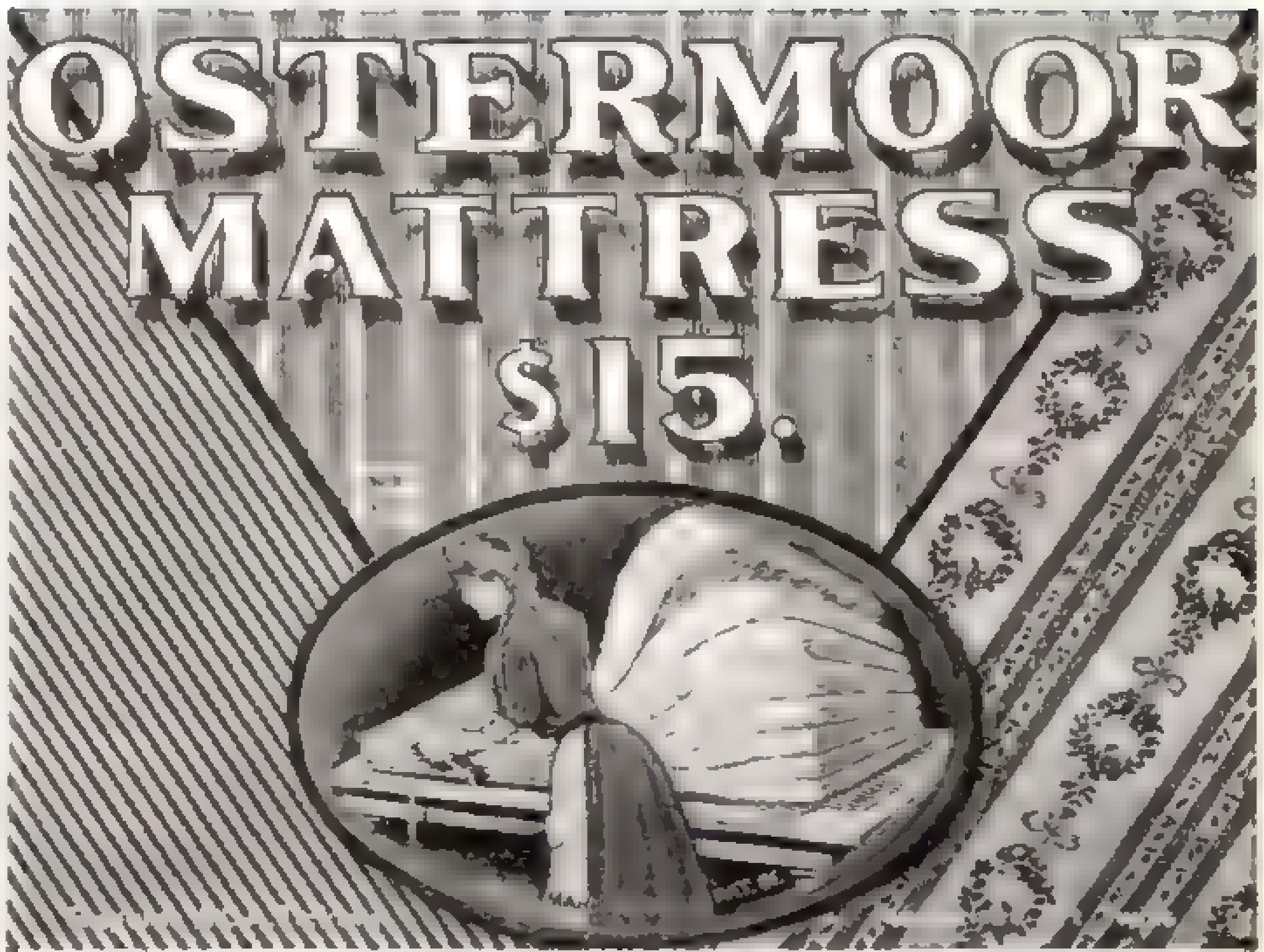

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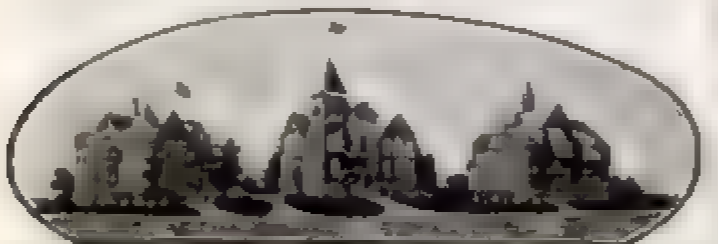

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tell you; don't pounce upon him with some story of how exasperating the servants have been. When he has finished telling of his day's experiences and effort, the chances are you will have forgotten (what it is just as well Jack should never know) that the careless cook has ruined your best muslin dress with a big, scorched mark right in the front breadth of the skirt.

On the other hand, don't be so abstract that Jack is bewildered. Don't have your head full of notions got out of some book you may have been reading. Be simple, and, above all, be comprehensive. Put yourself in the other's place.

If possible—this seems almost too much to ask—let your husband feel that he makes you happy.

And when you are unhappy, show all the loving feelings you can conjure up, for a man is always touched by a woman who seems to love him—even his wife.

Don't ask questions only to find out something you would be much happier not to know.

And don't, in a conversation on general topics, admit only what you want to believe. Both of these things exasperate our masculine brothers. It is characteristic of men to live in the present. We women have made the past unpleasant to them by reproaches, and the future trying by threats. "I remember how you . . ." and "If you . . ."

The woman, moreover, lives generally in the future when she is happy ("of course this can't last") and in the present when she is unhappy ("there is no reason why things should change . . .").

It is never well to attempt deciding everything in one critical moment.

Don't say what you don't mean (this is one of our favorite resources), and don't be hurt when you are taken seriously. Avoid issues. When things are going badly, and you are both displeased, try to think of something for which you are truly grateful, or something which you admire in Jack. This will act as the little pebble placed in the course of the torrent, and which serves, by turning it aside, to avert a cataclysm.

But this is enough advice to spend a whole year in applying.

Take twelve months about it. Then write me, and let me know whether the darkness has befallen you, or whether the light has shone upon your tears to make a rainbow of hope and promise.

It is all worth while. The least little effort toward control and self-sacrifice is ennobling from the moment that it has for its aim the happiness of another, the harmony of a household, the stability of a home.

Until a year then, and always yours faithfully . . .

VIII

To the same :

I have long since passed the age when I am in a hurry to see the years fly by. Yet I must confess I was very impatient waiting for the time we had fixed upon to expire.

"My dear old friend," the welcome handwriting begins. It is calm and steady and mistress of itself, this writing which I once knew so nervous, so trembling, so in rebellion against people and things, like her who guided the pen.

You, Lily, were unhappy so long as you thought that Jack did not do enough to protect you, and that you always had to be doing something for yourself.

You have been happy now ever since the day you realized that it was you who had to protect Jack, that it was he who was confided to you daily after the outside battle, when he returned to his home and to his own.

You don't want to be anything more now than "Jack's wife."

And do you know what will probably be the outcome?

After being really Mrs. Somebody in your own house, you will begin to be Mrs. Somebody outside. For the atmosphere that surrounds a happy couple is like the perfume of freshly-gathered flowers. One turns one's head to see where it comes from. Indeed the happy couple pass in the midst of smiles, a consolation, an example. Silly people say: "How lucky they are!"

Wise people add: "They deserve their happiness."

You know better than anybody else, dear Mrs. Somebody, how well they "deserve it!"

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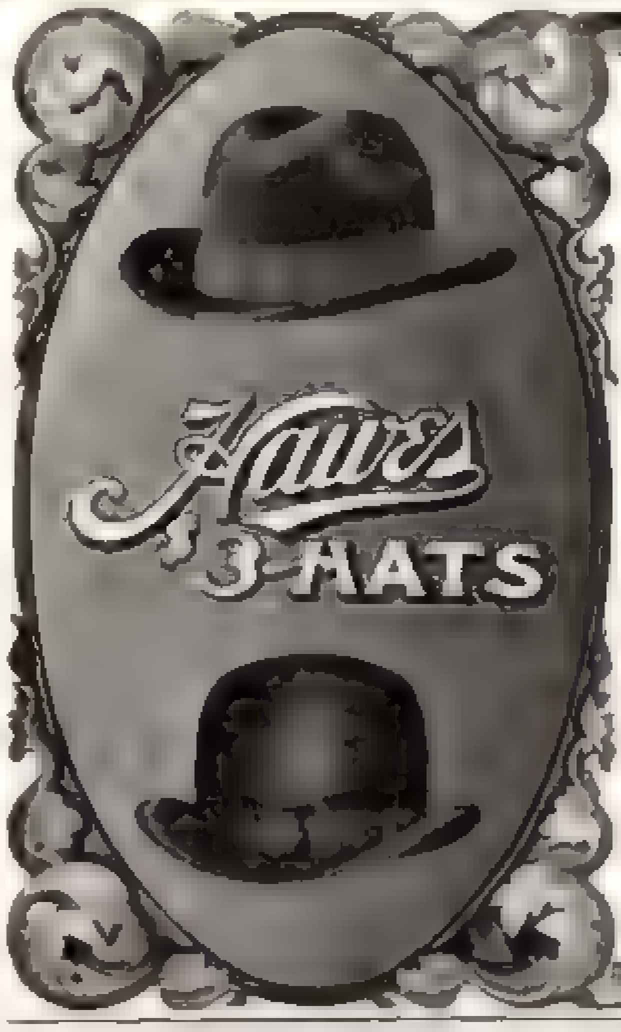

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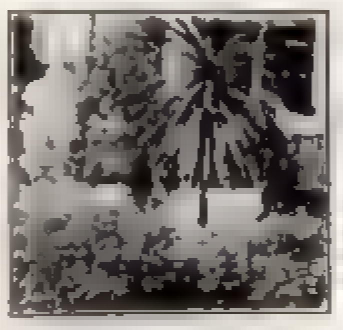

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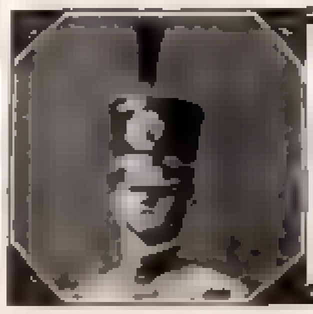

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The Chase of the Golden Plate

(Continued from Page 13)

"You know she didn't take the plate?" he demanded.

"Certainly," replied the reporter; "and that's what makes it all the more astonishing. I talked to her this afternoon, and when I finished she seemed to think I had come to arrest her, and she wanted to go to jail. I nearly fainted."

Dick glared incredulously, then resumed his nervous pacing. Suddenly he stopped.

"Did she mention my name?"

"I mentioned it. She wouldn't admit even that she knew you."

There was a pause.

"I don't blame her," Dick remarked enigmatically. "She must think me a cad."

Another pause.

"Well, what about it all, anyhow?" Dick went on finally. "The plate has been returned, therefore the matter is at an end."

"Now look here, Dick," said Hatch. "I want to say something, and don't go crazy, please, until I finish. I know an awful lot about this affair—things the police never will know. I haven't printed anything much, for obvious reasons."

Dick looked at him apprehensively.

"Go on," he urged.

"I could print things I know," the reporter resumed; swear out a warrant for you in connection with the gold plate affair and have you arrested and convicted on your own statements, supplemented by those of Miss Meredith. Yet, remember, please, neither your name nor hers has been mentioned as yet."

Dick took it calmly; he only stared.

"Do you believe that I stole the plate?" he asked.

"Certainly I do not," replied Hatch, "but I can prove that you did; prove it to the satisfaction of any jury in the world, and no denial of yours would have any effect."

"Well?" asked Dick, after a moment.

"Further, I can, on information in my possession, swear out a warrant for Miss Meredith, prove she was in the automobile and convict her as your accomplice. Now that's a silly state of affairs, isn't it?"

"But, man, you can't believe that she had anything to do with it! She's—she's not that kind."

"I could take oath that she didn't have anything to do with it, but all the same I can prove that she did," replied Hatch. "Now what I am getting at is this: if the police should happen to find out what I know, they would send you up—both of you."

"Well, you are decent about it, old man, and I appreciate it," said Dick warmly. "But what can we do?"

"It behooves us—Miss Meredith and you and myself—to get the true facts in the case all together before you get pinched," said the reporter judicially. "Suppose now, just suppose, that we three get together and tell each other the truth for a change, the whole truth, and see what will happen?"

"If I should tell you the truth," said Dick dispassionately, "it would bring everlasting disgrace on Miss Meredith, and I'd be a beast for doing it; if she told you the truth, she would unquestionably send me to prison for theft."

"But here ——" Hatch expostulated.

"Just a minute!" Dick disappeared into another room, leaving the reporter to chew on what he had, then returned in a little while, dressed for the street. "Now, Hatch," he said, "I'm going to try to get to Miss Meredith, but I don't believe she'll see me. If she will, I may be able to explain several things that will clear up this affair in *your* mind, at any rate. If I don't see her —— By the way, did her father arrive from Baltimore?"

"Yes."

"Good!" exclaimed Dick. "I'll see him, too—make a show-down of it, and when it's all over I'll let you know what happened."

Hatch went back to his shop and threatened to kick the office-boy into the waste-basket.

At just about that moment Mr. Meredith, in the Greyton home, was reading a card on which appeared the name, "Mr. Richard Hamilton Herbert." Having read it, he snorted his indignation and went into the reception-room. Dick arose to greet him

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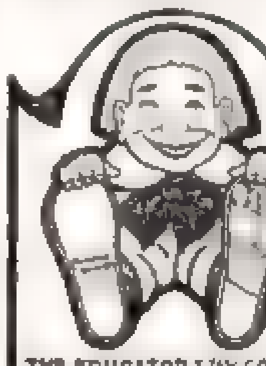

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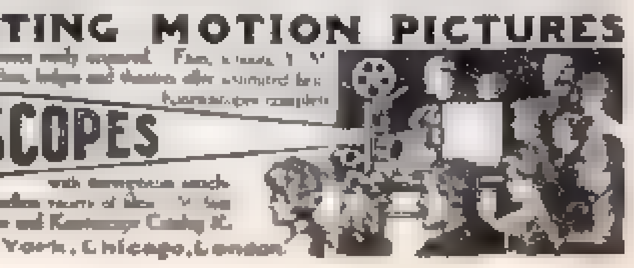

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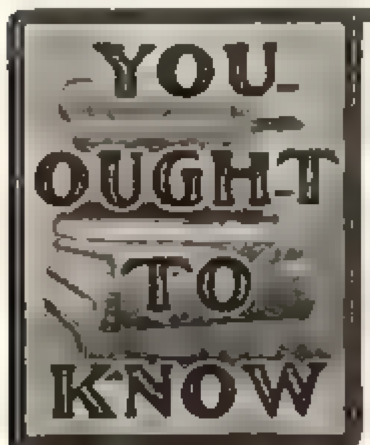

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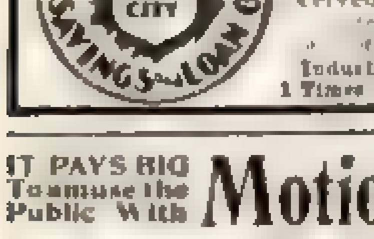

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and offered a hand which was promptly declined.

"I'd like to ask you, Mr. Meredith," Dick began with a certain steely coldness in his manner, "just why you object to my attentions to your daughter, Dorothy?"

"You know well enough!" raged the old man.

"It is because of the trouble I had in Harvard with your son Harry. Well and good, but is that all? Is that to stand forever?"

"You proved then that you were not a gentleman," declared the old man savagely. "You're a puppy, sir!"

"If you didn't happen to be the father of the girl I'm in love with, I'd poke you in the nose," Dick replied, almost cheerfully. "Where is your son now? Is there no way I can place myself right in your eyes?"

"No!" Mr. Meredith thundered. "An apology would only be a confession of your dishonor!"

Dick was nearly choking, but managed to keep his voice down.

"Does your daughter know anything of that affair?"

"Certainly not."

"Where is your son?"

"None of your business, sir!"

"I don't suppose there's any doubt in your mind of my affection for your daughter?"

"I suppose you do admire her," snapped the old man. "You can't help that, I suppose. No one can," he added naïvely.

"And I suppose you know that she loves me, in spite of your objections?" went on the young man.

"Bah! Bah!"

"And that you are breaking her heart by your mutton-headed objection to me?"

"You—you ——" sputtered Mr. Meredith.

Dick was still calm.

"May I see Miss Meredith for a few minutes?" he went on.

"She won't see you, sir," stormed the irate parent. "She told me last night that she would never consent to see you again."

"Will you give me your permission to see her here and now, if she will consent?" Dick insisted steadily.

"She won't see you, I say."

"May I send a card to her?"

"She won't see you, sir," repeated Mr. Meredith doggedly.

Dick stepped out into the hall and beckoned to the maid.

"Please take my card to Miss Meredith," he directed.

The maid accepted the white square with a little uplifting of her brows, and went up the stairs. Miss Meredith received it languidly, read it, then sat up indignantly.

"Dick Herbert!" she exclaimed incredulously. "How dare he come here? It's the most audacious thing I ever heard of! Certainly I will not see him again in any circumstances." She arose and glared defiantly at the demure maid. "Tell Mr. Herbert," she said emphatically, "tell him—that I'll be right down."

VII

MR. MEREDITH had stamped out of the room angrily, and Dick Herbert was alone when Dollie, in regal indignation, swept in. The general slant of her ruddy head radiated defiance, and a most depressing chilliness lay in her blue eyes. Her lips formed a scarlet line, and there was a how-dare-you-sir tilt to nose and chin. Dick started up quickly at her appearance.

"Dollie!" he exclaimed eagerly.

"Mr. Herbert," she responded coldly. She sat down primly on the extreme edge of a chair which yawned to embrace her. "What is it, please?"

Dick was a singularly audacious sort of person, but her manner froze him into sudden austerity. He regarded her steadily for a moment.

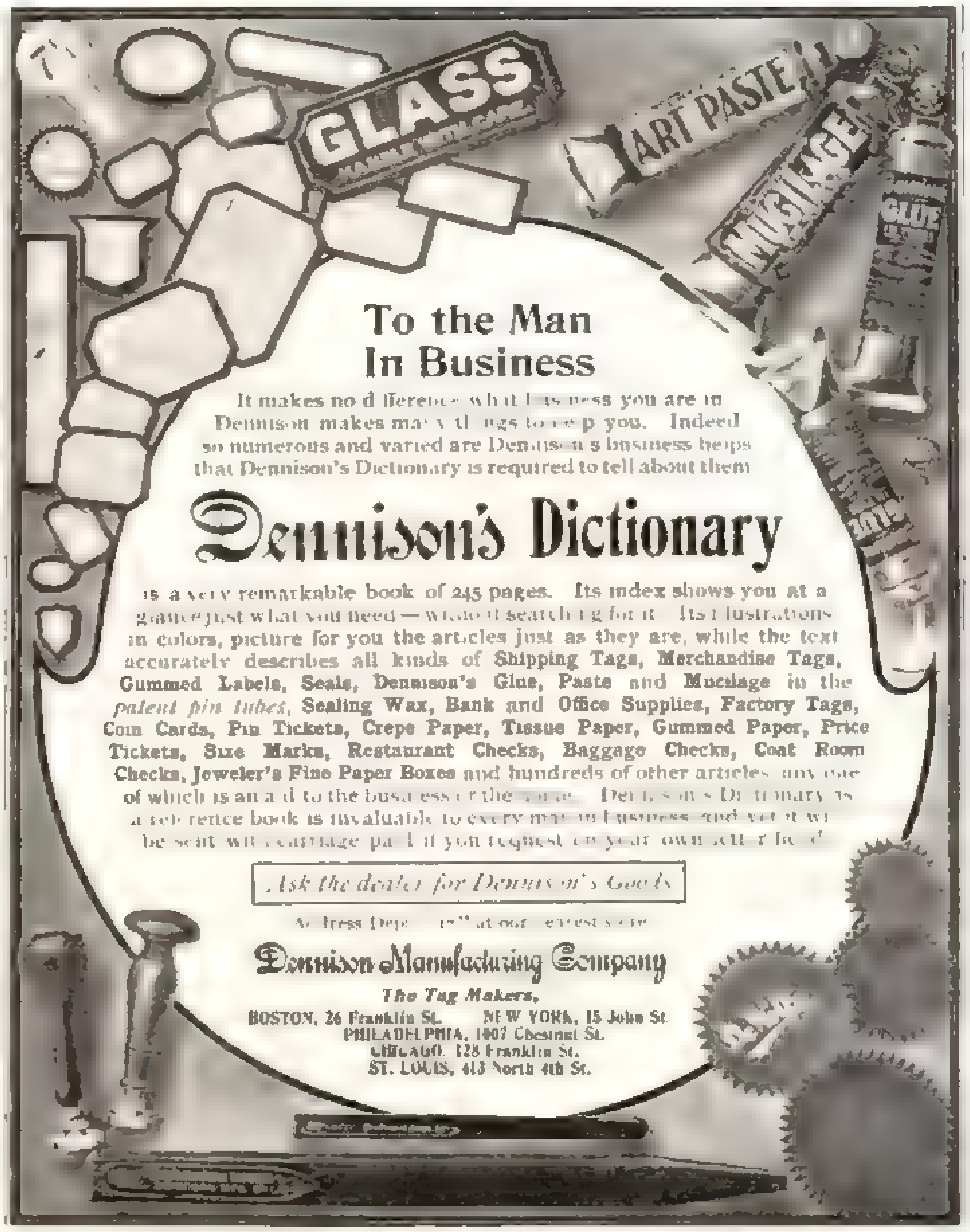
"I have come to explain why——"

Miss Dollie Meredith sniffed.

"I have come to explain," he went on, "why I did not meet you at the Randolph masked ball as we had planned."

"Why you did *not* meet me?" inquired Dollie coldly, with a little surprised movement of her arched brows. "Why you did *not* meet me?" she repeated.

"I shall have to ask you to believe that, in the circumstances, it was absolutely impossible," Dick continued, preferring not to notice the singular emphasis of her words. "Something occurred early that evening which—which left me no choice in the matter. I can readily understand



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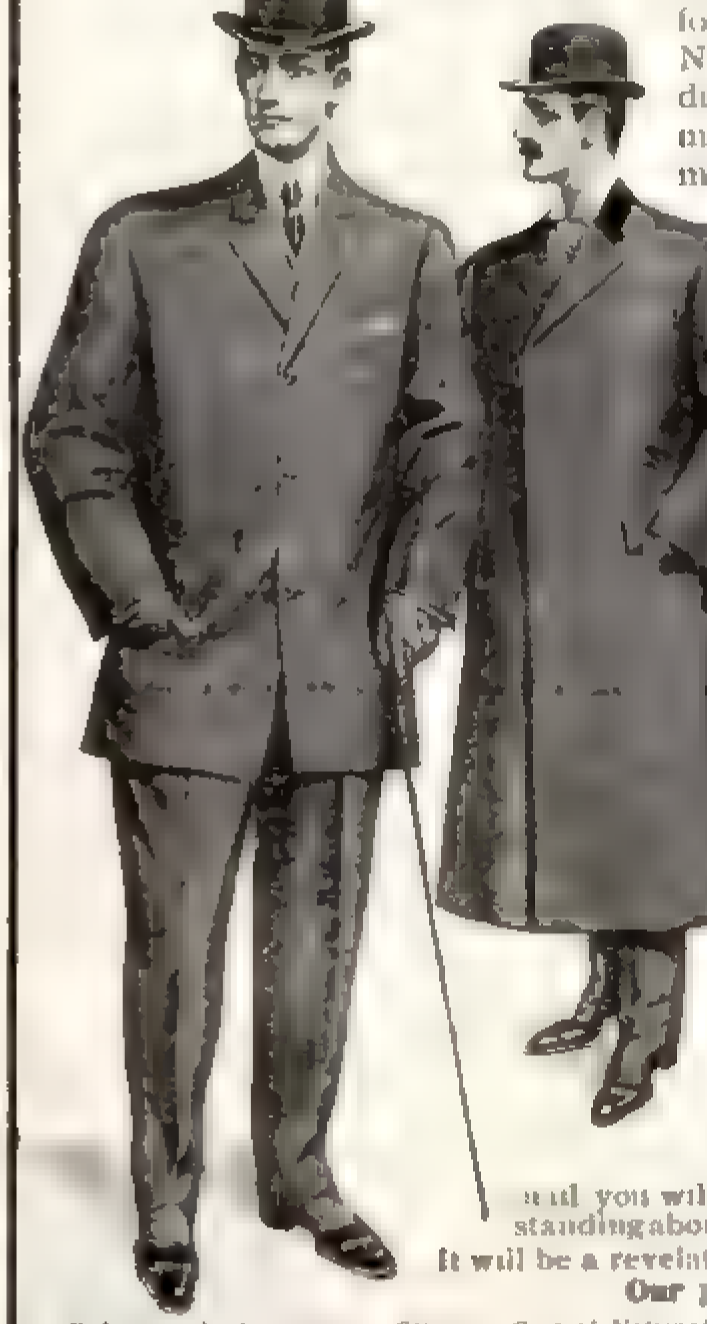

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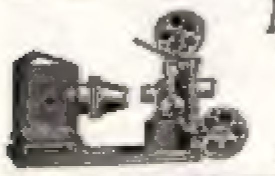

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your indignation and humiliation at my failure to appear, and I had no way of reaching you that evening or since. News of your return last night only reached me an hour ago. I knew you had disappeared."

Dollie's blue eyes were opened to the widest and her lips parted a little in astonishment. For a moment she sat thus, staring at the young man, then she sank back into her chair with a little gasp.

"May I inquire," she asked, after she recovered her breath, "the cause of this—this levity?"

"Dollie, dear, I am perfectly serious," Dick assured her earnestly. "I am trying to make it plain to you, that's all."

"Why you did *not* meet me?" Dollie repeated again. "Why you *did* meet me! And that's—that's what's the matter with everything!"

Whatever surprise or other emotion Dick might have felt was admirably repressed.

"I thought perhaps there was some mistake somewhere," he said at last. "Now, Dollie, listen to me. No, wait a minute, please! I did not go to the Randolph ball. You did. You eloped from that ball as you and I had planned in an automobile, but not with me. You went with some other man—the man who really stole the gold plate."

Dollie opened her mouth to exclaim, then shut it suddenly.

"Now, just a moment, please," pleaded Dick. "You spoke to some other man under the impression that you were speaking to me. For a reason which does not appear now, he fell in with your plans. Therefore, you ran away with him—in the automobile that carried the gold plate. What happened after that I cannot even surmise. I only know that you are the mysterious woman who disappeared with the Burglar."

Dollie gasped and nearly choked with her emotions. A flame of scarlet leaped into her face and the glare of the blue eyes was pitiless.

"Mr. Herbert," she said deliberately at last, "I don't know whether you think I am a fool or only a child. I know that no rational human being can accept that as true. I know I left Seven Oaks with you in the auto; I know you are the man who stole the gold plate; I know how you received the shot in your right shoulder; I know how you afterward fainted from loss of blood; I know how I bound up your wound and—and—I know a lot of things else!"

The sudden rush of words left her breathless for an instant. Dick listened quietly. He started to say something—to expostulate—but she got a fresh start and hurried on:

"I recognized you in that silly disguise by the cleft in your chin. I called you Dick and you answered me. I asked if you had received the little casket and you answered yes. I left the ballroom as you directed and climbed into the automobile. I know that horrid ride we had, and how I took the gold plate in the bag and walked—walked through the night until I was exhausted. I know it all—how I lied and connived, and told silly stories—but I did it all to save you from yourself, and now you dare face me with a denial!"

Dollie suddenly burst into tears. Dick now attempted no further denial. There was no anger in his face—only a deeply-troubled expression. He arose and walked over to the window, where he stood staring out.

"I know it all," Dollie repeated gurglingly—"all, except what possible idea you had in stealing the miserable, wretched old plate, anyway!" There was a pause and Dollie peered through teary fingers. "How—how long," she asked, "have you been a—a—a—kleptomaniac?"

Dick shrugged his sturdy shoulders a little impatiently.

"Did your father ever happen to tell you *why* he objects to my attentions to you?" he asked.

"No, but I know now." And there was a new burst of tears. "It's because—because you are a—a—you take things."

"You will not believe what I tell you?"

"How can I when I helped you run away with the horrid stuff?"

"If I pledge you my word of honor that I told you the truth?"

"I can't believe it! I can't!" wailed Dollie desolately. "No one could believe it. I never suspected—never dreamed—of the possibility of such a thing even

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when you lay wounded out there in the dark woods. If I had, I should certainly have never—have never—kissed you."

Dick wheeled suddenly.

"Kissed me?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, you horrid thing!" sobbed Dollie. "If there had previously been the slightest doubt in my mind as to your identity, that would have convinced me that it was you, because—because—just because! And besides, if it wasn't you I kissed, you ought to have told me!"

Dollie leaned forward suddenly on the arm of the chair with her face hidden in her hands. Dick crossed the room softly toward her and laid a hand caressingly about her shoulders. She shook it off.

"How dare you, sir?" she blazed.

"Dollie, don't you love me?" he pleaded.

"No!" was the prompt reply.

"But you did love me—once?"

"Why—yes, but I—I ——"

"And couldn't you ever love me again?"

"I—I don't ever want to again."

"But couldn't you?"

"If you had only told me the truth, instead of making such a silly denial," she blubbered. "I don't know why you took the plate unless—unless it is because you—you couldn't help it. But you didn't tell me the truth."

Dick stared down at the ruddy head moodily for a moment. Then his manner changed and he dropped on his knees beside her.

"Suppose," he whispered—"Suppose I should confess that I did take it?"

Dollie looked up suddenly with a new horror in her face.

"Oh, you *did* do it then?" she demanded. This was worse than ever!

"Suppose I should confess that I did?"

"Oh, Dick!" she sobbed. And her arms went suddenly around his neck. "You are breaking my heart. Why? Why?"

"Would you be satisfied?" he insisted.

"What could have caused you to do such a thing?"

The love-light glimmered again in her blue eyes; the red lips trembled.

"Suppose it had been just a freak of mine, and I had intended to—to return the stuff as has been done?" he went on.

Dollie stared deeply into the eyes upturned to hers.

"Silly boy," she said. Then she kissed him. "But you must never, never do it again?"

"I never will," he promised solemnly.

Five minutes later Dick was leaving the house when he met Mr. Meredith.

"I'm going to marry your daughter," he said quite calmly.

Mr. Meredith raved at him as he went down the steps.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

In the Dull Season

DURING one of the dull seasons in the dry-goods trade, the department manager under whom I was once employed grew very anxious for new business, and, in order to hold his own with the other departments, offered a bonus besides a commission to the salesman netting the largest amount of business in a given time. Of course, all of us began to hustle, and it was hard work, because the buyers would not buy. My territory was poor at best, but I needed the money, so I determined to miss no chances.

I was, however, just beginning to lose hope when I happened to see in my newspaper a proposal for bids for Government contracts. One was for a lot of hatbands for sailors' caps. I immediately thought of some of our old stock of ribbons which I knew would do for this demand. But the goods were to be delivered in monthly lots for six months. This was an obstacle, for I must sell the whole lot at one time to win. How to do this I did not know, but presently I thought of a plan.

I asked the manager for a price for the lot, and, in view of the dullness of the season, he gave me a very low figure, half believing I could not sell the goods.

I went to a jobber and got a promise from him to take the whole lot at once if I could show him where to sell them. He made the bid at a figure giving him a good profit, ten per cent. of which I was to get. He received the order from the Government and he bought the lot.

By this I won the bonus, my commission and ten per cent. of the jobber's profit.

—*J. K.*

30 H. P. $1800 4 Cyl.

What Practical Test will you have, to Prove that the Mitchell is the Car you want?

THIS is the way we sell Mitchell Cars—Go into any Mitchell agency and tell the man what your *ideal* is. Everybody has one when he starts to buy a car.

Is there some particularly vicious hill you have in mind that a car at *twice the price* has balked on?

All right—we'll go out and "show you" how The Mitchell will "eat it up."

Or perhaps there's a particularly bad strip of sand that you'd like to have *your* car go through on the high.

Get right in and we'll go out and "show you."

Or maybe you'd like to go 40 or 45 miles an hour for a while.

Perfectly agreeable—the car will do it *easy*, and we can stand it as long as you can.

Want to know about durability and upkeep cost?

Here's a list of users. Call them up on the 'phone or write them (enclosing stamp). We'll go by their statements and we haven't or won't attempt to influence them in any way.

Theories are all right, and "estimated" horse power sounds fine, but practical, homely "show-me" is the only thing that will banish doubt and silence argument.

After you have seen with your own eyes what *The Mitchell* will do, the higher priced cars won't look nearly so good as they did before.

And when these high priced fellows contemptuously refer to the Mitchell as a "low-priced car," it won't mean much to you, particularly when you remember that anything under $135 used to be a "low priced bicycle."

Write us for catalogue which will take you through our modern perfectly organized factory. It will show you how skill, mechanical knowledge and system cuts down price without in the slightest degree lowering QUALITY, the prime essential in any car.

THE MITCHELL MOTOR CAR CO., 151 Mitchell Street, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.
Member American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association, N. Y.

Kenyon RAIN-COATS
GIVE DOUBLE SERVICE

Once you own a Kenreign Coat, you will give it the hardest service ever required of any garment. Kenreign Coats are built for that kind of work, dressy for fair days, yet rain-proof, and to hold their shape as long as worn.

Only in our factories, the largest in the world that make clothing, is it possible to produce these coats.

Every modern device and expert supervision insure the finest workmanship and finish—no sweat shop work. We control cloth mills securing exclusive novelties and absolute first cost.

Kenyon Overcoats and Kenyon Raincoats for Women share this superiority. Send dealer's name and address with yours for our latest **Style Book** and "*How to Judge an Overcoat*," the information in which will save you money every time you buy any kind of clothing.

Remember we will see that you can buy a Kenreign Coat wherever you live.

C. Kenyon Co 603 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

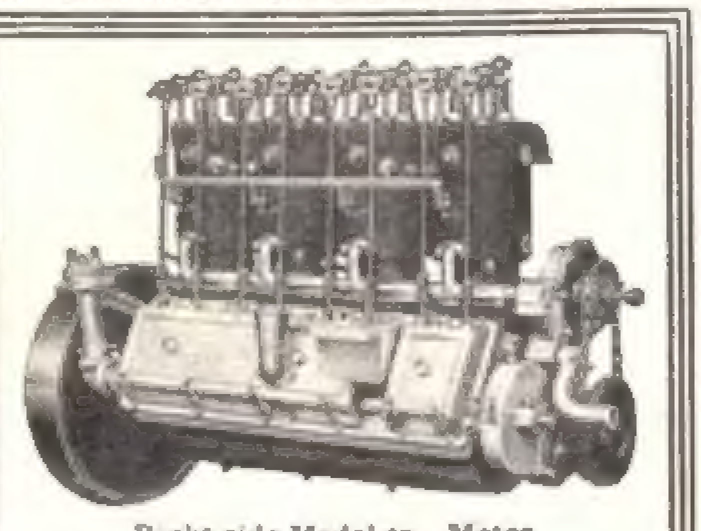
Kenreign
C. Kenyon Co.
MAKERS NEW YORK

LOTS OF FUN
Young or Old—all enjoy it. Send 25c for the best version published and fully illustrated, of
PUNCH AND JUDY
with complete instructions for parlor or stage, great for children's parties, home, church or lodge affairs, etc.;—in addition we will send you one Punch and Judy whistle and our **144 Page Catalog No. 6** describing in detail hundreds of other entertainments and thousands of plays.
FOR NOTHING Write For It To-day
The Crest Trading Co.
218 Witmark Bldg., N. Y.

Write for booklet.

CLEANS AND SHARPENS EVERYTHING
This Union Hustler Faucet Water Motor attaches instantly to your faucet. It sharpens cutlery, cleans silverware and polishes all metal surfaces. It will run a fan, sewing machine, etc. It gives ⅛ H. P. and makes 4,000 revolutions a minute on good water pressure. Outfit consists of one motor (cast iron) emery wheel, polishing wheel, polishing material, wrench, leather belting, washers and printed instructions packed in a wooden box. This regular $5 outfit we sell today for $1. Price advances in another month. Sent C. O. D. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Agents wanted.
Correspondence with dealers solicited.
THE EDGAR MFG. CO., Dept. 89
104 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

Rambler



Right side Model 15. Motor showing valve mechanism.

The Car That is
Right

Motor power is commonly rated by calculations based on cylinder capacity, gauge tests, etc.

Through faulty design, poor valve action and overheating, the actual power often falls far below this rating.

The Rambler motors are fitted with overhead valves of ample size and opening. This results in quick clearance of exhaust gas, which assures a full charge of fresh vapor and a cool engine.

The workmanship is of the same high class that has characterized all Rambler Models.

Model 15, the leader of the 1906 line, is a powerful touring car, with 35-40 horse power motor, and every modern feature in power, plant and equipment.

Full details of this and five other models in the second edition of our 1906 catalogue which is at your service.

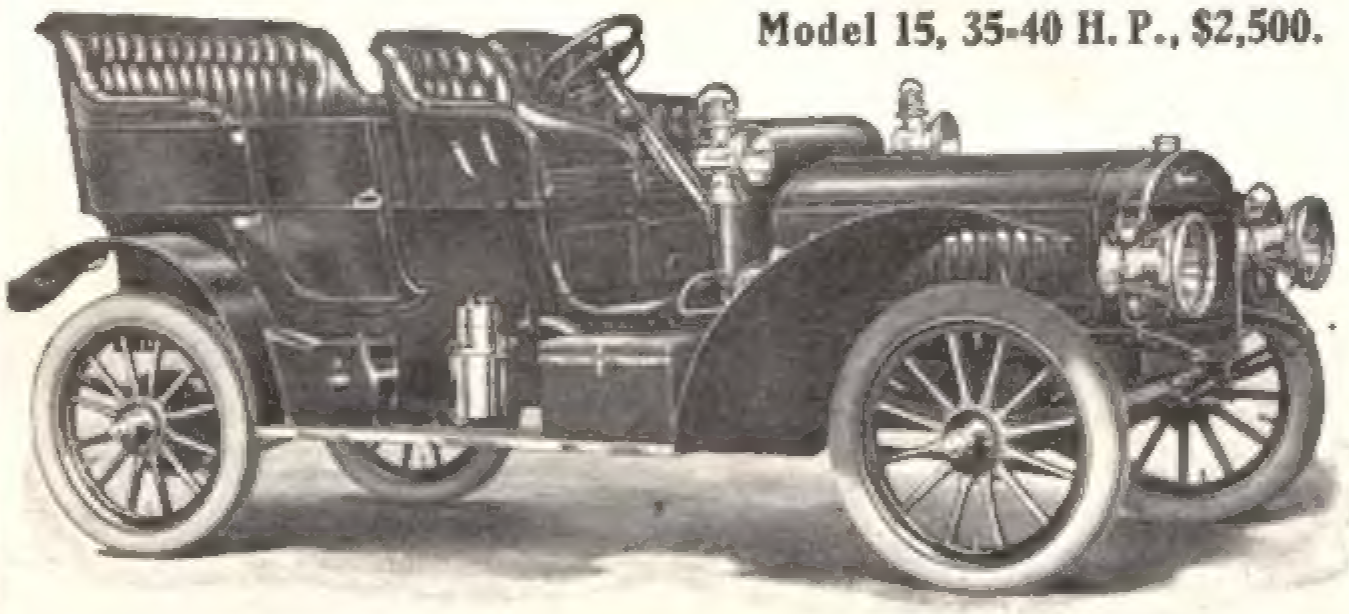
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis.

Branches:

Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.
New York Agency, 38-40 W. 62nd St. Representatives in all leading cities.

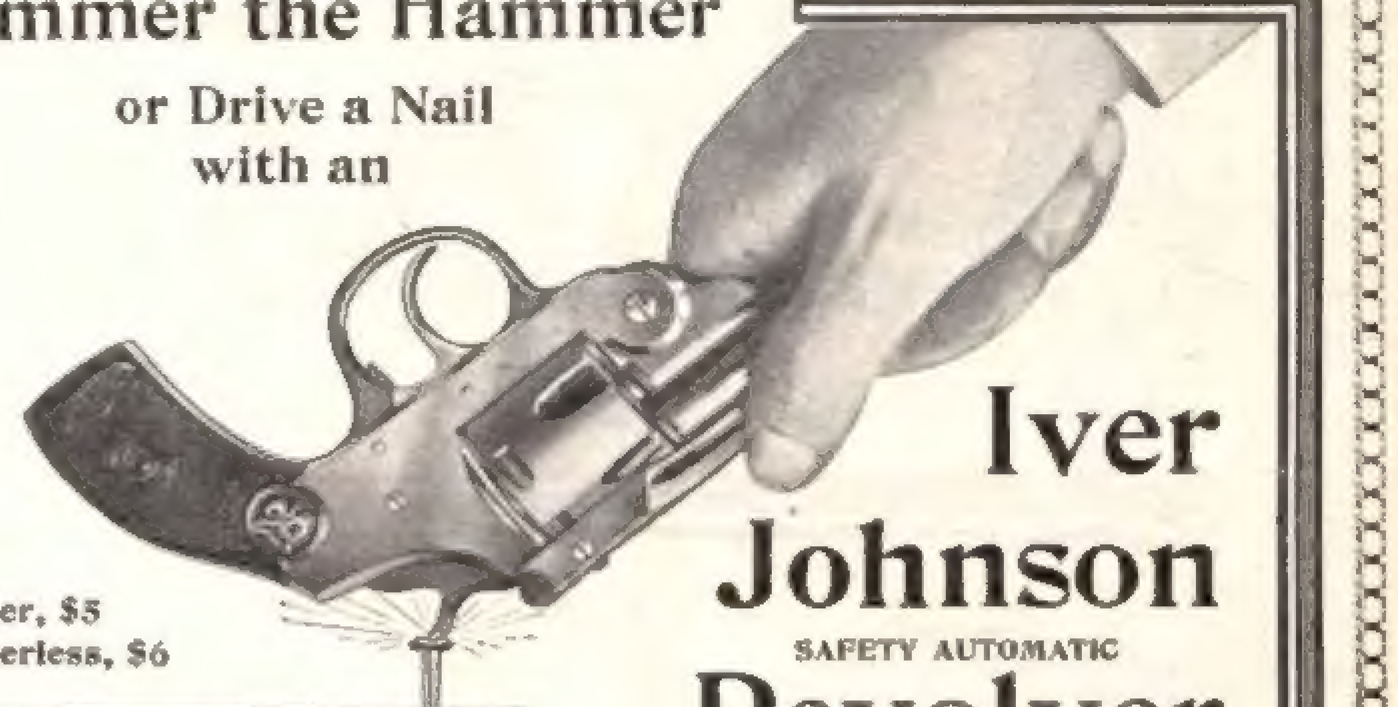
Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

Model 15, 35-40 H. P., $2,500.



Hammer the Hammer

or Drive a Nail
with an



Hammer, $5
Hammerless, $6

Iver Johnson
SAFETY AUTOMATIC
Revolver

but don't try it with *any* other. The Iver Johnson is equipped with our automatic safety lever that *must be in place before the hammer can touch the firing pin* and the lever cannot be in place unless you purposely pull the trigger all the way back.

Pull the trigger and an Iver Johnson is just as sure to fire as it's sure *not* to go off any other way.

For absolute reliability, accuracy, finished protection in every detail of material and workmanship, the Iver Johnson has few rivals and no superiors. It is made and guaranteed by the largest manufacturer of revolvers in the world. We make and sell almost as many revolvers as all other American makers combined. The quality of our goods is the reason.

Send for Our Booklet "Shots"

It's full of firearm lore; gives important facts that every owner of firearms should know, and goes into the details and illustrates by sectional views the peculiar construction of the Iver Johnson.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 32-38 center fire cartridge - - **$5.00**

These revolvers can be fitted, at extra prices, as follows: blued finish, 50c.; 2-in. barrels, no extra charge; 4-in. barrel, 50c.; 5-in. barrel, $1.00; 6-in. barrel, $1.50; Pearl stocks, 22-32 caliber, $1.25; 38 caliber, $1.50; Ivory stocks, 22-32 caliber, $2.50; 38 caliber, $3.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center fire cartridge - - **$6.00**

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the *owl's head* on the grip and our name on the barrel.

TRADE MARK
IVER JOHNSON

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
147 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York Office: 99 Chambers Street
Pacific Coast Branch: P. B. Bekeart Co., 2330 Alameda Avenue, Alameda, Cal.
European Office: Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany
Makers of Iver Johnson Bicycles and Single Barrel Shotguns

Hammer the Hammer
Accidental Discharge impossible

The Test of a Confection

As the eye is the test of beauty and the ear of sweet sounds, so the palate is the final test of confection-goodness.

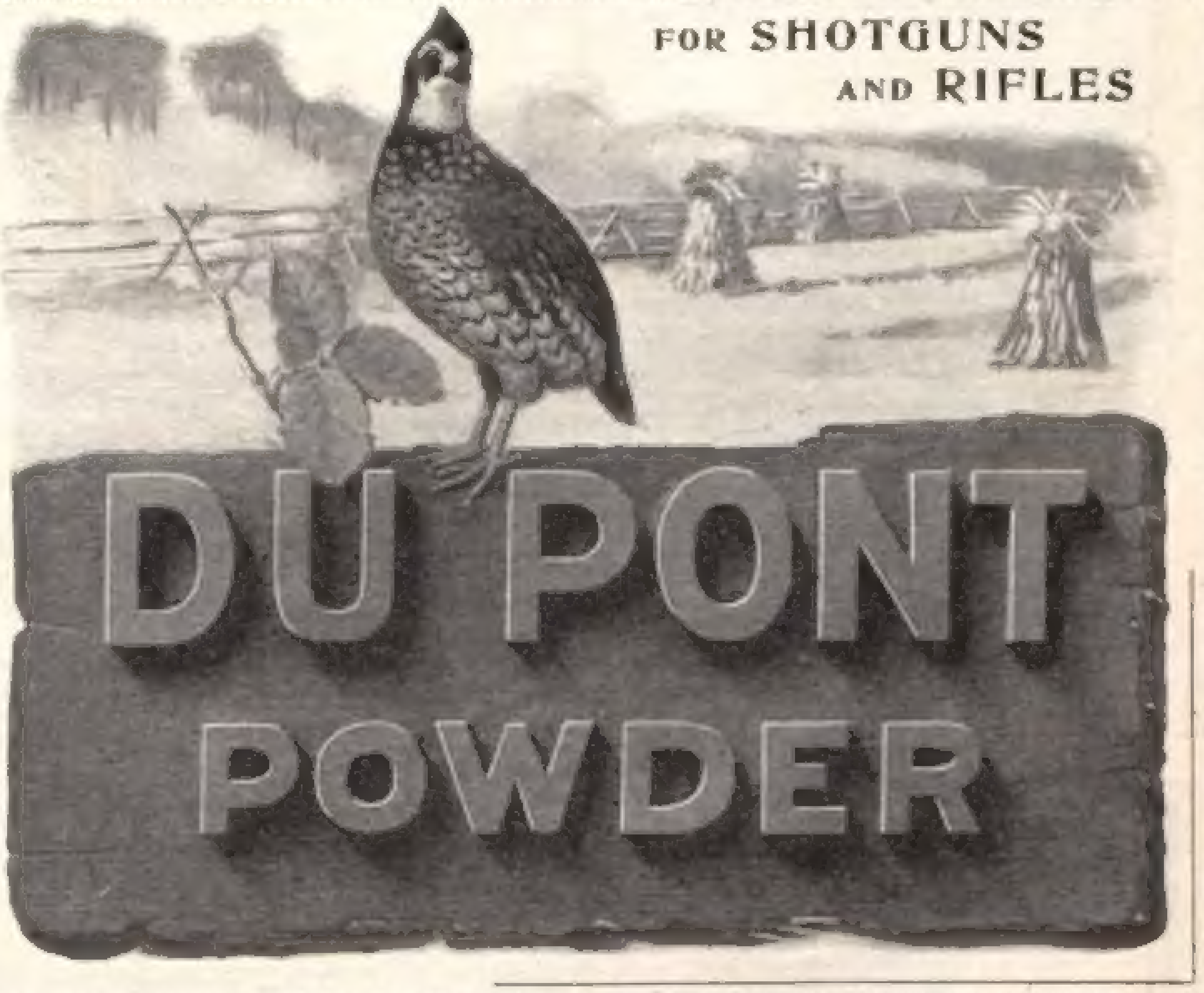
NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS

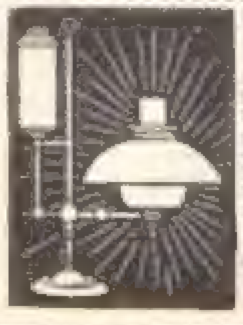
triumphantly pass this test at thousands of tables each day, and each day their melting delicacy proves anew to thousands of cultured palates that there is but one perfect dessert confection — Nabisco.

In ten and twenty-five cent tins.

FESTINO — A confection in the form of an almond shell concealing a sweet temptation to which everyone may yield with pleasure.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





The "Best" Light

is a portable 100 candle power light, costing only 2 cents per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Brighter than electricity or acetylene, and cheaper than kerosene. **No Dirt. No Grease. No Odor.** Over 100 styles. Lighted instantly with a match. Every lamp warranted.

Agents Wanted Everywhere

THE BEST LIGHT COMPANY
5-25 E. 5th Street, CANTON, OHIO

WORTH
Cushion Sole Shoes

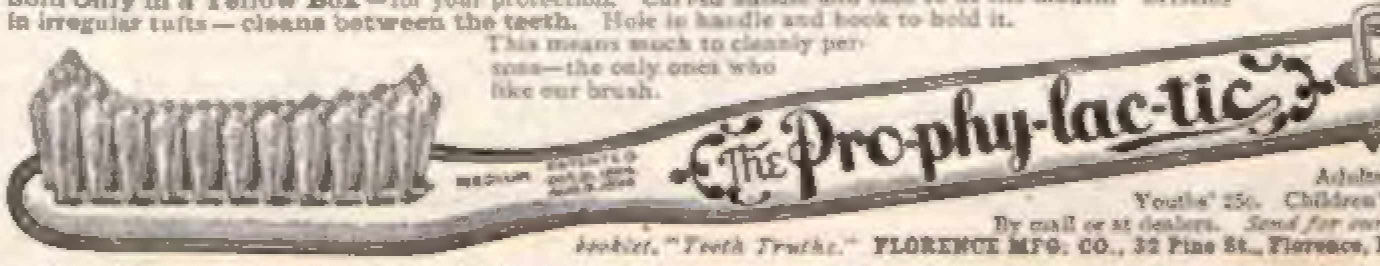
Are cool and comfortable. Prevent perspiration. Keep the heat out and rest the foot. That's why they feel cool. Ask your dealer for them. If he hasn't them, send us his name and ask for booklet.

THE CUMMINGS CO., Inc.
406 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Your dentist has already told you to use me.

Sold Only in a Yellow Box — for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts — cleans between the teeth. Hole in handle and hook to hold it.

This means much to cleanly persons — the only ones who like our brush.



Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c. By mail or at dealers. *Send for our free booklet, "Tooth Truths."* **FLORENCE MFG. CO., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.**

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

We Want Every Reader

We Pay
the
FREIGHT

OF THE POST who expects to purchase a stove or range, to investigate the "Kalamazoo-Direct-to-You" plan, before buying.

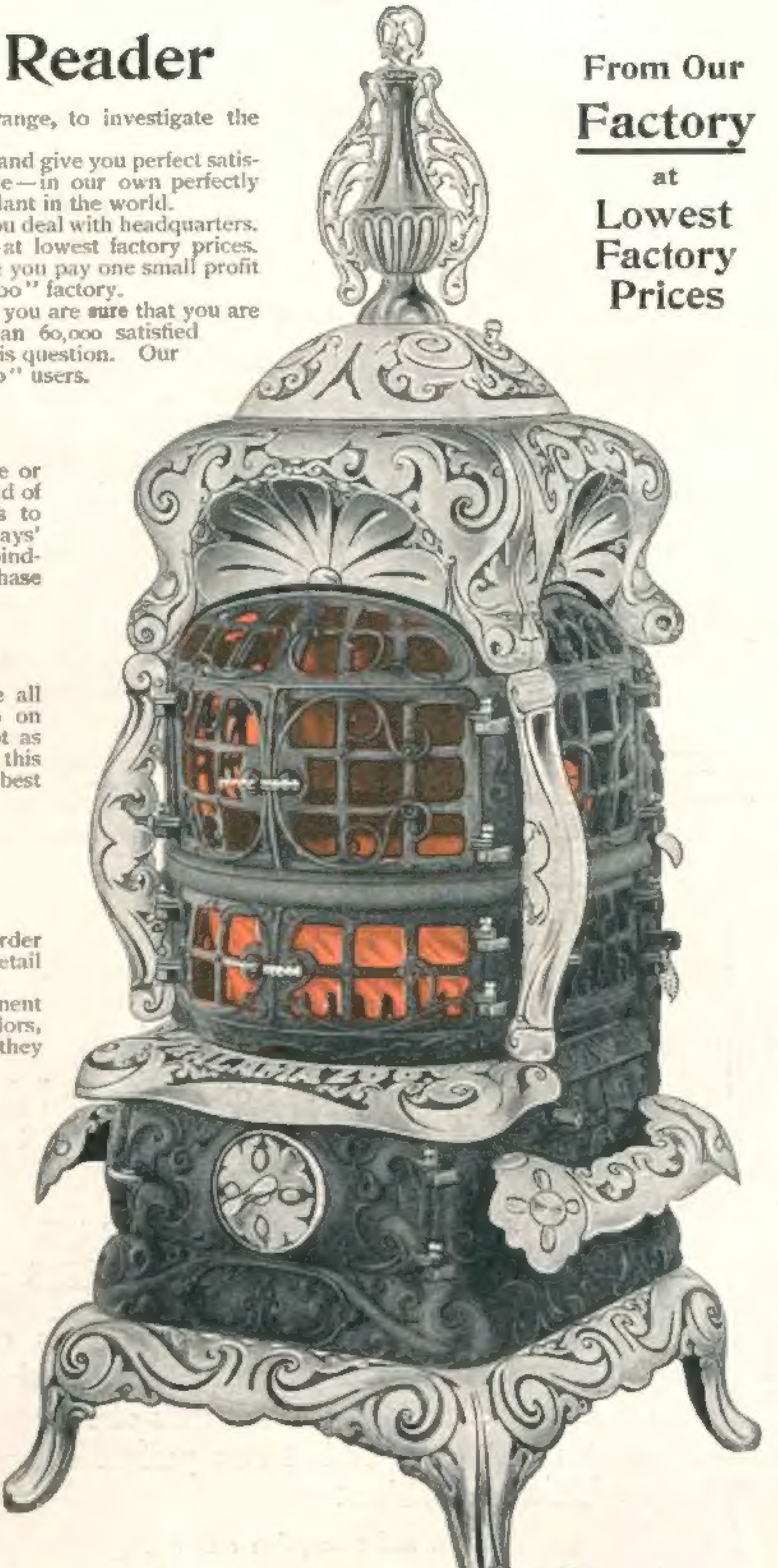
"Kalamazoos" are famous fuel savers, last a lifetime and give you perfect satisfaction. They are made entirely—every part and particle—in our own perfectly equipped factory, the most modern and complete stove plant in the world.

And when you buy a "Kalamazoo" stove or range, you deal with headquarters. You buy from the makers—direct from the factory—at lowest factory prices.

You save the Jobber's and Dealer's profits, because you pay one small profit—one only—in addition to the actual cost of production at the "Kalamazoo" factory.

Isn't it worth your while to save 20% to 40% on a stove or range, when you are **sure** that you are getting one of the highest grade materials and workmanship? More than 60,000 satisfied "Kalamazoo" customers in 14,000 towns and cities have answered "Yes" to this question. Our catalogue gives these locations. Probably some of **your** friends are "Kalamazoo" users.

From Our
Factory
at
Lowest
Factory
Prices



Highest Quality

We guarantee you, under a $20,000 bond, that you cannot secure at any price, a stove or range of higher quality, of greater durability, of more convenience and of greater economy in fuel than the Kalamazoo. To let you prove this to your own satisfaction, we send you the Kalamazoo on a 360 Days' Approval test, and furthermore bind ourselves by a strong, legally binding bond to return to you every cent you have paid us, if your purchase is not in every way exactly as we have represented it to be.

We Save You ALL
Middlemen's
Profits

Lowest Prices

We sell you a Kalamazoo **direct** from our factory at lowest factory prices. You save all middlemen's, dealers' and agents' profits and commissions amounting to from $5 to $40 on every purchase. Is there any good reason why you should not save that money? Is it not as good to you as it is to your local dealer? We are the **only** manufacturers who do business on this basis. And our wonderful success in building this enormous direct selling business is your best guaranty that our goods and methods must be right.

We are Manufacturers Not Mail Order Dealers

We Give You
30 Days
Free Trial

Please do not confuse our direct selling plan with the Mail Order concerns who buy up "job lots" of cheap stoves and ranges and retail them at prices which **seem** low, but are really **high,** quality considered.

They are made to **sell,** not to last and give the users permanent satisfaction. Clever advertising writers describe them in glowing colors, under high sounding guarantees, which are not worth the paper they are printed on.

What you want is protection that really protects. You want a binding, legal, **responsible** assurance that the stove or range you buy is just exactly as good as it is represented to be; and the mail order retailer or local dealer cannot give you this.

As actual, bona fide manufacturers of Kalamazoo stoves and ranges with our own factories under our absolute control, we are in a position to give you a guaranty that **means** something.

We stand back of our goods. We stake our name, character and reputation upon the high quality and excellence of the entire Kalamazoo line.

And we want to **prove** to you that you cannot buy a better stove or range anywhere, at any price. Will you give us a chance to do it? If you think $5 or $10 or $40 is **worth** saving

We Give You
a 360 Days'
Approval Test

Don't Delay Write Today

for full particulars explaining just how we can save you 20% to 40% on your stove and range.

Write us whether you expect to buy now or in the future. It will be worth your while to sit right down **now,** while you think of it, and

Send Postal for Catalogue No. 152

(SHOWING 267 STYLES AND SIZES)

This is the most complete stove and range book ever printed. It contains a huge list of wonderful direct-from-factory money saving bargains. Send for it. Examine the complete Kalamazoo line of stoves and ranges for all kinds of fuel. Compare the designs, quality and prices with any others, and you will decide to buy direct from our factory and save all middlemen's profits.

All Stoves Blacked, Polished and Ready for Immediate Use, When Shipped From Our Factory.
No Trouble to Set Them Up in Your Home. You Won't Need the Services of a Stove Expert.

Kalamazoo Stove Company, Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Mich.